

THE DRAMATIC
WORKS

OF

COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

The REFUSAL.

The PROVOKED HUSBAND.

LOVE in a RIDDLE.

PAPAL TYRANNY.

L O N D O N :

*Printed for J. Clarke, C. Hitch and L. Hawes, D. Browne, J. and
R. Tonson, J. Rivington, J. Rivington and J. Fletcher, R. Baldwin,
T. Caſon, C. Bathurst, S. Crowder and Co. T. Longman,
H. Woodgate and S. Brooks, C. Corbet, G. Kearsley, J. and
T. King, T. Lownds, and the Executors of W. Reeve.*

M DCC LX.

THE DRAMATIC

WORKS

COLLECTED BY GIBBER

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME FOURTH

46
9 4
570

THE HISTORY
OF THE
PROVERBS
AND
SAYINGS
OF THE
WISDOM



1850

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by the Author.

Gallants! behold before your Eyes the Wight,
 Whose Actions stand accountable to-night,
 For all your Dividends of Profit or Delight.
 New Plays resemble Bubbles, we must own,
 But their intrinsic Value soon is known,
 There's no imposing Pleasure on a Town.
 And when they fail, count 'er his Pains and Trouble,
 His Doubts, his Fears, the Poet is a Bubble.

As Herots by the Tragic Muse are sung;
 So to the Comic, Knaves and Fools belong:
 Follies, to-night, of various kinds we paint,
 One, in a Female Philosophic Saint,
 That won'd by Learning Nature's Laws repeat,
 Warm all her Sex's Bosoms to rebel,
 And only with Platonic Raptures swell.
 Long she resists the proper Use of Beauty,
 But Flesh and Blood reduce the Dame to Duty.
 A Coxcomb too of modern Stamp we show,
 A Wit——but impudent——a South-Sea Beau.
 Nay more——our Muses Fire (but pray protect her)
 Roasts, to your Taste, a whole South-Sea Director.
 But let none think we bring him here in spite,
 For all their Actions, sure, will bear the Light;
 Besides, he's painted here in Height of Power,
 Long ere we laid such Ruin at his Door:
 When he was Levee'd, like a Statesman, by the Town,
 And thought his heap'd up Millions all his own.
 No, no; Stock's always at a Thousand here,
 He'll almost honest on the Stage appear.

PROLOGUE.

*Such is our Fate, to feed the Mind our Aim,
But Poets stand, like Warriors, in their Fame;
One ill Day's Work brings all their past to Shame.
Thus having tasted of your former Favour,
The Chance seems now for deeper Stakes than ever.
As after Runs of Luck, we're most accurst,
To lose our Winnings, than have lost at first;
A first Stake lost has often sav'd from Ruin,
But on one Cast to lose the Tout—is hard Undoing.
But be it as it may—the Dye is thrown,
Fear now were Folly—Pass the Rubicon.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

*Sir Gilbert Wrangle,
Granger,
Frankly,
Witling,*

*Mr. Penkethman.
Mr. Booth.
Mr. Wilks.
Mr. Cibber.*

W O M E N.

*Lady Wrangle,
Sophronia,
Charlotts,*

*Mrs. Bicknell.
Mrs. Oldfield.
Mrs. Booth.*

Servants, &c.

THE

THE
REFUSAL:
OR, THE
LADIES PHILOSOPHY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE, Westminster-Hall.

Frankly and Granger meeting.

Fran. IS it possible!

Gran. Frankly!

Fran. Dear Granger! I did not expect you these ten Days: how came you to be so much better than your Word?

Gran. Why, to tell you the truth, because I began to think *London* better than *Paris*.

Fran. That's strange: But you never think like other People.

Gran. I am more apt to speak what I think, than other People: Though, I confess, *Paris* has its Charms; but to me they are like those of a Coquette, gay and gaudy; they serve to amuse with, but a Man would not choose to be marry'd to them. In short, I am to pass

my Days in *Old England*, and am therefore resolved not to have an ill Opinion of it.

Fran. These settled Thoughts, *Ned*, make me hope, that if ever you should marry, you will be as partial to the *Woman* you intend to pass your Days with.

Gran. Faith! I think every Man's a Fool that is not: But it's very odd; you see, the grossest Fools have generally Sense enough to be fond of a fine House, or a fine Horse, when they have bought them: They can see the Value of them, at least; and why a poor Wife should not have as fair play for one's Inclination, I can see no Reason, but downright Ill-nature or Stupidity.

Fran. What do you think of *Avarice*? when People purchase Wives, as they do other Goods, only because they are a Pennyworth: Then too, a *Woman* has a fine time on't!

Gran. Ay, but that will never be the Case of my Wife: When I marry, I'll do it with the same convenient Views as a Man would set up his Coach, because his Estate will bear it, it's easy, and keeps him out of dirty Company.

Fran. But what! would you have a Wife have no more Charms than a Chariot?

Gran. Ah! Friend, if I can but pass as many easy Hours at home with one, as abroad in t'other, I will take my chance for her Works of Supererogation; and I believe at worst, should be upon a *Par* with the Happiness of most Husbands about Town.

Fran. But at this rate, you would marry before you are in love.

Gran. Why not? Do you think Happiness is entail'd upon marrying the *Woman* you love? No more than Reward is upon public Merit: It may give you a Title to it indeed; but you must depend upon other People's Virtue to find your account in either. For my part, I am not for building Castles in the Air; when I marry, I expect no great matters; none of your Angels, a mortal *Woman* will do my Business, as you'll find, when I tell you my Choice. All I desire of a Wife, is, that she will do as she is bid, and keep herself clean.

Fran.

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY.

Fran. Would you not have her a Companion tho' as well as a Bedfellow?

Gran. You mean, I suppose a Woman of Sense.

Fran. I should not think it amiss for a Man of Sense.

Gran. Nor I; but S'death! where shall I get her? In short, I am tired with the Search, and will ev'n take up, with one, as Nature has made her, handsom, and only a Fool of her own making.

Fran. Was ever so desperate an Indifference? I am impatient till I know her.

Gran. Even the sage and haughty Prude, *Sopbronia*.

Fran. *Sopbronia*! I hope you don't take her for a Fool, Sir; why, she thinks she has more Sense than all her Sex together.

Gran. You don't tell me that as a Proof of her Wit, I presume, Sir.

Fran. No: But I think your Humour's a little extraordinary, that can resolve to marry the Woman you laugh at.

Gran. It's at-least, a sign I am in no great danger of her laughing at me, *Tom*; the Case of many a prettier Fellow. But I take *Sopbronia* to be only a Fool of Parts, that however capable of thinking right; and a Man must be nice indeed, that turns up his Nose at a Woman who has no worse Imperfection, than setting too great a Value upon her Understanding. I grant it she is half mad with her Learning and Philosophy: What then? so are most of our great Men, when they get a little too much on't, Nay, she is so wrapt in the Pride of her imaginary Knowledge, that she almost forgets she is a Woman, and thinks all Offers of Love to her Person a Dishonour to the Dignity of her Soul; but all this does not discourage me: She may fancy herself as wise as she pleases; but unless I fail in my measures, I shall think I have hard luck, if I don't make that fine Flesh and Blood of hers, as troublesome as my own in a Fortnight.

Fran. You must have better luck than I had then; I was her Fool for above five Months together, and did not come ill-recommended to the Family; but could make no more Impression than upon a Vestal Virgin:

And how a Man of your cool Reflection, can think of attempting her, I have no Notion.

Gran. Phash! I laugh at all her Airs; a Woman of a general Insensibility, is only one that has never been rightly attack'd.

Fran. Are you then really resolv'd to pursue her?

Gran. Why not? Is not she a fine Creature? Has not she Parts? Would not half her Knowledge, equally divided, make fifty Coquettes all Women of Sense? Is not her Beauty natural, her Person lovely, her Mein majestic?—Then such a Constitution——

Fran. Nay, she has a wholsom Look, I grant you: But then her Prudery, and *Platonic* Principles, are insupportable.

Gran. Now to me they are more diverting, than all the Levity of a Coquette: O! the noble Conflicts between Nature and a proud Understanding, make our Triumphs so infinitely above those petty Conquests—Besides, are not you Philosopher enough to know, my Friend, that a Body continent holds most of the thing contain'd? 'Tis not your wasting Current, but Reservoirs, that make the Fountain play; not the Prodigal's, but the Miser's Chest that holds the Treasure: No, no, take my word, your Prude has thrice the latent Fire of a Coquette. Your Prude's Flask hermetically seal'd, all's right within, depend upon't; but your Coquette's a mere Bottle of Plague-water, that's open to every body.

Fran. Well, Sir, since you seem so heartily in earnest, and, I see, are not to be disgusted at a little Female Frailty: I think I ought in Honour to let you into a little more of her: You must know then, this marble-hearted Lady; who could not bear my Addresses to herself, has notwithstanding Flesh and Blood enough to be ten times more uneasy, that I now pay them to her Sister.

Gran. I am glad to hear it: Pr'ythee! let me know all; for 'tis upon these sort of Weaknesses that I am to strengthen my Hopes.

Fran. You know, I writ you word, that I thought the safest way to cover my real Passion for her Sister *Charlotte*, would be to drop my cold Pretensions to *Sophronia*

Sophronia insensibly : upon which account I rather heighten'd my Respect to her : But as, you know, 'tis harder to disguise a real Inclination than to dissemble one we have not ; *Sophronia*, it seems, has so far suspected the Cheat, that, since your Absence, she has broke into a thousand little Impatiences at my new Happiness with *Charlotte*.

Gran. Good.

Fran. But the Jest is, she can't yet bring down her Vanity to believe I am in earnest with *Charlotte* neither ; but really fancies my Addresses there are all Grimace, the mere Malice of a rejected Lover, to give her Scorn a Jealousy.

Gran. Admirable ! but I hope you are sure of this.

Fran. 'Twas but yesterday she gave me a Proof of it.

Gran. Pray, let's hear.

Fran. Why, as *Charlotte* and I were whispering at one end of a Room, while we thought her wrapt up in one of *Horace's* Odes at the other, of a sudden I observ'd her come sailing up to me, with an insulting Smile, as who should say—I laugh at all these shallow Arts—then turn'd short, and looking over her Shoulder, cry'd aloud, ——— *Ab ! Miser !*

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi !

Gran. *Digne Puer meliore Flammâ*——Ah ! methinks I see the imperious Hussy in Profile, waving her snowy Neck into a thousand lovely Attitudes of Scorn and Triumph ! O the dear Vanity ! Well, when all's said, the Coxcomb's vastly handsom !

Fran. I-gad ! thou art the oddest Fellow in the World ! to be thus capable of diverting yourself with your Mistress's Jealousy of another Man.

Gran. Pshaw ! Thou'rt too refin'd a Lover ; I am glad of any Occasion that proves her more a Woman, than she imagines.

Fran. But pray, Sir, upon what foot did you stand with her before you went to *France* ?

Gran. O ! I never pretended to more than a Platonic Passion ; I saw, at first View, she was inaccessible by Love.

Fran.

Fran. Yet, since you were resolv'd to pursue her, how came you to think of rambling to *Paris*?

Gran. Why, the last time I saw her, she grew so fantastically jealous of my regarding her more as a Woman, than an intellectual Being, that my Patience was half tired; and having at that time, an Appointment with some idle Company to make a trip to *Paris*, I shily took that Occasion, and told her, if I threw myself into a voluntary Banishment from her Person, I hoped she would then be convinc'd, I had no other Views of Happiness, than what her Letters might, ev'n in Absence, as well gratify, from the Charms of her Understanding.

Fran. Most solemnly impudent!

Gran. In short her Vanity was so blind to the Banter, that she insisted upon my Going, and made me a conditional Promise of answering all my Letters; in which I have flatter'd her romantic Folly to that degree, that in her last, she confesses an intire Satisfaction in the *Innocent Dignity* of my Inclinations (as she styles it) and therefore thinks herself bound in Gratitude to recall me from Exile: which gracious Boon (being heartily tired at *Paris*) I am now arriv'd to accept of.

Fran. The merriest Amour that ever was! Well! and why don't you visit her?

Gran. O! I do all things by Rule——not till she has din'd; for our Great *English* Philosopher, my Lord Bacon tells you, that then the Mind is generally most ductile.

Fran. Wisely consider'd.

Gran. Besides, I want to have a little Talk first with the old Gentleman her Father.

Fran. Sir Gilbert! If I don't mistake, yonder he comes——

Gran. Where pr'ythee?

Fran. There by the Booksellers; don't you see him, with an odd Croud after him?

Gran. O! now I have him——he's loaded with Papers like a Solicitor.

Fran. Sir, he is at this time a Man of the first Consequence,

quence, and recieves more Petitions every Hour, than the Court of *Chancery* in a whole Term.

Gran. What! Is he Lord Treasurer?

Fran. A much more considerable Person, I can assure you, he is a *South-Sea* Director, Sir.

Gran. O! I cry you mercy! and those about him, I presume, are bowing for Subscriptions.

Fran. That's their Business, you may be sure; but see at last he has broke from them.

Gran. No! there's one has got him by the Sleeve again.

Fran. What! if we should stand off and observe a little.

Gran. With all my Heart.

Sir Gilb. [*To a Man at the Door.*] Pr'ythee, be quiet, Fellow! I tell you I'll send the Duke an Answer to-morrow morning.

[*Within.*] It's very well, Sir——

Sir Gilbert speaks, entering with a great Parcel of open Letters in his Hand, and others stuffing his Pockets.

Sir Gilb. Very well! ay, so it is, if he gets it then—Why? what! these People of Quality, sure, think they do you a Favour, when they ask one——Huh! let him come for it himself! I am sure I was forc'd to do so, at his House, when I came for my own, and could not get it neither——and he expects I should give him 2000*l.* only for sending a Footman to me. Why? what! Does his Grace think I don't know which side my Bread's butter'd on? Let's see! who are these from?——

[*Reads to himself.*]

Gran. The old Gentleman's no blind Admirer of a Man of Quality, I see.

Fran. O! Sir, he has lately taken up a mortal Aversion to any Man that has a better Title than himself.

Gran. How so, pray?

Fran. As he grows rich, he grows proud; and, among Friends, had lately a mind to be made a Lord himself; but applying to the wrong Person, it seems he was disappointed; and ever since piques himself upon despising any Nobleman, who is not as rich as himself.

Gran.

Gran. Hah! the right *Plebeian Spirit of Old England!* But I think he's counted an honest Man.

Fran. Umh! yes! well enough——a good sort of a mercantile Conscience; he is punctual in Bargains, and expects the same from others; he will neither steal, nor cheat, unless he thinks he has the Protection of the Law: then indeed, as most thriving Men do, he thinks Honour and Equity are chimerical Notions.

Gran. That is, he blantly professes what other People practise with more Breeding——But let's accost him.

Gran. Stay a little.

Sir Gilb. To me, Friend!

Enter a Footman with a Letter.

What, will they never have done?

Foot. Sir, my Lady *Double Chin* presents her Service, and says she'll call for your Honour's Answer to-morrow morning.

Sir Gilb. Very well; tell my Lady I'll take care to—
[Exit Footman.]

be exactly out of the way when she comes.

Gran. Hah! he'll keep that part of his word, I warrant him.

Sir Gilb. Let's see! the old Story, I suppose [Reads] Um——Um——yes, yes——only Two Thousand——Huh! Does the Woman take me for a Fool? Does she think I don't know that a two Thousand Subscription is worth Two Thousand Guineas? and because she is not worth above Fourscore Thousand already, she would have me give them to her for nothing——To a poor Relation, she pretends indeed, as if she loved any body better than herself! A Drum! and a Fiddle! I'll grease none of your fat Sows, not I——no, no, get you into the negative Pocket——Bless my Eyes!
Mr. Granger.

Gran. *Sir Gilbert*, I am your most humble Servant.

Sir Gilb. In troth, I am glad to see you in England again——*Mr. Frankly*, your humble Servant.

Fran. Sir, your most obedient.

Sir Gilb. Well, how goes *Mississippi*, Man? What, do they

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 15

they bring their Money by Waggon-Loads to Market still ? Hay ! Hah ! hah ! hah !

Gran. O ! all gone, good for nothing, Sir, your *South-Sea* has brought it to waste Paper.

Sir Gilb. Why, ay, han't we done glorious things here ? ha ! we have found Work for the Coach-makers as well as they, Boy.

Gran. Ah, Sir, in a little time we shall reduce those, who kept them there, to their Original of riding behind them here.

Sir Gilb. Huh ! huh ! you will have your Joke still, I see—Well ! you have not sold out, I hope.

Gran. Not I faith, Sir : the old Five thousand lies snug as it was : I don't see where one can move it, and mend it ; so even let it lie, and breed by itself.

Sir Gilb. You're right—you're right—hark you—keep it—the thing will do more still, Boy.

Gran. Sir, I am sure it's in Hands, that can make it do any thing.

Sir Gilb. Have you got any new Subscription ?

Gran. You know, Sir, I have been absent, and it's really now grown so valuable a Favour, I have not the Confidence to ask it.

Sir Gilb. Pshah ! pr'ythee never talk of that, Man—

Gran. If I thought you were not full, Sir—

Sir Gilb. Why, if I were as full as a Bumper, Sir, I'll put my Friends in, let who will run over for't.

Fran. Sir Gilbert always doubles his Favours, by his manner of doing them.

Sir Gilb. Frankly, you are down for 5000*l.* already, and you may depend upon every Shilling of it—let me see, what have I done with my List ? *Granger* has a good Estate, and had an eye upon my eldest Daughter before he went to *France* ; I must have him in, it may chance to bring the matter to bear. [*Aside.*]

Gran. Where did you get all these Letters, Sir Gilbert ?

Sir Gilb. Why, ay, this is the Trade every Morning, all for Subscriptions : nay, they are special Stuff—here pr'ythee read that.

Fran.

Fran. Who is it from, Sir?

Sir Gilb. O! a North-Briton, a bloody squabbling Fellow, who owes me a Thousand Pound for Difference, and that's his way of paying me: read it.

Gran. [Reading.] *Wuns, Sir, dee ye no tack me for a Man of Honor? ye need no send to my-Ludging so often for year pimping Thousand Pound: An ye'll be but civil a bit, Ise order the Bearer, my Brocker, to mack up year Ballance: an if ye wull but gea yoursell the Trouble to put his Name intull your own List for a Thousand Subscription, he' se pay ye aw down upo' the Nail: But an ye wo'noe doe this smarw Jub, the Deel dommee, and ye e'er see a Grote from me, as long as my Name is*

George Blunderbuss.

Fran. What can you do with such a Fellow, Sir?

Sir Gilb. Do with him! why, I'll let him have it, and get my Money: I had better do that, than be obliged to fight for't, or give it the Lawyers.

Fran. Nay, that's true too.

Sir Gilb. Here's another now, from one of my Wife's hopeful Relations, an extravagant Puppy, that has rattled a gilt Chariot to pieces before it was paid for—but he'll die in Jail.

Fran. [Reading.] *Dear Knight,*
I see he's familiar.

Sir Gilb. Nay, it's all of a-piece.

Fran. Not to mince the matter; yesterday, at Mary bone, they had me all Bob as a Robin: In short, being out of my Money, I was forced to come the Caster, and tumbled for Five Hundred dead: Besides which, I owe Crop the Lender a Brace, and if I have a single Simon to pay him, rot me: But the queer Coll promises to advance me t'other three, and bring me home, provided you will let him sneak into your List for a cool Thousand. You know it's a Debt of Honour in me, and will cost you nothing.
Yours in haste.

Robert Rattle.
Fran.

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 17:

Fran. The Stile is extraordinary.

Gran. And his Motives irresistible.

Sir Gilb. Nay, I have them from all Nations, here's one now from an *Irish* Relation of my own.

Fran. O! pray let's see.

Sir Gilb. There. [Frankly reads:

Loving Cousin, and my dear Life,

There is only my Brother Patrick, and tat is two of us: and because we would have a gratee Respect for our Relations, we are come post from Tipperary, with a loving Design to put both our Families upon one another. And though we have no Acquaintance with your brave Daughters, we saw them Yesterday at the Cathedral Church, and find they will shew us wel enough. And to shew our sincere Affections, we wil take dem vidout never a Penny of Money, only as a smaal Token of Shrivility upon your Side, we defect the Favour of both of us each Ten Thousand in dis same new Subscription: And because in our haste some of our Cloaths and Bills of Exchange were forgot, pridex he so grateful us to send us two Score Pounds, to put us into same Worshipp for the main time. So dis was all from, my dear Life,

Your humble Sarvant,

And loving Relation,

Owen Mac-Ogle.

Fran. A very modest Epistle, truly!

Sir Gilb. O! here's my List——now Mr. Grauger we'll see what we can do for you——hold! here are some People that have no Business here, I am sure——ay, here! here's Dr. Bullambear——One Thousand——why, ay——I was forced to put him down to get rid of him: The Man has no Conscience: Don't I know he's in every Court-List under a sham Name? indeed, Domine Doctor, you can't be here.

[Scratches him out.

Then here's another Favourite of my Wife's too——
Signior Caponi da Capo——Two Thousand——

What!

What! because he can get as much for a Song, does he think to have it for Whistling too—Huh! huh! huh! not I troth! I am not for sending our Money into Popish Countries. [Blots him out.

Fran. Rightly consider'd, Sir.

Sir Gilb. Let's see, who's next—*Sir James Baker*, Knt. One Thousand.

Gran. Who's he, Sir?

Sir Gilb. O! a very ingenious Person, he's well known at Court, he must stand: besides, I believe we shall employ him in our *Spanish Trade*—O! here we can spare you one, I believe—*Sir Isaac Bickerstaff*, Knt. One Thousand.

Fran. What! the fam'd Censor of *Great Britain*?

Sir Gilb. No, no; he was a very honest pleasant Fellow, this is only a Relation—a mere Whimsical, that will draw Nobody's way but his own, and is always wiser than his Betters. I don't understand that sort of Wisdom, that's for doing good to every body but himself; let those list him that like him, he shall ride in no Troop of mine, Odsheart-likins! [Blots him.

Gran. How he damns them with a Dash, like a proscribing Triumvir!

Sir Gilb. Let's see, I would fain have another for you ————O! here! *William Penksthman* One Thousand. Hah! a very pretty Fellow truly; what! give a Thousand Pound to a Player—why it's enough to turn his Brain; we shall have him grow proud, and quit the Stage upon it: No, no, keep him poor, and let him mind his Business; if the Puppy leaves off playing the Fool, he's undone. No, no, I won't hurt the Stage, my Wife loves Plays; and whenever she's there, I am sure of three Hours Quiet at home.—[Blots, &c.] Let's see; one, three, four, five, ay, just *Frankly's* Sum—here's five Thousand for you, *Mr. Granger*, with a wet Finger.

Gran. Sir, I shall ever be in your Debt.

Sir Gilb. Pooh! you owe me nothing.

Fran. You have the Happiness of this Life, *Sir Gilbert*, the Power of obliging all about you.

Sig

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 19

Sir Gilb. O! Mr. *Frankly*! Money won't do every thing, I am uneasy at home for all this.

Fran. Is that possible, Sir? while you have so fine a Lady?

Sir Gilb. Ay, ay, you are her Favourite, and have Learning enough to understand her; but——she is too wise and too wilful for me.

Fran. O! Sir, Learning's a fine Accomplishment in a fine Lady.

Sir Gilb. Ay, it's no matter for that, she's a great Plague to me: Not but my Lord Bishop her Uncle was a mighty good Man; she lived all along with him; I took her upon his word: 'twas he made her a Scholar; I thought her a Miracle—before I had her, I us'd to go and hear her talk *Latin* with him an Hour together, and there I—I—I played the Fool——I was wrong, I was wrong——I should not have married again——and yet I was so fond of her Parts, I begg'd him to give my eldest Daughter the same fine Education, and so he did——but to tell you the truth, I believe both their Heads are turn'd.

Gran. A good Husband, Sir, would set your Daughter right, I warrant you.

Sir Gilb. He must come out of the Clouds then, for she thinks no mortal Man can deserve her: what think you, Mr. *Frankly*, you had soon enough of her?

Fran. I think still, she may deserve any mortal Man, Sir.

Gran. I can't boast of my Merit, Sir *Gilbert*; but I wish you would give me leave to take my chance with her.

Sir Gilb. Will you dine with me?

Gran. Sir, you shall not ask me twice.

Sir Gilb. And you, Mr. *Frankly*?

Fran. Thank you, Sir, I have had the Honour of my Lady's Invitation before I came out.

Sir Gilb. O! then pray don't fail; for when you are there, she's always in Humour.

Gran. I hope, Sir, we shall have the Happiness of the young Lady's Company too.

Sir

Sir Gilb. Ay, ay; after Dinner I'll talk with you.

Fran. Not forgetting your favourite *Charlotte*, Sir!

Sir Gilb. Look you, Mr. *Frankly*, I understand you; you have a mind to my Daughter *Charlotte*, and I have often told you, I have no Exceptions to you; and therefore you may well wonder why I yet scruple my Consent.

Fran. You have a Right to refuse it, no doubt, Sir; but, I hope, you can't blame me for asking it.

Sir Gilb. In troth, I don't; and I wish you had it with all my heart: But so it is——there's no Comfort sure in this Life: for though by his glorious State of our Stocks, I have rais'd my poor single Plumb to a Pomgranet; yet if they had not risen quite so high, you and I, Mr. *Frankly*, might possibly have been both happier Men than we are.

Fran. How so, Sir?

Sir Gilb. Why at the Price it now is, I am under Contract to give one of the greatest Coxcombs upon Earth the Refusal of marrying which of my Daughters he pleases.

Gran. Hey-day! What, is Marriage a Bubble too?

[*Aside.*]

Sir Gilb. Nay, and am bound in Honour even to speak a good Word for him: You know young *Willing*.

Fran. I could have guess'd your Coxcomb, Sir; but I hope, he has not yet named the Lady.

Sir Gilb. Not directly, but I guess his Inclinations; and expect every Hour, to have him make his Call upon my Consent according to Form.

Fran. Is this possible?

Gran. Sir, if he should happen to name *Sopbronia*, will you give me leave to drub him out of his Contract?

Sir Gilb. By no means, Credit's a nice Point; and People won't suppose that would be done without my Connivance: beside, I believe *Sopbronia's* in no danger. But because one can be sure of nothing, Gentlemen, I demand both your Words of Honour, that for my sake you will neither of you use any Acts of Hostility.

Fran.

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 21

Fran. Sir, in this Case you have a right to command us.

Sir Gilb. Your Hands upon't.

Both. And our Words of Honour.

Sir Gilb. I am satisfied—If we can find a way to out-wit him—so—if not—Odsso! here he comes: I beg your pardon, Gentlemen; but I won't be in his way till I cannot help it, Hum! hum! [*Exit Sir Gilb.*]

Gran. A very odd Circumstance.

Fran. I am afraid there is something in it; and begin to think now, my Friend *Witling* (in his *Rally* yesterday with *Charlotte*) knew what he said himself, tho' he did not care whether any body else did.

Gran. Sure! it cannot be real; I always took *Witling* for a Beggar.

Fran. So he was, or very near it, some Months ago; but since Fortune has been playing her Tricks here, she has rewarded his Merit, it seems, with about an Hundred Thousand Pound out of *Change-Alley*.

Gran. Nay, then he may be dangerous indeed.

Fran. I long to know the bottom of it.

Gran. That you can't fail of, for you know he's vain and familiar; and here he comes.

Enter Witling.

Wit. Hah! my little Granger! how dost thou do Child? Where the Devil hast thou been this Age? What's the reason you never come among us? Frankly! give me thy little Finger, my Dear.

Gran. Thou art a very impudent Fellow, *Witling*.

Wit. Ay, it's no matter for that; thou art a pleasant one, I am sure: for thou always mak'st us laugh.

Fran. Us! what the Devil dost thou mean by Us, now?

Wit. Why your Pretty Fellows, my Dear, your *Boss Fivants*, your Men of Wit and Taste, Child.

Gran. I knew very few of those; but I come from a Country, Sir, where half the Nation are just such pretty Fellows as thou art.

Wit. Hah! that must be a pleasant Place indeed! What,

What, dost thou come from Paradise, Child? Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Don't you know he's just come from *France*, Sir?

Wit. You jest!

Gran. Why ay——Now you see *Witling*, your Vanity has brought you into a Fool's Paradise.

Wit. O! you pleasant Cur! what *Paris*, *quasi par Diis*, or Paradise. Ha! I wish I had been with you; I am sure you would have thought it Paradise then.

Gran. Nay, now he's fairly in.

Wit. 'Tis impossible to be out on't, Sir, in your Company; wherever you are it's always Paradise to me, depend upon't. Ha! ha!

Fran. Faith, *Granger*, there I think he came up with you.

Gran. Nay, since the Rogue has Money, we must of course allow him Wit: but I think he's one of your good-natur'd ones; he does not only find the Jest, but the Laugh too.

Wit. Ay! and to hear thee talk, Child, how is it possible to want either? Ha! ha!

Fran. Good again! Well said *Witling*? Why thou art as sharp to-day——

Wit. As a Glover's Needle, my Dear, I always dart it into your Leather Heads with three Edges: Ha! ha!

Gran. Pr'ythee, *Witling*, does not thy Assurance sometimes meet with a Repartee, that only lights upon the Outside of thy Head?

Wit. O! your Servant, Sir: What! now your Fire's gone, you would knock me down with the Butt-end, would you? Ha! it's very well, Sir; I ha' done, Sir, I ha' done; I see it's a Folly to draw Bills upon a Man that has no Assets.

Gran. And to do it upon a Man, that has no Cash of thine in his hands, is the Impudence of a Bankrupt.

Wit. Pshah! a mere Flash in the Pan——Well? well it's all over——Come, come a Truce, a Truce! I he' done; I beg pardon.

Gran. Why, thou vain Rogue! thy Good-nature has more

more Impudence than thy Wit: Dost thou suppose I can ever take any thing ill of thee?

Wit. Pshaw! fy! What dost thou talk, Man? Why I know thou can'st not live without me: Dost think I don't know how to make allowances? Tho', if I have too much Wit, and thou hast too little, how the Devil can either of us help it, you know! Ha! ha!

Fran. Ha! ha! honest *Witling* is not to be put out of Humour, I see.

Gran. No, faith, nor out of Countenance—

Wit. Not I, faith, my Friend; and a Man of Turn may say any thing to me——Not but I see by his Humour, something has gone wrong—I hold fix to four now, thou hast been crabb'd at *Paris* in the *Mississippi*.

Gran. Not I, faith, Sir; I would no more put my Money into the Stocks there, than my Legs into the Stocks here: There's no getting home again when you have a mind to it.

Wit. Hah! very good! but pry'thee tell us: What! is the *Quinquipois* as pleasant as our Change-Alley here?

Gran. Much the same Comedy, Sir, where poor wise Men are only Spectators, and laugh to see Fools make their Fortune.

Wit. Ay, but there we differ, Sir; for there are Men of Wit too, that have made their Fortunes among us, to my Knowledge.

Gran. Very likely, Sir; when Fools are flush of Money, Men of Wit won't be long without it: I hear you have been fortunate, Sir.

Wit. Humh! I-gad, I don't know whether he calls me a Wit or a Fool.

Gran. O fy! every body knows you have a great deal of Money.

Fran. And I don't know any Man pretends to more Wit.

Wit. Nay, that's true too: but——I-gad I believe he has me.

Gran. But pry'thee, *Witling*, how came a Man of thy Parts ever to think of raising thy Fortune in Change-Alley?

Alley? How didst thou make all this Money thou art master of?

Wit. Why, as other Men of Wit and Parts often do; by having little or nothing to lose: I rais'd my Fortune Sir, as *Milo* lifted the Bull, by sticking to it every day, when 'twas but a Calf. I sou'd them with Premiums, Child, and laid them on thick when the Stock was low; and did it all from a Brass Nail, Boy. In short, by being dirty once a Day for a few Months, taking a Lodging at my Broker's, and rising at the same Hour I used to go to Bed at this end of the Town; I have at last made up my Accounts: and now wake every Morning Master of Five and Twenty Hundred a Year, *Terra Firma*, and Pelf in my Pocket: I have Fun in my Fob beside, Child.

Gran. And all this out of Change-Alley?

Wit. Every Shilling, Sir; all out of Stocks, Puts, Bulls, Rame, Bears, and Bubbles.

Gran. These Frolicks of Fortune do some Justice at least, they sufficiently mortify the Proud and Envious, that have not been the better for them.

Fran. O! I know some are ready to burst even at the Good Fortune of their own Relations.

Wit. I-gad and so do I; there's that surly Put, my Uncle the Counsellor, won't pull off his Hat to me now——A poor flaving Cur, that is not worth above a Thousand a Year, and minds nothing but his Business——

Fran. And so is out of humour with you, because you have done that in a Twelvemonth, that he has been drudging for these twenty Years?

Wit. But I intend to send him Word, if he does not mend his Manners, now I shall disinherite him.

Gran. What are we to think of this, *Frankly*? Is Fortune really in her Wits, or is the World out of them?

Fran. Much as it used to be; she has only found a new Channel for her Tides of Favour.

Wit. Pr'ythee why dost not come into the Alley, and see us scramble for them? If you have a mind to philosophize there, there's Work for your Speculations! I-gad!

I never go there, but it puts me in mind of the Poetical Regions of Death, where all Mankind are upon a level; there you'll see a Duke dangling after a Director; here a Peer and a Prentice haggling for an Eighth; there a Jew and a Parson making up Differences; here a young Woman of Quality buying Bears of a Quaker; and there an old one selling Refusals to a Lieutenant of Grenadiers.

Frank. What a Medley of Mortals has he jumbled together?

Wit. O there's no such Fun in the Universe! I gad! there's no getting away! Perish me! If I have had time to see my Mistress but of a Sunday, these three Months.

Gran. Thy Mistress! What dost thou mean? Thou speak'st as if thou hadst but one.

Wit. Why no more I have not, that I care a Farthing for: I may, perhaps, have a Stable of Scrubs, to mount my Footmen when I rattle into Town, or so; but this is a choice Pad, Child, that I design for my own Riding.

Frank. Pr'ythee, who is she?

Wit. I'll shew you, my Dear—I think I have her here in my Pocket.

Gran. What dost thou mean?

Wit. Look you, I know you are my Friends; and therefore, since I am sure it's in nobody's power to hurt me, I'll venture to trust you—There! that's Who, Child.

[*Shews a Paper.*]

Fran. What's here?

[*Reads.*]

To Sir Gilbert Wrangle.

Sir, according to your Contract of the 11th of February last, I now make my Election of your younger Daughter, Mrs. Charlotte Wrangle; and do hereby demand your Consent, to be forthwith join'd to the said Charlotte in the sober State of Matrimony. Witness my Hand, &c.

William Witting.

Frank. What a merry World do we live in?

Gran. This indeed is extraordinary.

Wit. I think so: I'll assure you, Gentlemen, I take this to be the Coup de Maître of the whole Alley: This

is a Call now, that none of your thick-soull'd Calculators could ever have thought on.

Gran. Well, Sir; and does this Contract secure the Lady's Fortune to you too?

Wit. O! Pox! I knew that was all Rug before: He had settled Three Thousand a-piece upon them in the *South-Sea*, when it was only about *Par*, provided they married with his Consent, which by this contract you know I have a Right to—So there's another Thirty Thousand dead, my Dear.

Fran. But pray Sir, has not the Lady herself a Right of Refusal, as well as you, all this while?

Wit. A Right! ay, who doubts it? Every Woman has a Right to be a Fool, if she has a mind to it, that's certain: But *Charlotte* happens to be a Girl of Taste, my Dear; she is none of those Fools that will stand in her own light, I can tell you.

Fran. Well, but do you expect she should blindly consent to your Bargain?

Wit. Blindly! No, Child: but dost thou imagine any Citizen's Daughter can refuse a Man of my Figure and Fortune with her Eyes open?

Gran. Impudent Rogue!

[*Aside.*

Fran. Nay, I grant your Security's good, Sir: But I mean, you have still left her Consent at large in the Writing.

Wit. Her Consent! didst thou think I minded that, Man! I knew, if the Stock did but whip up, I should make no more of her than a poach'd Egg—But to let you into the Secret, my Dear, I am secure of that already; for the Slut's in love with me, and does not know it: Ha, ha, ha!

Fran. How came you to know it then?

Wit. By her ridiculous pretending to hate me, Child: for we never meet, but 'tis a mortal War, and never part, till one of us is rallied to death; Ha, ha!

Fran. Nay, then it must be a Match? for I see you are resolv'd to take no Answer.

Wit. Not I, Faith! I know her Play too well for that! In short, I am this Evening to attack her in

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 27

form; and to shew you I am a Man of Skill, I intend to make my first Breach from a Battery of *Italian Music*, in which I design to sing my own *Io Pœan*, and enter the Town in Triumph.

Fran. You are not going to her now?

Wit. No, no, I must first go and give the Governor my Summons here: I must find out Sir Gilbert; he's hereabouts: I long to make him growl a little; for I know he'll fire when he reads it, as if it were a *Scire Facias* against the Company's Charter. Ha, ha! [*Exit Wit.*]

Fran. When all's said, this Fellow seems to feel his Fortune more than most of the Fools that have been lately taken into her Favour.

Gran. Pox on him! I had rather have his Constitution than his Money: Pr'ythee let's follow, and see how the old Gentleman receives him.

Fran. No—excuse me; I can't rest till I see Charlotte—You know my Affairs now require Attendance.

Gran. That's true; I beg you take no notice to Sophronia of my being in Town: I have my Reasons for it.

Fran. Very well; we shall meet at Dinner—Adieu.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE, Sir Gilbert's House.

Sophronia and Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE.

HA! ha! ha!

Soph. Dear Sister, don't be so boisterous in your Mirth: You really over-power me! So much Vociferation is insupportable.

Char. Well, well! I beg your Pardon—But you know laughing is the wholesomest thing in the World; and when one has a hearty Occasion—

Soph. To be vulgar—you are resolv'd to appear so.

Char. O! I cannot help it, I love you dearly; and pray, where's the harm of it?

Soph. Look you, Sister, I grant you, that Ridibility is only given to the *Animal Rationale*; but you really indulge it, as if you could give no other Proof of your Species.

Char. And if I were to come into your Sentiments, dear Sister, I am afraid the World wou'd think I were of no Species at all.

Soph. The World, Sister, is a Generation of Ignorants: And for my part, I am resolv'd to do what in me lies to put an end to posterity.

Char. Why, you don't despair of a Man, I hope.

Soph. No; but I will have all Mankind despair of me.

Char. You'll positively die a Maid?

Soph. You, perhaps, may think that dying a Martyr; but I shall not die a Brute, depend upon't.

Char. Nay, I don't think you'll die either, if you can help it.

Soph. What do you mean, Madam?

Char. Only, Madam, that you are a Woman, and may happen to change your Mind; that's all.

Soph. A Woman! that's so like your ordinary way of thinking; as if Souls had any Sexes——No——when I die, Madam, I shall endeavour to leave such Sentiments behind me, that——(*non omnis moriar*) the World will be convinc'd my purer part had no Sex at all.

Char. Why truly, it will be hard to imagine, that any one of our Sex could make such a Resolution; tho' I hope we are not bound to keep all we make neither.

Soph. You'll find, Madam, that an elevated Soul may be always Master of its perishable Part.

Char. But, dear Madam, do you suppose our Souls are cram'd into our Bodies merely to spoil sport, that a virtuous Woman is only sent hither of a Fool's Errand? What's the Use of our Coming into the World, if we are to go out of it, and leave nobody behind us?

Soph.

Soph. If our Species can be only supported by those gross Mixtures, of which Cookmaids and Footmen are capable, People of Rank and Erudition ought certainly to detest them. O! what pity 'tis the Divine Secret should be lost! I have somewhere read of an ancient Naturalist, whose laborious Studies have discover'd a more innocent way of Propagation: but, it seems, his Tablets unfortunately falling into his Wife's hands, the gross Creature threw them into the Fire.

Char. Indeed, my dear Sister, if you talk thus in Company, People will take you for a Mad-woman.

Soph. I shall be even with them, and think those mad that differ from my Opinion.

Char. But I rather hope the World will be so charitable as to think this is not your real Opinion.

Soph. I shall wonder at nothing that's said or thought by People of your sullied Imagination.

Char. Sullied! I would have you to know, Madam, I think of nothing but what's decent and natural.

Soph. Don't be too positive, Nature has its Indecencies,

Char. That may be; but I don't think of them.

Soph. No! Did not you own to me just now, you were determin'd to marry?

Char. Well! and where's the Crime, pray?

Soph. What! you want to have me explain? But I shall not defile my Imagination with such gross Ideas.

Char. But, dear Madam, if Marriage were such an abominable Business, how comes it that all the World allows it to be honourable? And I hope you won't expect me to be wiser than any of my Ancestors, by thinking the contrary?

Soph. No; but if you will read History, Sister, you will find that the Subjects of the greatest Empire upon Earth were only propagated from violated Chastity: The *Sabine* Ladies were Wives, 'tis true, but glorious ravish'd Wives. Vanquish'd they were indeed, but they surrender'd not: They scream'd, and cry'd, and tore, and as far as their weak Limbs would give them leave, resisted and abhor'd the odious Joy—

Char. And yet, for all that Niceness they brought a chopping Race of Rakes, that bullied the whole World about them.

Soph. The greater still their Glory, that though they were naturally prolific, their Resistance proved they were not Slaves to Appetite.

Char. Ah! Sister, if the *Romans* had not been so sharp set, the glorious Resistance of these fine Ladies might have been all turn'd into Coquetry.

Soph. There's the Secret, Sister: had our modern Dames but the true *Sabine* Spirit of Disdain, Mankind might be again reduced to those old *Roman* Extremities; and our shameless Brides would not then be led, but dragg'd to the Altar; their *Sponsalia* not call'd a Marriage, but a Sacrifice: and the conquer'd Beauty, not the Bridal Virgin, but the Victim.

Char. O ridiculous! and so you would have no Woman marry'd, that was not first ravish'd, according to Law?

Soph. I would have Mankind owe their Conquest of us rather to the Weakness of our Limbs, than of our Souls. And if defenceless Women must be Mothers, the Brutality at least should lie all at their door.

Char. Have a care of this Over-niceness, dear Sister, lest some agreeable young Fellow should seduce you to the confusion of parting with it. You'd make a most rueful Figure in Love!

Soph. Sister, you make me shudder at your Freedom! I in love! I admit a Man! What! become the voluntary, the lawful Object of a corporeal Sensuality! Like you! to choose myself a Tyrant! a Despoiler! a Husband! Ugh!

Char. I am afraid, by this Disorder of your Thoughts, dear Sister, you have got one in your Head, that you don't know how to get rid of.

Soph. I have, indeed; but 'tis only the Male Creature that you have a mind to.

Char. Why that's possible too; for I have often observ'd you uneasy at Mr. *Frankly's* being particular to me.

Soph.

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 31

Soph. If I am, 'tis upon your account, because I know he imposes upon you.

Char. You know it?

Soph. I know his Heart, and that another is Mistress of it.

Char. Another?

Soph. Another, but one that to my Knowledge will never hear of him; so don't be uneasy, dear Sister, all in my power you may be assur'd of.

Char. Surprizingly kind indeed!

Soph. And you know too I have a great deal in my Inclination—

Char. For me or him, dear Sister?

Soph. Nay, now you won't suffer me to oblige you. I tell you I hate the Animal, and for half a good Word would give him away.

Char. What! before you have him?

Soph. This affected Ignorance is so vain, dear Sister, that I now think it high time to explain to you.

Char. Then we shall understand one another.

Soph. You don't know, perhaps, that Mr. Frankly is passionately in love with me?

Char. I know, upon his treating with my Father, his Lawyer once made you some Offers.

Soph. Why then you may know too, that upon my slighting those Offers, he fell immediately into a violent Despair.

Char. I did not hear of its Violence.

Soph. So violent, that he has never since dar'd to open his Lips to me about it; but to revenge the secret Pains I gave him, has made his public Addresses to you.

Char. Indeed, Sister, you surprise me; and 'tis hard to say, that Men impose more upon us, than we upon ourselves.

Soph. Therefore by what I have told you, you may now be convinc'd he is false to you.

Char. But is there a necessity, my dear *Sophronia*, that I must rather believe you than him? Ha! ha! ha!

Soph. How, Madam! Have you the Confidence to question my Veracity, by supposing me capable of an Endeavour to deceive you?

Char. No hard Words, dear Sister; I only suppose you as capable of deceiving yourself, as I am.

Soph. Oh! mighty probable indeed! You are a Person of infinite Penetration! Your Studies have open'd to you the utmost Recesses of human Nature; but let me tell you, Sister, that Vanity is the only Fruit of Toilet Lucubrations. I deceive myself: Ha! ha! ha!

Char. One of us certainly does! Ha! ha!

Soph. There I agree with you. Ha! ha!

Char. Till I am better convinced then on which side the Vanity lies, give me leave to laugh in my turn, dear Sister.

Soph. O! by all means, sweet Madam! Ha! ha!

Beth. Ha! ha! ha!

Char. O! here's Mamma, she perhaps may decide the Question. Ha! ha!

Enter Lady Wrangle.

Lady Wrang. So Mrs. Charlotte! what wonderful Nothing, pray, may be the Subject of this mighty Merriment?

Soph. Nothing indeed, Madam, or what's next to nothing; a Man, it seems. Ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. Charlotte, wilt thou never have any thing else in thy Head?

Char. I was in hopes, nothing, that was in my Sister's Head, would be a Crime in mine, Madam.

Lady Wrang. Your Sister's? What? How? Who is it you are laughing at?

Char. Only one another, Madam; but perhaps your Ladyship may laugh at us both: for, it seems, my Sister and I both insist, that Mr. Frankly is positively in love but with one of us.

Lady Wrang. Who, Child?

Soph. Mr. Frankly, Madam.

Lady Wrang. Mr. Frankly in love with one of you!

Soph. Ay, Madam; but it seems we both take him to ourselves.

Lady Wrang.

Lady Wrang. Then *Charlotte* was in the right in one Point.

Soph. In what, dear Madam?

Lady Wrang. Why that for the same reason you have been laughing at one another, I must humbly beg leave to laugh at you both—Ha! ha!

Char. So! this is rare Sport. [Aside.]

Lady Wrang. But pray, Ladies, how long has the Chimera of this Gentleman's Passion for you been in either of your Heads?

Soph. Nay, Madam, not that I value the Conquest, but your Ladyship knows he once treated with my Father upon my Account.

Lady Wrang. I know he made that his Pretence to get acquainted in the Family.

Soph. Perhaps, Madam, I have more coercive Reasons, but am not concern'd enough at present to insist upon their Validity.

Lady Wrang. *Sophronia*, you have prudence. [Soph. walks by and reads.] But what have you to urge, sweet Lady? How came this Gentleman into your Head, pray?

Char. Really, Madam, I can't well say how he got in, but there he is, that's certain: What will be able to get him out again, Heaven knows.

Lady Wrang. Oh! I'll inform you then; think no more of him than he thinks of you, and I'll answer for your Cure. Ha! ha! ha!

Char. I shall follow your Prescription, Madam, when I am once sure how little he thinks on me.

Lady Wrang. Then judge of that, when I assure you, that his Heart is utterly and solely given up to me.

Soph. Well! I did not think my Lady had been capable of so much Weakness. [Aside.]

Char. How! to you, Madam? How is that possible, unless he makes you dishonourable Offers?

Lady Wrang. There's no occasion to suppose that neither; there are Passions you have no Notion of: He knows my Virtue is impregnable: but that—preserves him mine.

Char. Nay, this does puzzle me indeed, Madam.

Soph. If you had ever read *Plato*, Sister, you might have known, that Passions of the greatest Dignity have not their Source from Veins and Arteries.

Lady Wrang. *Sophrania*, give me leave to judge of that; perhaps I don't insist that he is utterly *Platonic* neither: The Mansion of the Soul may have its Attractions too; he is as yet but *Udum & Mæle Lutum*—and may take what Form I please to give him.

Char. Well, Madam, since I see he is so utterly at your Ladyship's Disposal, and that 'tis impossible your Virtue can make any use of him in my vulgar way; shall I beg your good Word to my Father, only to make me Mistress of his mortal Part?

Lady Wrang. Heav'ns! what will this World come to? This Creature has scarce been two Years from School, and yet is impatient for a Husband? No, Madam, you are too young as yet; but—*Cruda Marito*, Your Education is not yet finished; first cultivate your Mind, correct and mortify these Sallies of your Blood! learn of your Sister here, to live a bright Example of your Sex; refine your Soul, give your happier Hours up to Science, Arts, and Letters; enjoy the Raptures of Philosophy, subdue your Passions, and renounce the sensual Commerce of Mankind.

Char. O! dear Madam, I should make a piteous Philosopher; indeed your Ladyship had much better put me out to the Business, I am fit for: Here's my Sister has learning enough o'Conscience for any one Family; and, of the two, I had much rather follow your Ladyship's Example, and use my humble Endeavours to increase it.

Lady Wrang. My Example! Do you suppose then, if I had been capable of gross Desires, I would have chosen your Father for the Gratificator of them?

Char. Why not, Madam; my Papa's a hale Man, and though he has twice your Ladyship's Age, he walks as sprit, and leads up a Country-Dance as brisk, as a Beau at a Ball.

Lady Wrang. Come, none of your sensual Inferences from thence; I was govern'd by my Parents, I had other Views in marrying Mr. *Wrangle*.

Char.

Char. Yes, a swinging Jointure. [Aside.

Lady Wrang. When you have gone through my Studies, Madam, Philosophy will tell you, 'tis possible a well-natur'd Mind, tho' fated to a Husband, may be at once a Wife and Virgin.

Char. Prodigious! [Aside.

Lady Wrang. What is't you smile at, Madam?

Char. Nothing, Madam, only I don't understand these Philosophical Mysteries; but if your Ladyship will indulge me, in marrying Mr. *Frankly*, as for dying a Maid afterwards, I'll take my Chance for it.

Lady Wrang. What a giddy Confidence! But thou art strangely vain, *Charlotte*, to be so importunate for a Man that, as I have told thee, has the Misfortune to be passionately in love with me.

Char. Indeed, indeed, Madam, if your Ladyship would but give him leave to open his Mind freely, he would certainly tell you another Story.

Lady Wrang. I will fend for him this minute, and convince you of your Error.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Frankly*.

Lady Wrang. He never came more opportunely: Desire him to walk in.

Enter Mr. Frankly.

Lady Wrang. O! Mr. *Frankly*, the welcomest Man alive,

Fran. Then I am the happiest, I am sure, Madam.

Lady Wrang. O fy! is there any one of this Company could make you so?

Fran. There's one in the Company, Madam, has a great deal more in her Power, than I'm afraid she'll part with to me.

Soph. Are you this hard-hearted Lady, Sister? Does this Description reach you, pray? [Aside.

Char. The Power does not describe you, I'll answer for it. [Aside.

Lady Wrang.

Lady Wrang. Nay, now you grow particular — You have something to say to one of these Ladies, I'm sure. [To Frankly.]

Fran. I have something, Madam, to say to both of them.

Soph. Shall we let him speak, Sister?

Char. Freely.

Lady Wrang. Which of these two now, if you were free to choose, could you really give up your Heart to?

Fran. O! Madam, as to that I dare only say, as *Sir John Suckling* did upon the same Occasion.

Soph. Pray, what was that?

Fran. He *swore* is *happiest* that *has* *Hopes* of *either*;

Next him, is *He*, that *sees* you *both* together.

Lady Wrang. Perfectly fine: Nor is there more Wit in the Verses themselves, than in your polite Application of them — Mr. *Frankly*, I must beg your Pardon — I know it's rude to whisper, but you have Good-nature: and to oblige a Woman —

Fran. Is the Business of my Life, Madam — What the Devil can all this mean? I have been odly catechiz'd here — Sure they have not all agreed to bring me to a Declaration for one of them — it looks a little like it — But then, how comes *Charlotte* into so vain a Project? nay so hazardous? She can't but know, my holding the other two in play has been the only means of my getting Admittance to her — perhaps they may have piqued her into this Experiment — not unlikely — but I must be cautious. [Aside.]

Lady Wrang. Nay, Ladies, you can't but say I laid you fairly in his way: [Apart to *Soph.* and *Char.*] and yet you see from how palpable a Regard to me, he has ingenuously avoided a Declaration for either of you, at least.

Soph. Your Ladyship won't be offended, if, for a moment, we should suspend your Conclusion.

Lady Wrang. Not in the least; if Suspence can make you happy, live always in it.

Char. But pray, Madam, let him go on a little.

Lady Wrang.

Lady Wrang. Oh! you shall have enough of him. Well, you are a horrid Tyrant, Mr. *Frankly*: Don't you plainly see, here are two Ladies in this Company, that have a mind you should declare in favour of one of them?

Fran. Yes, Madam, but I plainly see, there are three Ladies in the Company.

Lady Wrang. What then?

Fran. Why then, Madam, I am more afraid of offending that third Person, than either of the other two.

Lady Wrang. [*To Soph. and Char.*] Observe his Diffidence, his Awe, he knows I love Respect.

Soph. With Submission, Madam, I never was familiar with him.

Lady Wrang. Come, now do you both ask the Question, as I have done, each exclusive of herself.

Char. Your Ladyship's in the right. ——— [*Aside.* Sir, without any Apology then, I am oblig'd to ask you, whether it be my Lady or my Sister, you really are in love with?

Fran. So now it's plain [*Aside.*] When either of them ask me, you'll be out of the Question, I can assure you, Madam.

Lady Wrang. Ha! ha!

Soph. Who's in the Question now, Sister?

Char. If I had put myself in, you would not have been there. I'll answer for him. [*Aside.*

Soph. Then I'll do you that Favour, Madam.

Fran. So! now the t'other ——— but I am ready for her too.

Soph. You see, Sir, the Humour we are in: Though don't suppose, if I ask you the same Question, 'tis from the same Motive; but since these Ladies have oblig'd me to it ——— Which of them is it you sincerely are a Slave to?

Fran. Since I find your Motive is only Complaisance to them, Madam, I hope you will not think it needs an Answer.

Soph. I am satisfy'd ———

Your Ladyship was pleas'd to mention Respect ——— I think.

think there's Respect and Demonstration too, Madam.

[*Afide to Lady Wrang.*

Lady Wrang. I grant it—but both to me, Child—
But I will speak once more for all of us—Sir, that
you may not be reduc'd to farther Ambiguities—
suppose we are all agreed, you should have leave to
declare which of us then your Heart is utterly in the
Disposal of?

Fran. Then I must suppose, Madam, that one of you
have a mind I should make the other two my Enemies.

Lady Wrang. All your Friends depend upon us.

Fran. So were all the three Goddesses to Paris, Ma-
dam, till he presum'd to be particular, and rashly gave
the Apple to Venus: You know, Madam, Juno was his
immortal Enemy ever after.

——— *Manus alia mente repōitam*

Judicium Paris, spectaque Injunctis Formæ.

Lady Wrang. Sir, you are excus'd: the Modesty and
Elegance of your Reply has charm'd me.

Soph. Now, Sister, was this Delicacy of his Taste and
Learning shewn to recommend himself to me, or you,
think you?

Char. O! I don't dispute its recommending him to you.

Soph. He thinks it does, depend upon't.

Char. Though I can hardly think that of him, yet
I can't say indeed he has taken much Pains to recom-
mend himself to me all this while: I see no reason,
because they are to be respected forsooth, that I may not
be pleas'd in my turn too.

[*To herself.*

Fran. And now, Ladies, give me leave to ask you a
Question.

Lady Wrang. You may command us, Sir.

Fran. Then whose cruel Proposal was it to urge me
to a Declaration of my Heart, when you all knew there
was not one of you, from the Disposition of whose Mind
or Circumstances, I could hope the least Favour or
Mercy.

Lady Wrang. Explain yourself.

Fran. Why first, Madam, as to your Ladyship, you
are

are honourably dispos'd of——from you my utmost Vanity could no more form a hope, than could your Virtue give it——And here [*To Soph.*] if possible, my Fate were harder still——here I must have to encounter Rivals numberless and invincible.

Soph. Rivals!

Fran. Ay, Madam, is not every Volume in your Library a Rival? Do you not pass whole Days, nay sometimes happier Nights, with them alone? The Living and the Dead promiscuous in your Favour? Old venerable Sages, even in their Graves, can give you Raptures, from whose Divine Enjoyment no mortal Lover can persuade you.

Soph. [*To Char.*] Is this to please you, Sister?

Char. Truly I think not——he has mistaken the way at least.

Fran. [*Turning to Char.*] And here, Madam——

Lady Wrang. Hold, Sir,——a Truce with your Negatives, lest they grow too vehement in their Affirmation.——you have hitherto my Esteem——preserve it by your Discretion, and force me not to revoke the Freedom I have this Day given you——*Sophronia*, I have carried this Matter to the very utmost Limits of Discretion——I hope you, and your Sister, are now deliver'd from your Error; if not, I'll instantly withdraw, and leave you to a full Conviction. [*Exit Lady Wrangle.*]

Fran. I am afraid my Lady takes something ill of me.

Soph. Sir, what you have done was from her own Desire; and since I partly am the Occasion, it is but just I stand engag'd for your Reconciliation.

Fran. Then give me leave to hope, Madam——

Soph. From what Pretension, Sir? From any Weakness of my Behaviour? Hope! do you consider the licentious and extensive Consequences of that odious Word? Hope! you make me tremble at the Thought.

Fran. Madam, I only mean——

Soph. I know your Meaning, Sir; and therefore must not hear it.

Fran. This is new with a Vengeance. [*Aside.*]

Soph. Sister, I am sorry our Argument has reduc'd

me to stand so outrageous an Instance of your Conviction; but you may profit from the Insult: You may learn to moderate your Vanity, and to know yourself. O! 'tis a Heavenly Lesson——*E Carlo descendit Gnotbe seauton.*

[Exit.

Fran. What a solid Happiness is now crept into her Mind through the Crack of her Brain?——I hope you are not going too, Madam?

Char. I don't know any Business I have here.

Fran. So——I-gad! I have disoblig'd them all, I believe: [*Afide.*] You are not out of Humour?

Char. I do not know whether I am or no.

Fran. So cold, *Charlotte*, after I have had my Wits upon the stretch this half Hour, to oblige you?

Char. What, in blowing up other People's Vanity at my Expence?

Fran. Would you have had me blown up their Jealousy, at the Expence of my being well with you?

Char. You that are so dextrous in imposing upon others, may impose upon me too, for ought I know.

Fran. Come, come, don't impose upon yourself, *Charlotte* by this groundless, this childish Resentment.

Char. She that has no Resentment at all, may be under-treated as long as she lives, I find.

Fran. Pray think a little; is my having made them ridiculous by your own Consent, exposing you to them, or them to you?

Char. I do not know how the Matter's contriv'd; but I certainly find myself uneasy, and you can't persuade me I am not so.

Fran. Well, well; since you can't justify your being in an ill humour, it's a fair step at least to your coming into a good one.

Char. Come, I will not be wheedled now.

Fran. Nay, but hear me.

Sophronia enters unseen, while Frankly seems to entertain Charlotte apart.

Soph. What can these Creatures be doing alone together? I thought I left my Sister in too ill a Humour.

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 47

to retire with him; but I see these Carnage Lovers have such a Meanness in their Souls, they'll overlook the grossest Usage to accommodate their sensual Concorperation——'Tis so——her Eyes have lost all Resentment already: But I must not be seen, lest they mistake my innocent Curiosity for Jealousy.

Char. Well, but you might have thrown in a civil thing to me in my turn too.

Fran. Alas! poor Lady! Pray, what one civil thing did I mean to any Body but yourself? Besides, was not you one of the three Goddesses, *Miss Charlotte*? Which of the Company do you suppose I meant by *Venus*, pray?

Char. How silly you make me?

Fran. Nay, I was going to say a great deal more to you, if my Lady had not stopt my Mouth.

Soph. Is it possible? [Aside.]

Char. Why then I beg your pardon; for in short, I find I have only been Fool enough to be uneasy, because they had not Sense enough to be mortified.

Fran. A pretty innocent Confession truly.

Soph. Have I my Senses?

Char. Well! but tell me what was it you had a mind to say to me?

Fran. Nothing to what I now could say——O! *Charlotte*, my Heart grows full of you; the least Look of Kindness softens me to Folly! Indeed I love you.

Soph. Soh!

Char. And for what after all? [Smiling.]

Fran. For that, and for a thousand Charms beside: [Pressing her Hand.] There's something in your Looks so soft, so gentle, so resign'd, and plaintive; I loved before I knew it, and only thought I gave the Pity that I wanted.

Char. What Transport's in the Passion, when the Tenderness is mutual!

Soph. O! the enormous Creature! But I'll be gone, lest her Intoxication should know no Bounds!—No,—on second Thoughts I'll stay——this odious Object may be useful; Vipers, if rightly taken, are Preservatives.

sives; And as the Spartans taught their Children to abhor Intemperance, by shewing them their Slaves expos'd, and senseless in their Wine; so I, in Contemplation of this Folly, may be fortified against it.——

[During this Frankly and Charlotte seem in an amorous Dispute, till he kisses her.

O! the abandon'd Wantons.—What a riotous Disorder now must run through every Vein of her whole System? How can they thus deface the Dignity of human Being? A Kiss, nay then 'tis insupportable. [She goes to them.] Sister, I am amaz'd you can stand trifling here, when my Father's come home, and you know he wants you.

Char. She has certainly seen us. [Aside to Fran.]

Fran. No matter, seem easy, and take no notice.

[Apart to Char.]

Soph. Shall I tell him you will not come, Madam?

Char. Well, do not be in a Passion, dear Sister.

Fran. O! fy! why should you think so? But is Sir Gilbert come in, Madam? I have a little Business with him. If you please Madam, I'll wait upon you to him.

Char. With all my Heart.

Fran. Amante Sposo, &c. [Exit singing with Char.]

Soph. What means this Turbulence of Thought? Why am I thus disorder'd? It cannot——nay, I will not have it jealousy——No! if I were capable of Folly, Granger might mislead me; yet still I am disturb'd——Yes, 'tis plain, I am inens'd, provok'd at him; but can I not assign the Cause? O! I have found it——having first offer'd up his Heart to me, his giving it to another, without my Leave, is an Insult on my Merit, and worthy my Resentment——that's all——How then shall I punish him? By securing her to his Rival.——Willing shall have her; I'll work it by my Lady, she seems his Friend——Yes, yes, that will intirely ease my Heart: how I rejoice to find 'tis only decent Pride that has disturb'd me——Yes, I'll certainly resent it—to their mutual Disappointment.

Thus both shall suffer, doom'd to different Fates:

His be Despair; be hers, the Man she hates.

[Exit.]

ACT

~~ACT IV. SCENE I.~~

A C T III.

Lady Wrangle and Sophronia.

Lady Wrang. Impossible! You amaze me! Kiss her, say you? What! as a Lover, amorously? voluptuously?

Soph. Infamously! with all the glowing Fervour of a Libertine.

Lady Wrang. Then I am deceiv'd indeed! I thought that Virtue, Letters, and Philosophy, had only Charms for him: I have known his Soul all Rapture in their Praises; nay, and believ'd myself the secret Object of them all. But is he vulgar, brutal then at last?—No Punic Faith so false——'Tis well! he has deceiv'd me, and I hate him. O that forward Creature!

Soph. She warms as I could wish. [*Aside.*]

Lady Wrang. But tell me dear, *Sophronia*, how did that nauseous Girl behave to him? Was the Shame chiefly his? Did she resist, or——how was this odious Kiss obtain'd? Were his Persuasions melting, or her Allurements artful? Was he insnared, or did his Wiles seduce her? O! tell me all his Baseness! I burn to know, yet wish to be deceiv'd.

Soph. ———*Speratque Miserrima falli*———Directly jealous of him; but I'll make my Uses of it. [*Aside.*] Nay, Madam, I must own the guilty Part was chiefly hers: Had you but seen the warm Advances that she made him, the Looks, the Smiles, the toying Glances, O! such wanton Blandishments to allure him; you would think his Crime, compar'd to hers, but Frailty.

Lady Wrang. O! the little Sorceress! but I shall stop her in her loose Career: I'll have her know, forward as she is, her Inclinations shall wait upon my Choice; and since she will run riot, I'll have her clogg'd immediately: I'll marry her, *Sophronia*; but—where I think fit; Not Mr. *Witling* is her Man, or she's a Maid for ever.

Soph.

Soph. That, Madam, I doubt, she will never be brought to; she mortally hates him.

Lady Wrang. So much the better; I do not design him therefore as her Happiness, but her Punishment.

Soph. This is fortunate; she even prevents my Purpose. [*Aside.*

Lady Wrang. O! that a Man of his sublime Faculties could fall from such a Height—Was ever any thing so mean, *Sophronia*?

Soph. I am surpriz'd indeed; my Sister too is so illiterate, Madam.

Lady Wrang. To contaminate his Intellects with such a Chit of an Animal! O *Tempora*!

Soph. O *Mores*! 'Tis a degenerate Age indeed, Madam.

Lady Wrang. Nothing but Noise and Ignorance; Girls and Vanity have their Attractions now.

Soph. O! there's no living, Madam, while Coquettes are so openly tolerated among a civiliz'd People!

Lady Wrang. I protest they are so insolently infidious, they are become mere Nuisances to all innocent Society.

Soph. I am amaz'd the Government should not set the idle Creatures to Work.

Lady Wrang. The Wisdom of our Ancestors restrain'd such horrid Licences; and, you see the Laws they made, describ'd them all by the modest Term of Spinsters only. But! I'll take care of her, at least; and since she is become a public Mischief, to humble her will be a public Good: I'll send to Mr. *Witling* this moment, and invite him to dine here. I desire you will be in the Way, Child, and assist me in bringing this Matter to a speedy Conclusion. [*Exit.*

Soph. Yes, I shall assist you, Madam; tho' not to gratify your Resentments, but my own: Poor Lady! is this then all the Fruit of your Philosophy? Is this her Conduct of the Passions, not to endure another should possess what she pretends to scorn? Are these her Self-denials; Where, where was her Self-examination all this while? The least Inquiry there had shewn these Passions as they are: Then had she seen, that all this Anger at my Sister was but Envy; those Reproaches on her

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 45

her Lover, Jealousy ; even that Jealousy, the Child of Vanity, and her avow'd Resentment, Malice ! Good Heaven ! Can she be this Creature, and know it not ?— And yet 'tis so—so partial's Nature to herself :

*That Charity begins, where Knowledge shou'd,
And all our Wisdom's counsell'd by the Blood ;
The Faults of others we with Ease discern,
But our own Frailties are the last we learn.*

[Going off she meets Frankly and Charlotte.

Ha ! perpetually together ?

Char. In Contemplation, Sister ? I am afraid we disturb you ; Come, Mr. Frankly, we'll go into the next Room.

Soph. No, Madam, if you have any Secrets, I'll retire.

Char. Nay, we have none now, Sister, but what I dare swear you are certainly let into : Ha ! ha ! ha !

Fran. So she must have a gentle Insult, I find ; but it will be prudent in me to keep the Peace. [Aside.

Soph. These Taunts are insupportable ! but to confess the Smart, were adding to her Triumph. [Aside.

Char. Why so grave, Sophronia ?

Soph. Why that Question, Madam ? Do you often see me otherwise ?

Char. No ; but I thought, upon your supposing we had Secrets, you drew up a little.

Soph. 'Tis possible, I might not be in a laughing Humour, without thinking any of your Secrets important.

Fran. People, Madam, that think much, always wear a serious Aspect. [To Char.

Soph. As the contrary, Sister, may be a Reason for your continual Mirth.

Char. Well ! well ! so I am but happy, Sister, I am content you should be wise as long as you live.

Soph. You have one Sign of Wisdom, I see : a little thing contents you—There's no bearing her. [Ex. Soph.

Char. She's in a high Miss.

Fran. I am afraid there is no Good towards us : I observ'd my Lady, as she pass'd too, had much the same Cloud upon her Brow.

Char.

Char. Then she has certainly told her how she thought us fooling together.

Fran. No doubt on't; therefore we must expect all the Mischief that either of them can do us.

Char. My Sister can't do us much, at least.

Fran. She can blow up my Lady; and, you know, my Lady governs your Father.

Char. She does a little overbear him indeed; not but he will make his Party good with her upon Occasion: I have known it come to a drawn Battle between them, especially when he has any Body to stand by him. A sad Life tho', Mr. Frankly, when conjugal Engagements are only Battles; does not their Example frighten you?

Fran. I can see no Hazard, in taking my Chance with you, Madam.

Sophronia returns and stops short, seeing Frankly taking Charlotte's Hand.

Soph. So! closing again the minute they are alone! but I shall make bold with them. [*Goes forward*] Pray, Sister, what did you do with that Book of mine you took up this Morning?

Char. What Book?

Soph. The *Confutius*, you know, in my Chamber.

Char. O! I did not mind it, I left it upon the green Table.

Soph. Very well—that's all—I beg your Pardon: What a melancholy Sight she is!

[*Exit, and drops her Handkerchief.*]

Fran. This Book was only a Pretence to break in upon us.

Char. Plainly——she haunts us like the Ghost in *Hamlet*. But pray, what talk had you with my Father just now?

Fran. A great deal; we are upon very good Terms there, I can tell you: But his Conscience, it seems, is under the most ridiculous Dilemma, sure, that ever was.

Char. What do you mean?

Fran. If you will have Patience to hear it, I'll tell you.

Char.

Char. I shall have no Patience till I do hear it.

Fran. You must know then, some time ago, Sir Gilbert happen'd in a mix'd Company in *Change Alley*, to join in a laugh at Mr. *Witling*, for his folly (as it was then thought) in giving out *Premises* for the Refusal of *South-Sea* Stocks at an extravagant Price: The Beau being piqued to an intemperance, to see his Bargains a Jest, offer'd in Heat of Blood, to back his Judgment with more Money, for a harder Bargain, and ten times as chimerical.

Char. Ay, now let's hear.

Fran. Thus it was: He told an hundred Guineas into your Father's hand; in consideration of which, (if *Witling* could prove himself worth Fifty Thousand Pound within the Year, and the *South-Sea* Stock should in that time mount to a thousand *per Cent.* why then, and on these Conditions only) your Father was to give him the Refusal of you, or your Sister, in Marriage. This whimsical Offer turn'd the Laugh of the Company to the Beau's side, at which Sir Gilbert, impatient of his Triumph, and not being in the least apprehensive either of the Stocks rising to that Price, or that this Rattle-headed Fellow could possibly make such a Fortune in that time, fairly took the Money, and sign'd the Contract. Now the Stock, it seems, is come up to his Price, and the Spark has actually prov'd himself worth near double the Sum he condition'd for.

Char. For Heaven's Sake! am I to take all this seriously?

Fran. Upon my Life 'tis true: But don't mistake the Matter; Sir Gilbert has left his Daughter's Inclinations free: there is no Force to be put upon them in the Bargain.

Char. Oh! then I can take my Breath again.

Fran. No, no; you are safe as to that point: You may do as you please; he has only tied up his own Consent. But *Witling* having this call upon it, Sir Gilbert is incapable, as he says, of giving it at present to me.

Char. Well! but in the mean time, suppose he should give it to you; what's the Penalty?

Fran.

Fran. That's true; I had like to have forgot it: The Penalty is this; if Sir *Gilbert* refuses his Consent, then he is to give *Willing* an Alternative of the three thousand Pound Stock only, at two hundred. So low it seems was the Price when this Bargain was made.

Char. A pinching Article: I am afraid my good Father has not distate enough for a Coxcomb, to part with his Stock, and not toss him a Daughter into the Bargain.

Fran. Ay, but consider; Sir *Gilbert* is not to part with his Stock neither, if you refuse to marry the Gentleman.

Char. Why then the Fool has given his Money for nothing; at least I am sure he has; if he makes his Call upon me.

Fran. Ay, but here's the Misfortune: the Fool has been wise enough to do that already: Sir *Gilbert* tells me, he has insisted upon you; and you may be sure my Lady, and your Sister, will do all in their power to hold your Father to his Bargain; So that, while the Contract's valid, it will not be even in your Power, *Charlotte*, to complete my Happiness this half Year.

Char. It gives me at least occasion to shew you a new Proof of my Inclination; for I confess, I shall be as uneasy as you, 'till, one way or other, this ridiculous Bargain is out of that Coxcomb's Hands again.

Fran. O! *Charlotte*! lay your Hand upon my Heart, and feel how sensibly it thanks you.

Char. Foolish!

Sophronia enters, as looking for her Handkerchief, and observes them.

Soph. Monstrous! actually embracing him! What have her Transports made her blind too? Sure she might see me.

Char. Be but rul'd, and I'll engage to manage it.

Fran. I have a lucky Thought, that certainly——

Char. Peace! break thee off! Lo! where it comes again.

Fran. Speak to it, *Horatio*—— [Seeing *Soph.*

Char. Do you want any thing, Sister?

Soph. Ay! did not I drop an Handkerchief here?

Char.

Char. I did not see any ———— Of here ———— I believe this is it. [Gives it her.]

[They all stand gravely mute for some time, at last Charlotte, as usual at her Company, speaks.]

Char. Do you want any thing else, Sister?

Soph. [Turning short upon her] — Yes, Madam —

Patience ———— to support me under your injurious Assurance.

Char. Keep your Temper, Sister, lest I should suspect your Philosophy to be only an Affectation of Knowledge you never could arrive at.

Soph. There are some Surprises, Madam, too strong for all the Guards of human Constancy.

Char. Yet I have heard you say, Madam, 'tis a Narrowness of Mind to be surpris'd at any thing.

Soph. To be amaz'd at the Actions of the Unjust, and the Abandon'd, is a Weakness that often arises from Innocence and Virtue: You must therefore pardon me, if I am astonish'd at your Behaviour.

Fran. So! I suppose I shall have my share presently. [Aside.]

Char. My Behaviour, Madam, is not to be aspers'd by Outrage; and if I am not astonish'd at yours, 'tis because the Folly of it ought to move no Passion but Laughter.

Soph. This to me! to me! Mrs. Charlotte?

Char. Ay, ay! to you, Mrs. Sophronia.

Fran. I beg your Pardon, Ladies, I see you have private Business. [Going.]

Soph. No, Sir, — hold — you are at least an Accomplice, if not the Principal in the Injury I complain of.

Fran. You do me a great deal of Honour, Madam, in supposing any thing in my Power could disturb you; but pray, Madam, wherein have I been so unhappy as to injure you?

Soph. In the tenderest Part; my Fame, my Sense, my Merit, and (as the World esteems it) in my Sex's Glory.

Fran. Accumulated Wrongs indeed! But really, Ma-

dam, I am yet in the dark; I must beg you to explain a little farther.

Soph. Then plainly thus, Sir: You have robb'd me of my Right; the Vows of Love you once prefer'd to me, are by the Laws of Honour, without my Consent, irrevocable: but, like a vile Apostate, you have since presum'd to throw your scornful Malice on my Attractions, by basely kneeling to another.

Char. O! the painful Conflicts of Prudery. [*Aside.*

Fran. This is hard indeed, Madam, that the Loss of what you never thought worth your Acceptance, should be worth your Resentment: If a Beggar should ask you Charity, would you call it an Injury, if, upon refusing it, the Wretch should beg of the next Passenger?

Char. Well! is not that prettily said now, Sister?

Soph. The Case is different——You owe me Tribute as your rightful Conqueror; and tho' I have declin'd the tasteless Triumph of your Homage, that's no Remittance of the Duty: Nor can you pay it to the Usurper of my Right, without rebellious Perjury to me.

Fran. Hoyty! toyt! I gad there will be no end of this——I must e'en talk downright to her. [*Aside.*

Soph. Oblations vow'd to a peculiar Power, are to its peculiar Altars only due; and tho' the Offering might be ill-receiv'd, yet should the murmuring Suppliant dare to invoke another's Aid, his Vows are then become profane and impious to the Deity.

Char. So! since he would not make her a Goddess, I find she's resolv'd to make one of herself. [*Aside.*

Fran. Now really, Madam, if I were to put all this into plain *English*, the Translation would amount to no more than this, That your offended Deity is a mere Dog in a Manger: What the Duce, because you don't love Oats, must nobody else eat them! Ha! ha!

Char. Ha! ha! ha!

Soph. Amazement! Horror! I am shock'd and shiver'd to a thousand Atoms! O! my violated Ears!

Fran. Ay, Ay! Madam, you may give yourself as many Romantic Airs as you please; but in short, I can play the civil Hypocrite no longer.

Soph.

Soph. Ye Powers! he triumphs in Brutality!

Fran. That is, Madam, because you will always take Civility for Adoration. But however to clear up this whole Matter; if, for once, you can reduce yourself from a Deity to what Nature has made you, a Woman of Sense, I'll beg pardon for my Brutality, and speak to you like a Gentleman.

Soph. You may suppose me then to have the Sense you speak of.

Fran. Why then I own, Madam, when first I came from Travel, my good Father, on whom I then depended, recommended me to an Alliance in this Family: I thought myself honour'd in his Commands; and being equally a Stranger to you and your Sister, I judg'd as being the elder, you had a natural Right to the Preference of my Addresses: I saw you, saw your Person lovely, adorn'd with all those Charms that usually inspire the Lover's Tongue to bend the Ear of Beauty—

Char. How she drops her Eyes at it! [*Aside.*]

Fran. But on a nearer Converse, I found you scarce a Mortal in your Sentiments; so utter a Disdain of Love had you imbib'd from your Romantic Education: no wonder I succeeded not; I shall not reproach you with my peculiar Treatment: you pleas'd yourself, and I retreated. On this I thought my Heart at liberty to try its better Fortune here. Here I am fix'd, and justify my Love; where then's the Injury to you, in laying at your Sister's Feet a Heart, which your Disdain rejected!

Soph. 'Tis true, while offer'd with impure Desires; while sensually, and as a Woman only, you pursu'd me? But had you greatly sought the Marriage of the Mind, the social Raptures of the Soul; I might perhaps have cherish'd an intellectual Union.

Fran. Ah! but dear, dear Madam, those Raptures in the Air would not do my Business; I want an Heir to my Family, and in plain Terms my Case requires one that will give a little bodily Help to it.

Soph. Nay then again, I must disclaim you; a Heart so tainted would but sully the Receiver: The Shame's dishonour'd by a polluted Sacrifice.

Char. So ! she's at her old Flights again. [*Aside.*

Soph. Thus then I fly forever from your Hopes—

*Thus Daphne triumph'd o'er Apollo's Flame,
And to his Heav'n prefer'd a Virgin's Name :
The vanquish'd God pursu'd, but to despair,
While deathless Laurels crown'd the flying Fair.*

[*Exit.*

Fran. So ! there's one Plague over ; I have discharg'd my Conscience upon her at least.

Char. Ha ! ha ! what a pretty way, though, my good Sister has of turning a Slight into a Triumph ? But she has a great Heart.

Fran. O ! 'twould be hard to deny her that Satisfaction ; beside, the greatest Heart in the World did just the same : We have known the late Grand Monarch lose many a Battle ; but it was bloody hard to beat him out of a *Te Deum*.

Char. Well, but now, how shall we manage my Father ?

Fran. Here he comes.

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Sir Gilb. So, Mr. Frankly ! you see I give you fair Play—and troth ! I have a great Respect for you—But—a—a Bargain's a Bargain ; if another Man has really paid for my Consent, you must not take it ill, if I don't refuse him.

Fran. I can't pretend to ask it, Sir ; I think it Favour enough, if you don't oblige your Daughter to refuse me.

Sir Gilb. Not I, not I, Man ; that's out of the Question : She may please herself, and if *Willing* should not please her ; troth ! I can't say it would not please me too : In short, if you two have Wit enough to make up the Difference, and bring me off—why there's no more to be said—If not—Accounts must be made up—I have taken the Premium, and must stand to my Contract : For let me tell you, Sir, we Citizens are as tender

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 59

tender of our Credit in *Change-Alley*, as you fine Gentlemen are of your Honour at Court.

Fran. Sir, depend upon it, your Credit shall not suffer by me, whatever it may by your Comparison.

Sir Gilb. Why, what ails the Comparison? Sir, I think the Credit of the City may be compar'd to that of any Body of Men in *Europe*.

Fran. Yes, Sir; but you mistake me: I question if any Bodies may be compar'd to that of the City.

Sir Gilb. O! your humble Servant, Sir; I did not take you——Ay, ay, you're right! you're right! Ay, ay, ay, live and learn, Mr. *Frankly*: You'll find 'tis not your Court, but City Politicians must do the Nation's Business at last. Why, what did your Courtiers do all the two last Reigns, but borrow Money to make War, and make War to make Peace, and make Peace to make War? And then to be Bullies in one and Bubbles in t'other? A very pretty Account truly; but we have made Money, Man: Money! Money! there's the Health and Life Blood of a Government: And therefore I insist upon't, that we are the wisest Citizens in *Europe*; For we have coin'd more Cash in an Hour, than the Tower of *London* in twenty Years.

Fran. Nay, you govern the World now, it's plain. Sir, and truly that makes us hope it's upon the mending hand: For since our Men of Quality are got so thick into *Change-Alley*, who knows but in time a great Man's Word may go as far as a Tradesman's?

Sir Gilb. Ah! a Wag! a Wag! In troth, Mr. *Frankly*, the more I know you, the more I like you: I see you know the World, you judge of Men by their intrinsic Value; and you're right! you're right! Titles are empty things. A wise Man will always be a wise Man, whether he has any Title or no.

Fran. Ay, ay, Sir, and when a Fool gets one, he's only known to be a greater Fool.

Sir Gilb. You're right again: besides, Sir, shall any Man value himself upon a thing, that another may buy for his Money as well as he? Ridiculous——a very pretty Business truly, to give ten or twenty thousand
C 3 Pound,

Pound, only to be called out of one's Name: Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Nay, Sir, and perhaps too, losing the Privilege of a private Subject, that of being believ'd upon your Honour, or trusted upon your Word.

Sir Gilb. Honour's a Joke! Is not every honest Man a Man of Honour!

Fran. Ay, but the best Joke is, that every Man of Honour is not an honest Man, Sir.

Sir Gilb. Oddsbodikins, Mr. *Frankly*, you are an ingenious Gentleman, and I must have you into my Family, though it cost me twenty thousand Pound to keep that pragmatistical Fellow out on't.

Fran. If I have any pretence to your Favour, Sir, I will take care your Family shall not suffer by my coming into it; for if the worst must happen, 'tis but waiting till the other half Year of *Willing's* Contract is expir'd, I dare answer your Daughter won't run away with him in the mean time.

Sir Gilb. Ay, but there's the Question: Is the Girl staunch? Are you sure now, that like a young Hound, she may not gallop away with the rank Scent of a Coxcomb, and so spoil your Sport?

Fran. I dare say she'll take this Fear for a Favour—best examine her yourself, Sir.

Sir Gilb. Come hither, *Charlotte*.

Char. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Sir Gilb. Are you sure you are as wise as other fine Ladies of your Age, that know more of Mankind than their Fathers, and consequently have a natural Aversion to all Husbands of their choosing? In short have you learnt enough of the World, to be heartily disobedient upon Occasion?

Char. When you please to give me the Occasion, Sir, I will try what I can do.

Sir Gilb. Humh! she promises fair. [*To Frankly Aside.*] The Girl has Wit——But now, Child, the Question is whether you have common Sense or no (for they don't always go together) are you smoky? Have you all business your own way?

your Eye-teeth yet? Are you peery, as the Cant is? In short, do you know what I would be at now?

Char. Will you give me leave to guess, Sir?

Sir Galt. Out with it! I beg, I said stop up your nose.

Cher. Why then (I hope at least, Sir) you have a mind to make Waring believe, you are doing all in your power to bring his Bargain to bear; and at the same time with I would do all in my power to bring it to nothing.

Sir Gilb. [*Aside.*] It will do! it will do! Mr. Frankly, tell her she's right; you know it is not honest for me to say so; a hum!

Cbar. In short, Sir, if you'll leave the matter to my Discretion, I'll engage to bring you off.

Sir Gill. Bring me off, Huffy! why, have you the Confidence to suppose I won't do the fair thing by the Gentleman?

Chas. I have not the Confidence to suppose you would do a hard thing by this Gentleman, indeed Papa!

... [Take Frankly's Hand.

Sir Gile. D'ye hear! d'ye hear! what a sensible Assurance the Slut has! Ah! it's a wheedling Toad! [*Aside.*] Add! I'll have a little more of her. — But do you know, Lady, that Mr. *Witling* has demanded my Consent, and that it would cost me above twenty thousand Pounds to refuse it?

Chas. Yes, Sir, I do know it; and if I were to give him my Consent, I know that I should have much the worst Bargain of the two.

Sir Giles. Your Consent! Why sure, Madam, when I say, do so, do you pretend to have a Will of your own?

Chor. Umh! a little! a small Pulse, you know, Papa. [Facing on Sir Gilb.]

Sir *Gill*. Ah! the coaxing Gipsy! why you Confident

abominable——Odheart! I could kiss her——

FREN. FAITH! do, Sir, that's no Breach of your Con-

...were it not possible to make the ...

Sir Gilb. No! no! that's not fair neither. I am to

1. What is the main purpose of the document?

be angry with her—beside I don't keep my word, if I don't speak a good one for him.

Char. That's not in your Power, Sir; 'tis impossible any body can give him a good Word, at least to me.

Sir Gilb. How! how! will not a handsome young Fellow, with an hundred thousand Pound in his Pocket, go down with you? Will not a full Plumb melt in your Mouth, Mistress *Dainty*?

Char. Thank you, Sir, but I don't love Trash!

Sir Gilb. Trash! Mr. *Witting* Trash!

Char. A Coxcomb.

Sir Gilb. I say he is—

Char. My Averfion.

Sir Gilb. Bear witness, Mr. *Frankly*, she refuses him; you see all I say signifies nothing: But I say again and again, that I am resolv'd, Madam, you shall marry him, and that Articles shall be drawn this very Morning.

Char. But do you think you can't persuade him to stay a little, Sir?

Sir Gilb. Stay! yes; yes; a reasonable time, that is.

Char. You'll think it a reasonable one, I am sure, Sir,

Sir Gilb. Well! well! how long?

Char. Only till I have done hating him, that's all.

Sir Gilb. Pshaw! fiddle faddle! marry him first, and you will have time enough to hate him afterwards.

Char. Well, Sir, then I have but one Favour to beg of you—

Sir Gilb. Come, what is't? what is't?

Char. Only, Sir, that in the draught of the Articles, you will be pleas'd to make a Blank for the Gentleman's Name; and if I don't fill it up to your Mind, say I know nothing of my own.

Sir Gilb. Fy! fy! you wicked thing you—

Mr. Frankly, it will do! it will do! the Girl has all her Goings? keep her right, keep her right, and tight; and I'll warrant thee all safe, Boy.

Frank. Never fear, Sir—now there's! but one Difficulty behind; were it but possible to make my Lady our Friend in this matter—

Sir Gilb. Pshaw! waw! never mind her; Am not I Master

Master of my own Family? Does not she know that my Will's a Law? and if I once say the Word—

Fran. That's true, Sir; but, you know, one would not make her a needless Enemy: She'll think herself affronted, take it as an Insult to her Understanding, not to be let into the Secret at all.

Char. Indeed, Sir, I am afraid we shall have a foul House, if she is not consulted in this Business.

Sir Gilb. Nay, nay, with all my Heart, but the foolish Woman always loves to dispute about nothing, and such a Spirit of Contradiction runs away with her. I had as lief sit in the Stocks as talk to her: however, for your private Satisfaction—

Fran. Indeed, Sir, I think it will be better for

Sir Gilb. Well! well! then I'll tell her my Resolution instantly.

Char. Ah! poor Papa! what a wicked Distress have we brought him to? Now will he rather run upon the Mouth of a Cannon, than let us see he is afraid of Gunpowder.

Fran. How my Lady will bounce when he mentions it!

Sir Gilb. O! here's my Lady, I'll speak to her now.

Fran. If you please, we'll retire, that you may have no Interruption.

Sir Gilb. Do so, you're right.

[*Exeunt Fran. and Char.*]

Enter Lady Wrangle, driving a Maid-Servant in, before her.

Lady Wrang. Out of my Doors, you Dunce! you illiterate Monster! What! could not you read? could not you spell? where were your Eyes, you brainless Idiot?

Sir Gilb. Hey-day! hey-day! what's the matter now?

Lady Wrang. Go! you Eleventh Plague of Egypt.

Maid. Indeed, Madam, I did not know it was of any use, it was so blotted and blurred, I took it for waste Paper.

Lady Wrang. Blurred! you Driveler! was ever any

Piece perfect, that had not Corrections, Rasures, Interlineations, and Improvements? Does not the very Original shew, that when the Mind is warmest, it's never satisfied with its Words?

*Incipit, & dubitat; scribit, damnatque tabellas,
Et notat, & delet; mutat, culpatque probatque.*

Sir Gilb. O Lord! now the Learned Fit's upon her, the Devil won't be able to deal with her. [Aside.

Lady Wrang. What have you done with it, you Dolt-head? where is it? fetch it, let me see it, I say.

Sir Gilb. Pray, my Lady Wrangle, what is all this Rout about?

Lady Wrang. O! nothing to be sure! I am always unreasonable.

Sir Gilb. Why look you now, did I say any such thing?

Lady Wrang. I don't care if you did.

Sir Gilb. It's very hard a Man may not ask a civil Question in his own House.

Lady Wrang. Ay, do, side with her, take her part; do, do, uphold her in her Impudence.

Sir Gilb. Why, my Lady, did I say a Word to her?

Lady Wrang. Pray, Mr. Wrangle, give me leave to govern my own Servants—Don't you know, when I am out of Temper, I won't be talk'd to?—Have not I Plague enough here, do you think?

Sir Gilb. Why, ay, that's true too——why you confident Jade! how dare you put my Lady into such a violent Passion?

Maid. Indeed, Sir, I don't know, not I. [Whimpering.

Lady Wrang. Pray, Mr. Wrangle, meddle with your own Business—the Fault's to me, and, sure, I am old enough to correct her myself.

Sir Gilb. Why, what a dickens, may'nt I be of your Mind neither? 'Sheart! I can't be in the wrong on both sides.

Lady Wrang. I don't know any Business you have on either side.

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, if a Man must not speak at all, it's another Case.

Lady *Wrang.* Lord! you are strangely teasing—well, come speak,—what! what! what is't you would say now?

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, nothing, not I; I only ask what's the Matter?

Lady *Wrang.* I can't tell you, the Provocation's too great for Words.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! well!

Lady *Wrang.* What here still? Am I to have no account of it then? What have you done with it, you Monster?

Maid. Madam, the Cook took it out of my Hand, as I was coming down Stairs with it; he said he wanted it.

Lady *Wrang.* The Cook! run to him, and bid the Villain send it me this moment. *[Exit Maid.]*

Sir *Gilb.* Why, what the dickins! the senseless Jade has not given him a *Flanders* Lace-Head to boil his Cabbage in, has she?

Lady *Wrang.* Shah? do you ever see me concern'd for such Trifles?

Sir *Gilb.* Or has she let the Rascal singe his Fowl with a Bank Bill?

Lady *Wrang.* If she had, do you think I would give myself such Pain about either?

Sir *Gilb.* Hah! this must be some abominable thing indeed then.

Lady *Wrang.* The Loss for ought I know, may be irreparable.

Sir *Gilb.* Oh! then she has lost your Diamond Neck-lace, I suppose.

Lady *Wrang.* Pray don't plague me, 'tis impossible to express the Wickedness of it.

Sir *Gilb.* What! the Devil! the Cook has not got the Slut with Child, has he?

Lady *Wrang.* Worse! worse a thousand times!

Sir *Gilb.* Worse! what then playing the Whore, or Thief? Then the Jade has certainly committed Murder.

Lady *Wrang.* The most barbarous that ever was—

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* Hoh! then she has broke Pug's Neck, to be sure.

Lady *Wrang.* The Changeling Innocent has given that savage Beast, the Cook, my whole new Translation of the Passion of *Byblis*, for waste Paper, to be torn or tortur'd to a thousand sordid Uses.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay then——

Lady *Wrang.* And I have not another Copy in the World, if it were to save Mankind from Extirpation.

Sir *Gilb.* I'm glad on't with all my Heart; now could I laugh (if I durst) most immoderately.

Lady *Wrang.* Now, Mistress have you brought it?

Re-enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, the Cook says, he has skewer'd it on to the Roast-Beef, and he can't take it off——he won't burn his Meat for no body, nor he, he says.

Lady *Wrang.* Here! call the Footman: He won't bid them drag the Rascal hither by the Ears, or I'll have them nailed down to the Dresser for his Impudence——I'll turn the Villain out of my House this moment.

[Exit Maid.]

Sir *Gilb.* Come, come, my Lady, don't be in a Heat about a Frisk; I am glad to find it's no worse.

Lady *Wrang.* Worse! had he robb'd the House, and after fir'd it, I could sooner have forgiven him.

Sir *Gilb.* Hah! thank you for that, Madam, but I should not.

Lady *Wrang.* You! you should not! What would be your Injury compared to mine? What I'm concern'd for, the whole learned World, even to Posterity, may feel the Loss of.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! have a little Patience; maybe she may get it again. And now you talk of Posterity my Lady *Wrangle*, I have some Thoughts of marrying my Daughter *Charlotte*; as for *Sophronia* you know——

Lady *Wrang.* I know, that one won't and t'other shan't marry; she is a pert forward thing, and has oblig'd me, therefore I'll punish her as I think fit——I desire you won't name her to me, you see I have other things

things in my Head; all greas'd, and burnt to Ashes; I suppose.

Sir Gilb. I had better talk to her another time, I believe.

Enter several Servants with the Cook.

Lady Wrang. O! are you come at last, Sir? Pray, how durst you send me such an impudent Answer?

Cook. I did not send an impudent Answer, Madam; I only said the Meat would be spoil'd: But here she comes, and makes a Noise, and a Rout, and a Clatter about nothing at all——and so every impertinent Jade here takes upon her——Oons! a Man can't do his Business in quiet for them.

Lady Wrang. Hold your nonsensical Tongue, Sir, and give me the Paper I sent for!

Cook. Paper! This is what she gave me.

[Holds it on a Skewer, all greasy.]

Lady Wrang. O my Heavens! What a Spectacle! not one Line legible, though an Empire were to purchase it. Look! look! look! you Monster.

Sir Gilb. So! here will be rare Doings.

Cook. Oons! what a Life's here about a Piece of foul Paper!

Lady Wrang. A Life, you Villain! your whole Life can't make me amends for what you have done——I'll have you beat out of this House till every Bone in your Body's broke for this, Sirrah.

Cook. Beat, Madam! Blood! I won't be beat——I did not come here for that—I'll be out of your House presently—I'll see who will break my Bones then—and so there's one of your Napkins, Madam; as for your Sheet of Paper, there's a Half penny for't; and now take your Course—I know how to get my Wages, I'll warrant you——There's Law for Servants as well as other People.

[Exit Cook.]

Sir Gilb. Go! go! mind your Business, you silly Tom Lad! you.

Lady Wrang. Ay! this is always the Effect of your Indulgence; no wonder I have no power over them: If

you

you had the least Grain of Spirit, you would have broke the Rascal's Head for me.

Sir Gilb. Pshaw! there's no occasion for it—let's see! let's see!—[*Takes up the Paper.*] Come, come, this matter may be made up without Bloodshed still—ay, here! umh! umh!—by the way I believe this Beef's enough, it smells bravely of the Gravy.

Lady Wrang. What! then I am your Jest, it seems.

Sir Gilb. Pooh! pr'ythee be quiet, I tell you, I am serious—ay! it's plain to be read still. [*Reads.*

All a poor Maid could do, (the God's, I'm sure, Can tell) I've suffer'd to compleat my Cure—Cure!

Hah! poor Soul—got the foul Disease, I suppose.

Lady Wrang. Your obscene Comment, Mr. *Wrangle*, is more provoking than the Insolence of your Servants: But I must tell you, Sir, I will never eat or sleep in your House more, if that Rascal is not turn'd out of it this moment.

Maid. I hope your Ladyship is not in earnest, Madam.

Lady Wrang. What do you prate, Mrs. *Minx*?

Maid. Indeed, Madam, if *John's* to be turn'd away, I shan't stay in the Family: for tho' he is sometimes a little hasty to a body, yet I have reason to know he is an honest-hearted Man in the main; and I have too much kindness for him to stay in any Service, where he is to be abused.

Lady Wrang. What you are in love with him, Mrs. *Trollop* are you? [*Cass. her.*

Maid. Ods my life! Madam, I won't be struck by no body; and if I do love him, what's that to any body? and I don't know why poor Folks mayn't be in love as well as their Betters.

Sir Gilb. Come! come! hold your Tongue, Hussy?

Maid. Sir, I can't hold my Tongue, though I can't say but your Worship's a very kind Master: But as for my Lady the Devil would not live with her, and so, Madam, I desire you would provide yourself. [*Flings off.*

Sir Gilb. Odzines, Madam, at this rate I shall have neither Dinner to eat, nor Bed to lie on: What Servants will bear this Life, do you think? You have no more Temper

Temper than a——Why how should a silly Wench know what your impertinent Poetry was good for?

Lady *Wrang*. Impertinent! I'd have you know, Mr. *Ignorant*, there's not a line in the whole, that has not the true *Attic* Salt in it.

Sir *Gilb*. Well! and now there's *English* Salt in it; and, I think, the Relish of one's as good as t'other.

Lady *Wrang*. Mr. *Wrangle*, if you have no Sense of the Soul's diviner Faculties, know I have, and can resent these vulgar Insults. You shall find, Sir, that a superior Understanding has a proportion'd Spirit to support its Dignity. Let me have instant Reparation, or, by my injur'd Genius, I'll set your House and Family in a Blaze. [Exit *L. Wr*.

Sir *Gilb*. Why, then, blaze and burn by yourself; for I'll go out of the House.

[Going off he is met by Frankly and Charlotte.

Fran. Have you seen my Lady, Sir?

Sir *Gilb*. Yes, yes, I have seen her—but—I don't know——she——she——

Fran. Don't come into it, I suppose.

Sir *Gilb*. Umh! no, not readily—in short, the House is all untiled.

Char. Lord, Sir! what filthy thing's this?

[Seeing the Paper.

Sir *Gilb*. Ay, there's the Business—a Brat of my Lady's Brain, that has got a Mischance; that's all.

Fran. Some roasted Poetry, I presume.

Sir *Gilb*. Ay, ay; the, the, the Passion of *Bibble* *Rabble*; I don't know what she calls it; But she has been in such a Fume here, that half the Servants are going to leave the House about it——*Charlotte*, you can wheedle upon Occasion, pr'ythee step into the Hall, and see if you can make up this matter among them.

Char. I'll do my best, Sir.

[Exit *Char*.

Fran. Poor Lady! she is a little apt to be over-concern'd for her Poetry.

Sir *Gilb*. Concern'd! Odsbless! if a Line on't happens to be mislaid, she's as mad as a blind Mare that has lost her Foal; she'll run her Head against a Stone-wall

will to recover it: All the use I find of her Learning, is, that it furnishes her with more words to scold with.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Grainger's come, and Mr. Witting.

Sir Gilb. O! that's well! come, Mr. Frankly, let's all go into the Dining-Room together; may-hap, she may be aham'd to be in a Passion before Company.

Fran. At least we may keep her within Bounds, Sir.

Sir Gilb. You're right! you're right! Ah! it's a very hard Case! there's no Condition of Life without Plague and Trouble—Why, most People think now I have Fortune enough to make ten Men of Quality happy—

And yet you see how odly Things are carried;

'Tis true, I'm worth a Millions, but—I'm married.

[Exeunt.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Granger and Frankly.

IN one word, *Granger*, thou art a very dangerous Fellow; I did not believe it possible thy blunt Humour could have concealed so exquisite a Flatterer: Why thou art more in my Lady's Favour in half an Hour, than all my Art could make me in half a Year.

Gran. Have I not always told you, *Frankly*, that one civil thing from a downright Dealer, goes farther than a thousand from a Man of general Complaisance? How do you think I first gain'd Credit with *Sophronia*? not (as you expected to do it) by an implicit Admiration; but the contrary, insolently laughing at her pretending to Principles, which I would not allow her capable to comprehend or practise. Now this naturally piqued her into an Impatience to mend my opinion of her; so the more difficult I seem'd to be convinc'd of her Vir-

lues,

tues,

tues, the more easy I made it to mend her Opinion of me.

Fran. And if thou hast not done it effectually, I know nothing of the Sex: Why, she blush'd, Man, like a damask Rose, when you first came into the Room.

Gran. Did not I tell you too, her Quarrel and Spleen to you would be of Service to me?

Fran. O! palpably! I was ready to burst to see her bridle, and smile at me, upon your growing particular to her.

Gran. And what pains she took, to make you observe, that she overlook'd you? ha! ha!

Fran. Yes, I did observe, indeed, that the whole Dinner-time she was never two Minutes without stealing a Glance at you.

Gran. O bless me! I can't bear the Insolence of my own Imagination! What a dear Confusion will she feel? What a Vermilion Shame will spread through all that lovely Form—if ever her Flesh and Blood should happen to mutiny?

Fran. Which, to tell you the Truth, I think it does already.

Gran. But the Misfortune is, I have flatter'd my Lady into-so good a Humour, by engaging to make out a fair Copy of her basted Verses there, that I doubt, she won't be able to leave me alone with *Sophronia*.

Fran. Never fear; her Malice is too busy, in setting *Whitling*, against me, to interrupt you.

Gran. There indeed I have some hopes.

Fran. I believe I shall be able to assist them, and in part to return the Favour you have done me with Sir Gilbert.

Gran. Any thing in my power you may be sure of—but see, he's here!

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Sir Gibb. O! your Servant, Gentlemen; I thought we had lost you.

Gran. Your Pardon, Sir, we had only a Word or two in private.

Fran.

Fran. We were just coming into the Company.

Sir Gibb. In troth, and I can tell you, the sooner the better; for there's my Lady and *Charlotte* are going to play all the Game upon us.

Fran. Never fear, Sir; as long as you have given me Leave to go *Charlotte's* halves, she'll make the most of her Cards, I'll warrant you.

Sir Gibb. I don't know that, but I am sure *Willing* yonder is making the most of his time: his Wit, or his Impudence have got him into such high Favour with my Lady, that she is railing at you like a Fury, and crying him up for an Angel: In short, *Charlotte* has discover'd all your Affair with her, and has plainly told him you are his Rival. But it seems, Sir, your Pretensions are so ridiculous, that they are all three cracking their Sides in a full Chorus of laughing at you.

Fran. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for your Concern; but in all this, *Charlotte* is acting no wrong part. I can assure you.

Sir Gibb. No wrong part! Odsheart! I tell you she's coquetting to him, with every wicked Limb about her—and is as full of her Airs there, as a handsome Widow to a young Lord in the Lobby, when she has a Suit depending in the House of Peers.

Fran. Better still, the more likely to carry her Cause, Sir.

Sir Gibb. Carry her Cause! carry her Coxcomb, Sir? for, you'll see, that will be the end on't: she'll be carry'd off herself, Sir. Why, Man, he is going to beleaguer her with a whole Army of Fiddlers yonder; there are six Coach loads of them now at the Door, all stow'd fore and aft, with nothing but Cases of Instruments: Such a Concourse of Cat-guts, you'd swear one of their Squalling Eunuchs were rolling alive here.

Fran. Believe me, Sir, there is no Terror in all this Preparation; for since you are pleas'd to think Mr. *Granger's* Security and mine sufficient against any Damage you can suffer from your Contract with *Willing*, do you but stand it out stoutly with my Lady, and I'll engage

engage to dismount his Musical Battery with a Child's Whistle.

Sir *Gilb.* My Lady! Pshaw! waw! What dost talk of her, Man? Why I tell you, I'll put her into a Mousehole, provided you engage to bring me off with *Willing*.

Gran. Your Security shall be sign'd the Minute it can be drawn, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* That's enough: I have order'd my Lawyer to send his Clerk with it, before he brings the Deed of Consent that I am to sign to *Willing*. But give me leave to tell you again, Gentlemen, I really don't understand the Girl's way of proceeding all this while.

Fran. Why, Sir—don't you know that *Willing* is the vainest Rogue upon Earth?

Sir *Gilb.* I grant it.

Fran. And consequently, that the Pride of outwitting you in your Daughter, gives him more Pleasure than either her Person or her Portion!

Sir *Gilb.* Not unlikely.

Fran. And can you think, that from the same natural Insolence, he would not rather seem to owe his Triumph over a Rival too, rather to his own Merit, than any Accident of Fortune?

Sir *Gilb.* I grant you that too.

Fran. Why then, Sir, if *Charlotte* were to despise him, we are sure he would then insist upon his Bargain; but while she flatters him, and you and I only laugh at him, he may be vain enough to trust his Triumph to her Choice and Inclination only.

Sir *Gilb.* O! now I begin to take you: So that, if he is rightly handled among us, you propose that *Charlotte* will be able to coquette him out of his Contract.

Fran. Nay, it's her own Project, Sir; and I can't really think we have an ill Chance for it at work: But we must leave it all to her now. In Love-Affairs, you know, Sir, Women have generally wiser Heads than we.

Sir *Gilb.* Troth! I don't wholly dislike it; and if I don't handle him roundly on my part—

Gran. Huh! my Lady—

Fran.

Fran. Anon I'll tell you more, Sir.

Enter Lady Wrangle and Sophronia.

Lady Wrang. Well, *Sophronia*, since I see this giddy Girl is neither to be form'd by Precept or Example; it's at least some Consolation, to find her natural Inconstancy so effectually mortifies that vile apostate, *Frankly*.

Soph. Yet I am amaz'd he should not be more mov'd at her Infidelity.

Lady Wrang. You know he's vain, and thinks his Merit may sleep in full Security. But now! to rouse him from his Dream——O! Mr. *Granger*! I am sorry you left us; I am perfectly kill'd with Laughing! There's Mr. *Witling* has had such infinite Humour! He has entertain'd us more than ten Comedies.

Gran. O! Pray, Madam, let us go in and participate.

Lady Wrang. By no means; he's now alone with his Mistress, and 'twould be barbarous to interrupt them.

Gran. His Mistress, Madam.

Lady Wrang. Ay! with *Charlotte*; and, you know, Lovers so near their Happiness are apt to like no Company so well as their own.

Fran. D'ye hear, Sir.

[*To Sir Gilb. apart;*

Sir Gilb. I told you how it was. [*To Fran. apart.*

Lady Wrang. Beside, he is to give us a little Music; and I think this Room will be more convenient.

Gran. He is a fortunate Man indeed, Madam, to be so well with the young Lady already.

Lady Wrang. There's no accounting for that idle Passion in uncultivated Minds: I am not surpriz'd at her Forwardness, considering the vulgar Education Mr. *Wrangle* has given her.

Sir Gilb. Odfheart, Madam! don't disparage my Girl: She has had a more useful Education than your Ladyship.

Lady Wrang. O! no doubt! she has shewn most hopeful Effects on't; Indeed! by hanging upon every young Fellow's Neck, that does but ask her the Question.

Fran. Whatever Faults *Charlotte* may have, Madam,

I never knew her take pleasure in exposing those of other People.

Lady *Wrang*. O! cry you Mercy, Sir; you have great reason to defend her, I don't question: She is a Saint in your Eye, to be sure.

Fran. Were she weak enough to imagine a superficial Learning cou'd make her one, 'tis possible, her Failings then, like other's People's, might have been more conspicuous.

Lady *Wrang*. What do you mean, Sir?

Fran. I mean, Madam, that as she does not read *Aristotle*, *Plato*, *Plutarch*, or *Seneca*, she is neither romantic or vain of her Pedantry; and as her Learning never went higher than *Bickerstaff's Tatlers*, her Manners are consequently natural, modest, and agreeable.

Sir *Gilb*. Ah! well said, *Frankly*. [Aside.

Lady *Wrang*. Since I am told you were once in love with her, I shall say no more, but leave her own immediate Behaviour to confirm your good Opinion of her Virtues. Ha! ha!

Gran. While the Lovers of this Age, Madam, have so deprav'd a Taste, we must not wonder, if our modern fine Ladies are apt to run into Coquetry: They are now forced to it in their own Defence; if they don't make Advances, they stand as lonely and useless as untenanted Houses: So that Coquetry, it seems, is no more than setting a Bill upon their Door, that Lovers in Distress may read as they pass — Here are Nights Lodgings to be let.

Lady *Wrang*. O! they are most hospitable Dames indeed: After this, methinks, the more proper Appellation for Coquettes should be that of Landladies.

[A Servant whispers Lady *Wrang*.

I'll come and give Orders myself. [Exit.

Soph. I don't know any Man alive, that looks upon the Degeneracy of Mankind with so discerning an Eye as Mr. *Granger*; but I am afraid it will therefore draw him into my Misfortune, of being as odious to the Illiterate of his Sex, as I am to those of mine.

Gran. If that were as just a Reason, Madam, for your having

having a favourable Opinion of me, as it is for my perfect Admiration of you, we should each of us have still as many Friends as any wise Man or Woman ought to desire.

Fran. Do you mind that, Sir? [Apart.

Sir Gilb. A sly Rogue! he knows how to tickle her up, I see. [Apart.

Soph. And yet the rude World will say, perhaps, that our mutual Enmity to them has reduc'd us to a Friendship for one another.

Gran. That's a Reproach can never reach you, Madam; so much Beauty cannot but have its Choice of Friends and Admirers: a form so bright and perfect, like a Comet in the Hemisphere, where'er it comes, must set Mankind a gazing.

Soph. Fy! Mr. Granger!

Sir Gilb. What a dickens! will she swallow that blazing Star now? [Apart.

Fran. Ay, as he hath dress'd it, and drink after it too Sir. [Apart.

Soph. I mind not Multitudes.

Gran. Pardon me, I know you have a Soul above them; and I really think it the Misfortune of your Person, to have been so exquisitely fair, that where you Virtue would preserve, your Eyes destroy; they give involuntary Love; where'er you pass, in spite of all your Innocence, they wound ——— *Juvenumque prodis. Publica Cura.*

Soph. Alas! my Eyes are turn'd upon myself: and so little do I mind the Follies of other People, that I sometimes find myself alone, in the midst of a Public Circle.

Gran. I cannot wonder at that, Madam, since our best Assemblies are generally made up of illiterate Beings, that when they are alone, find themselves in the worst Company; and so are reduc'd to come abroad, though merely to meet, and hate one another.

Soph. What Charms then can you suppose I could have for a World, that has so few for me? Beside, at most, the Men of modern Galantry gaze upon a Woman of real Virtue, only as Atheists look into a fine Church;

Church; from Curiosity, not Devotion; They may admire its Ornaments and Architecture; but have neither Grace nor Faith for farther Adoration.

Gran. All Men are not Infidels; of me, at least, you have a Convert: And tho' the sensual Practice of the World had made me long despair of such Perfection in a mortal Mold; yet when the Rays of Truth Celestial broke in upon my Sense, my conscious Heart at once confess'd the Deity: I prostrate sell a proselyte to Virtue; and now its chaste Desires enlarge my Soul and raise me to Seraphic Joy.

Soph. Harmonious Sounds, Celestial Transports! [*Aside.*

Sir Gilb. O dear! O dear! was ever such a wicked Thief! Odheart! he'll make her go to Prayers with him presently. [*Aside.*

Soph. No more—we are observ'd: These Heaven-born Emanations of the Soul desire not vulgar Ears—Some sifter Time may offer—till when—

Gran. Till then—be hush'd our Joys. [*Gran. leaves her, and joins the Men, while Soph. walks apart musing.*

Soph. Our Joys indeed! such was, in Paradise, our first Parents Joy, before they fell from Innocence to Shame.

Fran. [*To Gran.*] Why did you not go on with her? We thought you were in a fine Way: *Sir Gilbert* and I were just a going to steal off.

Gran. Soft and fair, Sir: A Lady of her Delicacy must be carried like a Taper new-lighted, gently forward; if you hurry her—out she goes.

Sir Gilb. You're right, you're right——Now you shall see me manage her a little; I'll speak a good Word for you—a hum——

Gran. Hush?—not for the World, Sir——Death! you'll spoil all——don't you see she is in Contemplation?

Sir Gilb. What if she be, Man? we must not humour her, till she is stark mad neither. *Sophronia!* how dost thou do, Child.

Soph. [*Repeating*]—————The Earth

Gave sign of Gratulation, and each Hill:

Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Airs

Whisper'd

*Whisper'd it to the Woods, and, from their Wings
Flung Rose, flung Odours, from the juicy Shrub
Disporting*——

Sir Gilb. Very pretty, I protest; very pretty—These amorous Scraps of Fancy in thy Head make me hope, that Love is not far from thy Heart, Sophy.

Soph. Love, Sir, was ever in my Heart; but such a Love, as the blind Homer of this *British* Isle, in rhymeless Harmony sublimely sings——

Sir Gilb. Well, and pr'ythee what does he say of it?

Soph. ———— *Love refines*

*The Thought, and Heart enlarges; has his Seat
In Reason, and is judicious, is the Scale,
By which to heavenly Love thou mayst ascend.*

Sir Gilb. Very good again; and troth, I'm glad to hear thou art so heartily reconcil'd to it.

Soph. *Easier than Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
Desiring*——

Sir Gilb. Ah! there I doubt we are a little crazy. [*Aside.*]

Soph. *This Iron Age, so fraudulent and bold,
Touch'd with this Love, would be an Age of Gold.*

Sir Gilb. O-lud! O-lud! this will never do. [*Aside.*]

Gran. So! she has given the old Gentleman his Belly full, I see: Well, Sir! how do you find her?

Sir Gilb. Ah! poor Soul! piteous bad! All upon the Tantivy again! You must e'en undertake her yourself; for I can do no good upon her——But here comes Love of another kind.

Enter Charlotte, Witling, and Lady Wrangle.

Char. O Sister! here's Mr. Witling has writ the prettiest *Cantata* sure, that ever made Music enchanting.

Soph. I am glad, Sister, you are reconcil'd to any of his Performances.

Wit. O fy! Madam, she only rallies——A mere Trifle.

Frat. That I dare swear it is.

Wit.

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 73

Wit. Ha! ha! no doubt on't; if you could like it, it must be an extraordinary Piece indeed, *Tom*. You see, my little Rogue, we have crabb'd him already.

[*Aside to Char.*]

Lady Wrang. Mr. *Frankly* is a mere modern Critic, that makes personal Inclination the Rule of his Judgment; but to condemn what one never saw, is making short Work indeed.

Fran. With Submission, Madam, I can see no great Rashness in presuming that a Magpye can't sing like a Nightingale.

Wit. No, nor an Owl look like a Peacock neither: Ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. and Char. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. Perfectly pleasant.

Char. O! Wit to an Infinity!

Fran. Much good may do you with your Canary-Bird, Madam.

[*To Char.*]

Char. O! Sir, I am sorry you are exhausted; but when Wit's upon the Lee, no Wonder it runs into Rudeness.

Fran. I don't wonder at my not hitting your Taste, Madam, when such Stuff as this can go down with you.

Wit. My Stuff, dear *Tom*, was compos'd purely for the Entertainment of this Lady; and since she likes it, I will allow, that you of all Mankind, have most reason to find fault with it. Ha! ha!

Char. Nay, if he should like it, even I will then give it up to the World as good for nothing.

Fran. Then it's in danger, I can tell you, Madam; for I shall certainly like it, because, I am sure, it will be good for nothing.

Char. A pleasant Paradox.

Fran. None at all, Madam; for since I find your Heart is like Stock, to be transferr'd upon a Bargain, it will be some pleasure, at least, to see the Grossness of your Choice revenge me on your Infidelity.

Wit. Poor *Tom*! What, are the Grapes sour, my Dear! Ha! ha! ha!

Char. Phah! never mind him: The *Cantata*, dear Mr. *Witling*, the *Cantata*.

Lady Wrang. O! by all means; pray oblige us, Sir.

Wit. Immediately, Madam: but all things in order: first give me leave to regale the good Company with a small Crash of Instrumental.

Lady Wrang. As you please, Sir.

Wit. Hey! Signior *Carbonelli*! *Vi Piacce d'intrare?*

[*The Music enter.*

Lady Wrang. Mr. *Granger*, won't you please to sit?

Sir Gilb. Ay, ay, come, Gentlemen; but in earnest, does this Puppy really pretend to sing?

Fran. Much as he pretends to *Wit*, Sir; He can make a Noise at least.

Sir Gilb. But the Whelp has no Voice.

Fran. O! Sir, that's out of fashion: Your best Masters seldom have any.

Sir Gilb. Then I would not give a Fig for their Music, Sir; I would as lief see a Cripple dance: But let's hear what the Fiddles can do. [*They play a Sonata.*] Well! and what! we are to suppose this is very fine now, ha!

Fran. No doubt on't, Sir! at least it will not be safe to say the contrary.

Sir Gilb. Well! well! for a quiet Life then, very fine let it be: but I wish I could hear a *Lancashire* Hornpipe for all that.

Lady Wrang. Come, dear Sir, no more Apologies.

[*To Witling.*

Gran. See, Sir, Mr. *Witling* is going to entertain us.

Sir Gilb. Ay! that must be rare Stuff indeed.

Wit. Upon my Life, Madam, I have no more Voice than a Kettle-drum; beside, this is for a Treble, and out of my Compass.

Char. O! no matter; feign it, dear Mr. *Witling*!

Wit. I would fain oblige you, Madam; but yet, methinks, nothing done, to please you, should be feign'd neither, Madam.

Fran. Hah! he would fain be witty, I see; but don't trouble

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 75

trouble yourself, Madam, he has as much mind to sing as you have to hear him: Tho', Heaven knows, his Voice is like his Modesty, utterly forced; Nature has nothing to do with either of them.

Wit. Whatever my Modesty is, dear *Tom*, thy Uneasiness I am sure is natural; that comes from thy Heart, I dare answer for it. Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. O thou happy Rogue!

Wit. But, Madam, if I sing, you shall promise me to dance then.

Cbar. O! any Composition; I'll do it with all my Heart.

Lady Wrang. But the Words first; dear Sir, read them out.

Wit. Well, Ladies, since you must have it——

Sir Gilb. He is a cursed while about it, methinks——

Wit. You must know, then this *Cantata* is of a different Species from the Passion generally express'd in our modern Operas; for there you see your Lover usually approaches the Fair Lady with Sighs, Tears, Torments, and Dying: Now here, I shew you the way of making Love like a Pretty Fellow; that is, like a Man of Sense, all Life and Gaiety——As for Example.

Cbar. Pray mind.

Wit. [*Reading.*]

*Thus to a pensive Swain,
Who long had lov'd in vain,
Thyrsis the secret Arts
Of gaining Hearts
From cold Disdain,
To his despairing Friend imparts.*

Wit. So far Recitative——Now for the Air——A hum! hum!

Soph. Don't you think, Mr. Granger, that the double Dative Cases of —— to a pensive Swain, to his despairing Friend, almost reduce this to Nonsense?

Gran. Justly observ'd, Madam; but you know, Non-
sense and Harmony are reconcil'd of late.

Wit. Would you woo her

With Success?

Up to her,

Pursue her,

With Life and Address.

If Gay,

Shew her Play;

If colder,

Be bolder:

Now seize her,

And teize her,

And kiss her,

And please her,

Till ripe for the Joy.

You warm her,

Alarm her,

Disarm her,

You charm her,

I warrant thee, Boy.

Part II.

But to pine and languish,

Or sigh your Anguish

To the Air,

Is fruitless Pain,

Endur'd in vain:

Silent Woes and Looks of Care,

Will never, never win the Fair.

End with the first Strain.

Wit. Ah you little Rogue.

[To Charlotte.

Lady Wrang. Infinitely pretty! Nothing sure was
ever so musical.

Char. Sing it, sing it, dear Mr. *Witling*; I am on
Tiptoe to hear it.

Wit. Well, Madam, if you can bear it in a Falsetto.

[He sings.

Char.

Char. *O Caro! Caro!*

Wit. *Anima mia*——

Soph. [*To Gran.*] How happy are the Self-conceited! and yet, if he had not sung now, this Wretch's Folly and Ignorance had been less conspicuous.

Gran. Right, Madam, but you know a Man must have Variety of Parts to make an accomplish'd Coxcomb.

Soph. I scarce think Poetry is more abus'd than Music, by its vain Pretenders.

Gran. And yet it is hard to say, Madam, whether those Pretenders, or the false taste of our modern Admirers, have more contributed to the Abuse of either.

Wit. But come, Madam, now your Promise; your Airs only [*To Char.*] can give a *Bonne Bouche* to our Entertainment.

Char. Well; since I gave my Word, I'll use no Ceremony.

Soph. What! more Folly? I grow tir'd: Shall we walk into my Library? there we may raise our Thoughts.

Gran. You charm me, Madam; I thirst, methinks, for a clear Draught of *Helicon*.

Soph. Take no leave but follow me.

[*Exeunt Soph. and Gran.*]

Wit. *E ben Sonate.* [*Charlotte dances.*] *Eh! Viva! viva!* All Enchantment, Madam; no ten thousand Angels ever came up to it.

Lady Wrang. It cannot be deny'd but *Charlotte* has an external Genius, she wants no personal Acquisitions but 'tis great pity the Application they have cost her, was not laid out upon the Improvement of her Understanding.

Wit. O! pardon me, Madam; as long as there is a good Understanding between her and me, what's matter which of us has it, you know.

Sir Gilb. Ay, but there's the Question, which of you 'tis that has it: for if one of you has it, I am sure two will never come together.

Fran. Well said! at him, Sir.

[*Aside.*]

Wit. Look you, Sir Gilbert; you may fancy your fair Daughter and I are a Couple of Fools, if you please; but

if one of us had not been wiser than her Father, we could never have had a Right to come together, in spite of his teeth; that's certain: Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. Pardon me, Mr. *Witling*; you under-rate your Merit: for you had been sure of my Consent without your Contract.

Wit. Ay, Madam, that was only a foolish Modesty, that I could not shake off; therefore I hope you will excuse me, if I durst not think Merit alone was a sufficient Bait to bob Sir *Gilbert* out of his Consent! Ha! ha!

Sir Gib. You are a very merry Grig, Sir; but have a care you are not bobb'd yourself: Stay till you win, before you laugh; for you are not yet married, I presume.

Wit. Why no, nor you have not supp'd yet; yet I hold Gold to Silver, we both eat before we sleep.

Sir Gib. Why! dost thou think the Girl is in haste to marry thee to-night!

Wit. I don't say that neither: But, Sir, as long as I have a sufficient Deposit of the Lady's Inclinations, to answer for the rest of her Premises, you will give me leave not to be afraid of her looking out for a new Chap in the mean time, Sir.

Sir Gib. A Deposit! why wouldst thou persuade me the Girl can be Fool enough to like thee?

Wit. I-gad, I don't know how 'tis, but she has Wit enough, it seems, to make me think so——but if you won't take my Word, let her answer for herself.

Sir Gib. Ay, that I should be glad to hear.

Wit. Ha! ha! I-gad this is a pleasant Question indeed——Madam, are not you willing, (as soon as the Church-Books can be open) to make a Transfer of your whole Stock of Beauty, for the conjugal Uses of your humble Servant?

Char. Indeed, Papa, I won't suppose that can be a Question.

Wit. A Hum! your humble Servant, Sir.

Char. Beside, are not you oblig'd to sign a further Deed of Consent to Mr. *Witling*?

Sir

Sir Gilb. Yes, Child; but the same Deed reserves to you a right of Refusal, as well as to him.

Char. That I understand, Sir; and there's one can witness for whom I have reserv'd that Right of Refusal. [Pointing to Fran.]

Wit. Your humble Servant, again, Sir; ha! ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. I am amaz'd, Mr. *Wrangle*, you could think she could be under the least Difficulty in the Choice.

Fran. And yet, Madam, there are very innocent Ladies, that have made a Difficulty of changing their Inclinations in half an Hour.

Lady Wrang. A Woman of strict Virtue, Sir, ought to have no Inclinations at all: or, if any, those only of being obedient to the Will of her Parents.

Wit. O! let him alone, Madam; the more he rails, the more I shall laugh, depend upon't: the Pain of a Rival is the pleasantest Game in the World: his wishing me at the Devil, is just the same thing as if he wish'd me Joy! ha! ha!

Sir Gilb. Well, Sir, all I shall say, is, that if the Girl has Common Sense, thy Contract must still be good for nothing.

Wit. Right! and if you had had Common Sense, I am sure you would never have made it; not but to do you Justice, Sir *Gilbert*, I must own you have Wit in your way too, though it's of a very odd Turn, I grant you.

Sir Gilb. Sir, I disown my Pretensions to any, if ever you had Sense enough to find it out.

Wit. Sure you forget, my dear Sir *Gil*. Don't you remember once I did find it out? Did not I flyly catch you in St. *What-de-callum's* Church-yard, with your Table book, taking dead People's Names from the Tombstones, to fill up your List of your third Subscription that you might be sure of those that would never come to claim it? and then pretended to all your Friends you were full? There, at least, you had more Wit to keep People out, than any Man living had to get in: for I grant you, your List was dead sure! ha! ha! ha!

Sir Gibb. Why, ay, this nonsensical Story now passes for Wit, I warrant among your Cockade and Velvet Sparks at *Garraway's*; but much good may do, you with your Jest, as long as we have your Money among us: I believe it will be no hard Matter to bite most of your soft Heads off before it be long; and if you drive on as you seem to do, we shall make bold to set some of you down where we took you up, odsheartlikins.

Wit. Nay, I grant you, to do your own Business, you must do other Peoples too; but if all the young Fellows of Dress and Pleasure would follow me, I would undertake to lead you a Dance for all that.

Sir Gibb. And, pray, what would you have them do!

Wit. Why? do, as you do, nothing that you pretend to do: or do as I did, every thing as you whisper'd me not to do. I minded what your Broker *did*, not what you *said*, my Dear! and if every Gentleman would but buy, when you advise him to sell; or sell when you advise him to buy, 'twould be impossible to go out of the way: Why! 'tis as plain a Road, Man, as from *Hide-Park* Corner to *Kensington*.

Sir Gibb. Sir, you take a great deal of Liberty with my Character; insomuch, that I must tell you, I am not sure I won't pay the Forfeit of my Contract, rather than part with my Daughter to a Coxcomb—and so take it as you will.

Lady Wrang. Mr. *Wrangle*! what do you mean by this Brutality?

Fran. Mr. *Witling*, Madam, will take nothing ill, that I think fit to justify I am sure.

Wit. No, faith! you need not fear it; I'll marry before I'll fight, depend upon't. Ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. Mr. *Witling*, I beg you come away this Moment—I'll undertake to do your Merit Justice. I'll see who dares pretend to govern in this Family beside myself, *Charlotte*, give him your Hand—Come, Sir—

[Exit *Lady Wrang.*

Wit. I am all Obedience, Madam—your humble Servant, Mr. *Frankly*—*Would you woo her*—

[Exit singing with *Charlotte*.

Fran.

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 81

Fran. Admirably well done, Sir! you have work'd his Insolence to rare Order. Now, if you can but stand it out as stoutly with my Lady, our Business is done.

Sir Gilb. If!—Will you stand by me?

Fran. Will you give me your Authority, Sir, to handle her roundly, and make her know who ought to be her Master.

Sir Gilb. My Authority! ay, and Thanks into the Bargain——come, along, I'll send for the Lawyer now——Mr. Frankly, my Blood rises at her, she shall find I'll vindicate the Honour of the City, and, from this Moment, demolish her Petticoat Government.

Fran. Well said; I'll warrant you, Sir. [Exeunt.]



A C T V.

Sir Gilbert and Frankly.

Sir Gilb. **M**Y dear *Frankly*, I could not rest till I had thee alone again; thou hast gain'd upon me for ever: your vindicating the Husband's Authority, and taking my Wife a Peg lower before my Face, has tickled my Fancy to that Degree, that, odzooks! I could wish in my Heart thou hadst been married to her.

Fran. O! I should be loth to have robb'd you, Sir, of that Happiness.

Sir Gilb. A hum! you are right, you are right; I did not think of that indeed; Well! it's a very odd thing now, that a Wife will sooner be kept under by any Man than her Husband: Why the Duce can't I govern her so?

Fran. There's no great Secret in the matter, Sir; for take any Couple in *Christendom*, you will certainly find, that the more troublesome of the two is always Head of the Family.

Sir Gilb. By my troth, I believe you are right; and since the War is begun, I'll make a fair Path for't. I am resolv'd now to thwart her in every thing; and if *Granger* has but Wit enough to talk *Sophronia* into her

Senses; that is, if he can but convince her that she is Flesh and blood, and born to breed, like other Women; odzooks! he shall marry her immediately; I'll plague her Ladyship that way too.

Fran. That way! O! ay, it's true: for I think I have heard you say, Sir, that if either of your Daughters die unmarried, my Lady is to inherit their Fortunes.

Sir Gilb. Ay, ay; there the Shoe pinches, Man; she would be as much an Enemy to *Granger*, as she is to you, if she could in the least suspect he would ever make any thing of it with *Sophronia*.

Fran. And, if I don't mistake, Sir, *Granger* is in fair Way there too; for, to my Knowledge, he has been lock'd up with her this half Hour, here in her Library.

Sir Gilb. The Dickens?

Fran. Did not you observe them to steal off together just after the Music?

Sir Gilb. I wonder'd, indeed, what was become of them; by the Lord *Harry* I am glad of it—I must have a Peep at them [*Goes to the Key-hole.*] Odso! they are just a coming forth.

Fran. We had best be out of the Way then, that we may not disturb them.

Sir Gilb. No, no, I'll warrant you: Pr'ythee let us stand behind this Skreen and observe what passes.

Fran. Quick! quickly then; here they come.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Granger with Sophronia.

Soph. O *Granger*! still preserve this Purity,
And my whole Soul will open to receive thee:

Forget, like me, thy Sex, how sweetly may
We pass our Days in rational Desire!

'Thou seest, I own, without a Blush, my Love,
For Blushes only rise from guilty Flames;

When Conscience driven, reluctant to the Crime,
Leaps to the Face, and marks the Cheek with Shame;

But the chaste Heart sublim'd by purer Fires,
Knowing no conscious Fear, Reserve, or Guile,

Gives, with unbounded Frankness, all its Store,
And only blushes—that it gives no more,

Gran.

Gran. Hear this ye bright immortal Choirs above,
And own that human Souls, like you, can love.

Sir Gib. Heyday! this is downright Love in a Tragedy! Well! he's a comical Thief.

Fran. Hush! let him go on, Sir.

Soph. Can you forgive the tedious Banishment,
Which my Distrust and Dread impos'd on you?

Gran. Can I reproach you for so just, so kind
A Fear? While thro' the general Race of Man,
A sensual and infectious Passion rages,
Giving, from Sex to Sex, the mortal Tainture;
Can I complain, if, to preserve yourself
From the Contagion, you've perhaps enjoin'd
The Healthy to perform his Quarantine?
But landing thus, upon my native Soil,
I leave my Sufferings past behind, and think
The present now is all that's left of Time,
Or worth my Care.

Soph. Blush! blush! ye base degenerate World,
That boast the Blifs of gross connubial Love:
Can you wear human Forms, yet see the prone,
The Brute Creation, equal your Desires?
Had you or Souls or Sense refin'd, you'd form
Your Wishes worthy your superior Being;
Curb, with Imperial Reason, lawless Nature,
And reach like us, the Joys of Love Seraphic.

Gran. O Harmony of Heart! O spotless Passion!
Here, on this Hand, the Altar of my Vows,
I offer up my purer Part, my Soul
To thine, and swear inviolable—

Soph. ——— Hold!
Passions, like ours, no formal Vows require;
For Vows suppose Distrust, or faithless Love,
The frail Security of sensual Flames;
But where the Pure, with the Pure Soul unites,
The simple Hand, thus given, and receiv'd, suffices.

Gran. Let then this Hand my spotless Heart resign.

Soph. Thus in Exchange I blend my Soul with thine.

Sir Gib. So! they are got to Hand and Heart already,
but now, now for a Touch at the rest of her Premises.

Fran.

Fran. Nay, dear Sir, be easy,
Sir Gibb. Well! well! I will.

Soph. And now, no more *Sophronia*, but thy Friend;
 Be both my Name and Sex from hence forgotten.

Gran. No:

Let me remember still that thou art fair;
 For were there no Temptation in thy Beauty,
 Where were the Merit of such hard Resistance?
 Indeed, my Friend, 'tis hard! 'tis hard Resistance!
 The Organs of my Sight, my Ear, my Feeling,
 As I am made of human Mold, in spite
 Of me, exert their Functions, and are pleas'd;
 I view thee with Delight, I hear with Transport,
 And thy Touch——is Rapture——

Soph. How fares my Friend?

Gran. Like the poor Wretch that parches in a Fever,
 With fatal Thirst, yet begs for present Ease
 To drink, and die——

Soph. From whence this new Disorder?

Gran. Tell me, *Sophronia*, is my Virtue blameful,
 Because, my Senses act as Nature bids them?
 Am I in Fault, if the sharp Winter's Frost
 Can chill my Limbs, or Summer's Sun will scorch them?
 What Matter can resist the Elements?
 Rivers will freeze, and solid Mountains burn;
 What Bodies will not change?—Thus the tall Oak——
 ' Though from our meaner Flames secure,
 ' Must that, which falls from Heaven, endure.

Soph. Where has he learn'd this Art of unoffending
 Flattery? [Aside.]

Gran. Canst thou reproach me then, if while thy
 Beauties

With such a Blaze of Charms invade my Sense,
 My human Heart's not Proof against their Pow'r?

Soph. Reproach thee! No; Bodies are but the Shells,
 Or Huts that cover in the Soul, and are,
 Like other Fabrics, subject to Mischance:
 The Cells of Hermits may be fir'd; but none
 Reproach the Wretch that suffers by the Flame.

Gran. O *Sophronia*! canst thou forgive me then,

That

That my material Dross thus burns before thee?
That my whole Frame thus kindles at thy Beauty?
And even warms my Soul with fond Desire?
Like an impatient Child it languishes,
And pines for Wants unknown, it sighs, it pants,
To be indulg'd upon thy friendly Bosom,
To fold thee in my tender Arms, to talk,
And gaze, with mutual soft Benevolence
Of Eyes, as Giving were our only Pleasure.

Sir Gilb. Adod! I believe he's in Earnest, he makes me half in love to hear him.

Soph. Is it possible? Can then
Such Softness mingle with corporeal Passion? [Apert.

Gran. But while the Soul alone is suffer'd to
Possess, and bars my mortal Part from Joy;
My poor repining Senses murmur at
Their Fate, and call thy Purity unjust,
To starve the Body, while the Mind knows Plenty,
Yet, like a Churl, engrosses whole the Feast.
My Senses claim a Share from Nature's Law;
They think, with a more melting Softness, they
Could love, and e'en inform the Soul with Rapture.

Sir Gilb. Ay; now! we begin to work her.

Gran. Consider then, as part of me, thy Friend,
Thy Friend may sure be trusted with your Pity!
O! relieve them! give me some Sign at least,
One kind Embrace, or a chaste Sister's Kiss,
In certain Proof that thou art still my Friend,
That yet thou hat'st me not—I ask no more,

Soph. *Pignora certa petis? do Pignora certa—Timendo.*

Gran. Does then thy Fear alone refuse me? O *Sophronia!*
Why, why must Virtue be this Foe to Nature?
Why set our Senses with our Souls at Variance,
As Heav'n had form'd thee Fair—to kill thy Friend.

Soph. What means my throbbing Heart? O Virtue! now!
Now save me from unequal Nature's Power!
Now guard me from myself—And hide my Shame!

Gran. Must I then perish? will my Friend forsake me?

Soph. O *Granger!* I am lost!—thou hast undone me?
I am fallen, and thou wilt hate me now.

Gran.

Gran. O *Sophronia*!

Soph. ——— Lend me thy Arm, support me!
Thy melting Complaints have stole upon my Heart,
And soften me to Wishes never known before.

Gran. O the tumultuous Joy! [*She sinks into his Arms.*

Sir Gilb. Ah! dead! dead! We have her Boy! we have her.

Gran. See how she pants!

How, like a wounded Dove, she beats her Wings,
And trembling hovers to her Mate for Succour.

O the dear Confusion! Awake, *Sophronia*!

Now wake to new and unconceiv'd Delights,

Which faint Philosophy could never reach,

Which Nature gave thee Charms to taste and give.

Soph. O! I cou'd wish, methinks, for ev'ry Power,
That might have Charms for thee: Thy Words,
Like *Hybla* Drops, distil upon my Sense,
And I could hear thee talk for ever.

Gran. O be but thus for ever kind, thy Eyes
Will find new Subjects for eternal Talk,
And everlasting Love: Blush not, my Fair,
That thou art kind: thy Heart has only paid
To Love, the Tribute due from Nature's whole Creation:
For Wisdom to his Power oppos'd, is Folly:
Hear how the *British Virgil* sings his Sway;

- Thus every Creature, and of every Kind,
- The secret Joys of mutual Passion find;
- Not only Man's Imperial Race, but they
- That wing the liquid Air, or swim the Sea,
- Or haunt the Desert, rush into the Flame:
- For Love is Lord of all, and is in All the same.

[*Exeunt Gran. and Soph.*

Sir Gilb. O rare Philosophy! O fine Philosophy! dainty Philosophy! ho!

[*Singing.*

Fran. Ha! ha! ha! that must be a pleasant sort of Philosophy indeed, Sir, that pretends to be wiser than Nature, *Platonic Love* is a mere Philosopher's Stone; when different Sexes once come to lay their Heads together about it, the Projection's sure to fly in *Fume*.

Sir Gilb. *Fume*! ay, I warrant you. A handsome Wench,
that

that shuts herself up two or three Hours with a young Fellow, only out of Friendship, is making a hopeful Experiment in Natural Philosophy indeed——Why it's just like spreading a Bag of Gunpowder before a great Fire, only to dry it; Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Right, Sir,——It puts me in mind of the *Irish* Soldier, who, to steal Powder out of a full Barrel, cunningly bored a Hole in it with a red hot Poker.

Sir Gilb. Ah! very good! ha! ha! ha! As you say, it's hard luck indeed, that her first Touch of his Hand should blow up all the rest of her Body.

Fran. But to do her justice, Sir, she was not won without a good deal of Art neither: A plain Battery of Love would have done nothing upon her; you see, he was forced to sap her with his Self-Reproaches, and put it all upon the Point of her Compassion to his Senses.

Sir Gilb. Nay, the Toad did worm her nicely, that I must needs say.

Fran. Ha! ha! ha! what a rare Welcome too this News will have with my Lady? how she will fume at the Disappointment?

Sir Gilb. Nay, I have nothing to do with that, you know; this was none of my doing: let every Tub stand upon its own Bottom; I shall e'en leave her Ladyship to his Management: All I can promise him, is, not to hinder the Matter.

Fran. That's all he will desire, I dare say, Sir: be you but as passive in his Affair as mine, I'll warrant we will find Courage enough between us to maintain our Pretensions.

Sir Gilb. Ay! there you are right again; stick to your Stuff, Boys: and if I don't stand by you, may I be Cock of the hen-peck'd Corporation as long as I live.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Mr. *Delay* the Lawyer.

Sir Gilb. Odso! that's well! Now, Mr. *Frankly*——

Fran. I believe, Sir, you had best keep him out of my Lady's sight, till Matters are ripe for Execution.

Sir

Sir Gibb. You are right, you are right ——— say no more, I'll do it. [Exit *Sir Gibb.*

Fran. So! thus far we stand fair; we have nothing now to combat but my Lady; and *Granger's* Success with *Sophronia*, at this time, will naturally strengthen our Alliance against her: As for my Friend *Witling*, his own Assurance and Vanity will partly do his Business— But however, in the mean while, it will not be amiss to keep him warm and ripe for our Design—*A Propos!* here he comes.

Enter *Witling*.

Wit. Ha! ha! ha! Dear *Tom!* I am glad I have found thee, Faith! I have a Favour to beg of thee.

Fran. Why then, I am glad you have found me too —because, I believe, I shall grant it.

Wit. Ha! ha! what crabb'd still, my Dear! but I come to thee from a fair Lady, Child; and 'tis for her sake I am going to be obliged to thee.

Fran. I am glad of that too: A Woman of Sense I warrant her, by her sending thee on a Fool's Errand.

Wit. Ay, but my Dear! the Errand happens to be hers now; and so thou hast civilly put the Fool upon the Woman of Sense: Good again! one of thy old Blunders, *Tom!* for, I think thou hast but cursed Luck in making thy way to the Women.

Fran. When you tell me the Lady you come from, I shall be better able to guess, whether she takes me or you for a Fool.

Wit. Suppose then it were from a Lady, *Tom*, that designs to take either you or me for a Husband? What dost thou think of my little *Charlotte*, my dear *Tommy*?

Fran. Why, if she takes thee for a Husband, I shall think her a Fool; and if I should take thee for a Wit, she would think me a Fool: But by her sending thee to ask a Favour of me, it's a sign she thinks thee a Fool.

Wit. Ha! ha! a very pretty parcel of cross Purposes, a Fool and Wit, and Wit and Fool; and she, and thee, and me! What? art thou playing at Hustle cap with thy

thy Words, Child! Thou dost not expect I should take all thy Jingle-Jumble for Wit, dost thou?

Fran. No faith! if it be Wit, I expect thou shouldst not take it.

Wit. With all my Heart: Come, come it shall be Wit then; I will mistake it for once—But to Business—the fair Lady, my dear Tom.

Fran. Ay, what of her?

Wit. Why, poor Soul, she desir'd me to come to you, and——

Fran. And leave her to better Company, ha!

Wit. Look you, Tom, I know Losers ought to have leave to speak, and therefore, at present, you shall have all the Wit to yourself, my Dear: but don't be uneasy at my Happiness, dear Tom; for to tell you the truth, the Creature is so cursed fond of me, that she begins to grow troublesom already. Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Why don't you make yourself easy then, and give her up to me?

Wit. No, no; I must not break the poor Fool's Heart neither: for you must know, she is in a terrible Taking about me.

Fran. How so, Sir?

Wit. Why she said, just now, she was afraid to marry me so soon as to-night upon thy account.

Fran. Good! then there may be hopes she will not marry thee upon any account.

Wit. No, don't flatter thyself neither, my dear Tommy; for her Concern at the bottom was all upon my account.

Fran. How does that appear?

Wit. Why you know, says she, after all, poor Frankly has some sort of Pretensions to me: I don't know how it was, says she; but some way or other he got in with my Father: so I durst not wholly discourage his Addresses. Now Frankly's of a surly Temper, says she; and, if I should marry you in the Heat of his Disappointment, he may say or do some rash thing upon't: And I know, says she, Mr. Willing, you are violent in your Nature too; and if Matters should rise to a Quarrel,

rel, no body knows where the Mischief may end; the World will certainly lay it all at my door——I should be the miserablest Creature alive——therefore I beg you, says she, go to him from me, and try to make an amicable End of the Business; and the Moment poor *Frankly's* made easy, says she, I'll marry you the next Hour, without any Reserve in the whole World.

Fran. Why then, without any Reserve in the whole World, pray tell the Lady, that she may depend upon it I am certainly easy——because I am sure she imposes upon you.

Wit. Impose upon me, Child! ha! ha! that's pleasant enough, ha! ha!

Fran. That is, she lets you impose upon yourself, which is the same thing.

Wit. That may be, *Tom*; but the Devil take me if I can find it out: But however, I am mighty glad you do, because then I am sure, as long as you are easy, you can't take it ill, if I should burst my Ribs with laughing at your Fancy.

Fran. O! not in the least! and to increase your Mirth, Sir, I will be farther bold to tell you, she has as hearty a Contempt for you, if possible, as I have.

Wit. Good again! Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Thou art a thing so below all human Consideration, thou hast not wherewithal to give a *Spaniard* Jealousy.

Wit. Ah! poor *Tom*, if thou didst but know all now! Ha! ha!

Fran. But to think thyself agreeable to her, thou must have Impudence of a *French Harlequin*.

Wit. Ah! dear *Tom*, thou charm'st me! for since I find thou art not, in the least uneasy at her Engagement with me, to tell thee the truth, I have nothing else at present that can possibly retard my Happiness.

Fran. Why then, Sir, be as happy as you deserve; and pray let the Lady know, as to any Favour she designs you, I am in perfect Peace of Mind and Tranquility.

Wit. And you really give me leave to tell her so?

Fran.

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 91

Fran. Tell her, I am more easy than she herself will be, when she has married you.

Wit. Why then, perish me, if thou art not one of the best-bred Rivals in the whole World! Ha! ha! And here she comes, faith, to thank thee for her part of the Consolation. Ha! ha!

Fran. Ha! ha!

Enter Charlotte.

Char. So, Gentlemen, I am glad to find you in such good Humour.

Wit. O! Madam, the dearest Friends in the World; I have obey'd your Commands, and here's honest *Tom* is so far from being uneasy at our Marriage, that I-gad I can't get him to believe it will ever come to any thing.

Char. O! as to that, Mr. *Frankly* may think as he pleases; but if he is not uneasy upon your account, that's all I pretend to desire of him.

Wit. No, no, honest *Tom* will give us no trouble, depend upon't.

Fran. Not I, upon my Honour, Madam; for though I might be provok'd to cut any other Man's Throat, that should pretend to you, yet the Value I have for Mr. *Witling*, secures him from my least Resentment.

Wit. Look you there, Madam! you see your Fears are all over; I don't find we have any thing to do now, but to send for the Parson.

Char. Ay, but I don't well understand him; for he seems to be neither jealous of your Merit, nor my Inclination: and that I can scarce think possible.

Fran. You may, upon my Soul, Madam: for I have so just a Sense of both, that if it had not been in regard to your Father's Contract, I am convinced you would never have endured the sight of him.

Wit. Ah! poor *Tom*! he has much ado to smother it.

[*Apart.*

Char. Very pretty! so you think that my admitting his Addresses is mere Grimace, and that I am all this while taking pains only to deceive Mr. *Witling*.

Fran. Alas! you need not do that, Madam; he takes

so

so much to deceive himself, he really gives you no trouble about it.

Wit. You see, Child, we may put any thing upon him.

Char. Right! you take it as I could wish! Let me alone with him. And so, Sir, you really expect I should be pleased with your having this free Opinion of my Conduct?

Fran. I must be pleased with every thing you undertake in my Favour, Madam.

Wit. How vain the Rogue is too! [*Aside.*

Char. I am amaz'd! but how naturally a Coxcomb shews himself. [*Aside.*

Wit. Ay, that's when he is in your Hands, Madam; Ha! ha! I-gad she plays him nicely off. [*Aside.*

Char. After this, one should wonder at nothing! Nay, there are some Fools, I see, whose Vanity is so far from being offensive, that they become diverting even to a Rival.

Fran. Mr. *Witling* is always entertaining, Madam.

Wit. Hah! Prodigious! I-gad he thinks you mean me all this while. Ha! ha! ha! [*Apart.*

Char. Well, sure there never was so bright a Coxcomb! [*Apart.*

Wit. I-gad I'll humour him: Ha! ha! [*Apart.*

Char. By all means, you will make him shine to a Miracle. [*Apart.*

Wit. Why then, perish me, *Tom*, if ever I was so well diverted at a *French Comedy*. [*Shakes his Hand.*

Fran. That may very well be, Sir; for Fools are apt to be fond of their own Parts. [*Shakes Witling's Hand.*

Char. Ha! ha!

Wit. Ay! so they are, the Devil take me; for, I see, there's no beating thee out of thine.

Fran. How should I be out, when you play all the Scene yourself!

Wit. No, no, *Tom*, I only laugh all; but 'tis your Part that makes me, Child.

Fran. Right! If you did not laugh, where the Devil should the Jest be?

Wit. Why then, you see, I do the Fool Justice, *Tom*,
Ha! ha! [*Fran.*

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY.

93

Fran. Ay, the Devil take me, dost thou; I never saw him better acted.

Wit. Ah! but you don't know, my Dear, that to make a Coxcomb shine, requires a little more Wit than thou art aware of.

Fran. I know that he, who has least Wit of us two, has enough to do that, my Dear.

Wit. Ay! that is when a Coxcomb shews himself, *Tom.*

Fran. Nay, in that I grant no Mortal can come up to thee.

Wit. Hah! hah! hah! O! dear Rogue, I must kiss thee.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Lady Wrangle.

Lady Wrang. Your Servant, your Servant, good People: Whence all this mighty Mirth, pray?

Wit. O! Madam, here has been such a Scene! such Hit and Dash upon one another: in short, such Brightness o' both sides, the Full Moon, in a frosty Night, never came up to it.

Char. I must needs say, I never saw Mr. *Witling* shine so before.

Fran. No, Madam? why, he always talks like a Lunatic, as you now may judge by his *Similies*.

Wit. Ah! poor *Tom*! thy Wit indeed is, like the Light of the Moon, none of thy own: If I don't mistake, my Dear, I was forced to shine upon thee, before thou wert able to make one Reflection.

Fran. There you are once in the right; for I certainly could not have laugh'd, if you had not given me a hearty Occasion.

Wit. Ay, but the Cream of the Jest is, *Tom*, that at the same time I really gave thee no Occasion at all.

Fran. Right again, my Dear; for your not knowing that, is the only Jest that's worth laughing at.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. This must be some extraordinary Mistake indeed; for I have no Notion that Mr. *Frankly* and you can have reason to laugh upon the same Occasion.

Wit. Why, Faith! the Occasion is a little extraordinary;

dinary; for you must know, Madam, that honest *Tom* and I here, are both going to be married to this Lady.

Lady Wrang. Both!

Wit. Ay both, Madam; for, it seems, she has not been able to convince us, that either of us must go without her.

Lady Wrang. That's so like Mr. *Frankly's* Vanity, that can't think his Mistress lost, tho' he sees her just falling into the Arms of his Rival.

Fran. My Vanity and yours, Madam, are much upon a foot; tho' I think you happen'd to be first cur'd of it.

Lady Wrang. What do you mean, Sir?

Fran. That by this time you are convinced I was never in love with your Ladyship.

Lady Wrang. I am convinced that a very little Trouble would have made you so,

Fran. It must have been a good deal more than it cost me, to make you believe so.

Lady Wrang. If you have still Hopes of marrying *Charlotte*, Sir, I don't wonder at your believing any thing. Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Laugh when you see me despair, Madam.

Lady Wrang. I need not stay for that, your Hope is ridiculous enough; and I laugh, because you can't see.

Fran. Yes, yes, I can see, Madam; I have seen all this Day what 'tis you drive at: In short, Madam, you have no mind that either of Sir *Gilbert's* Daughters should marry; because if they die Maids, you have secured the Chance of succeeding to their Fortunes.

Lady Wrang. Ay, do make the World believe that, if you can: Persuade Mr. *Witling* that I have no mind *Charlotte* should marry him.

Fran. What Mr. *Witling* thinks, is out of the question, Madam; but you are sure that she never designs to marry him: so that your setting up his Pretensions is not with the least View of doing him good, but of doing me harm; or rather, that while you manage the Dispute well on both sides, neither of us may have her.

Lady Wrang. He has guess'd the Secret; but that shall not hinder my Proceeding. You are in the right

to

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 95

to hope as long as you can, Sir ; but I presume you don't do it from my Friendship, nor Mr. *Wrangle's* Consent, or *Charlotte's* Inclination.

Fran. Be what it will, Madam, it has a better Foundation, than your Hope of succeeding either to her's or *Sophronia's* Fortune : For shall I tell you another Secret, Madam ? *Sophronia* is going to be married to *Granger* ; so that you are equally like to be disappointed there too.

Lady *Wrang.* *Sophronia* married !

Fran. Ay, ay, married married, Madam ; wedded bedded, made a mere Wife of : 'tis not half an Hour ago since I saw her sink, and melt into his Bosom, with all the yielding Fondness of a Milk-maid.

Lady *Wrang.* *Sophronia* do this !

Fran. *Sophronia*, Madam ; nay, Sir *Gilbert* was at the same time, a secret Witness of all, and was glad, glad of it, Madam : and to my certain Knowledge, resolves, that *Granger* shall marry her instantly : And so, Madam, all that fantastic Fort Philosophy, that you have been building in her Brains for seven Years together, is (with one honest Attrack of mere Flesh and Blood) fairly demolished and brought to nothing.

Lady *Wrang.* I'll not believe it, I know your Ears deceiv'd you ; he might perhaps transport her, but never to a sensual Thought.

Fran. Oons ! Madam, I tell you, I heard and saw it all ; myself saw her sighing, blushing, panting in his Arms, with mortal, sensual, amorous Desire : All her romantic Pride reduced, and humbled to the Obedience of that universal Monarch of Mankind, Love, Madam ; plain, naked, natural Love, Love, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* I am confounded ! If this be true, his Triumph is insupportable. [*Aside.*] Ha ! what do I see !

Enter Granger leading Sophronia.

Fran. Dear *Granger*, I congratulate thy Happiness !

Gran. My Happiness indeed ! for till I was victorious, I knew not half the Value of my Conquest.

Fran. [*To Soph.*] Give me then leave to hope, Madam, that our former Difference is forgot ; since the
more

more elevated Passion of my Friend has now convinc'd me of my own Unworthiness.

Soph. I cannot disavow my tenderest Sense of *Granger's* Merit, give it what Name you please; I own 'tis something—*Quod magis dicere, et sentio quantum:* But am proud that Love alone, unassisted by Philosophy, could never have subdu'd me,

Lady Wrang. Is it possible!
By your Leave, Madam.

[She breaks through the Company, and takes Soph. apart.]
Fran. Heyday! what's to do now?

Gran. O *Franky!* I have such a melting Scene to tell thee!

Fran. You may spare yourself the Trouble,
Sir *Gilbert* and I over-heard every Word of it—*Aside.*
But I allow you an Artist.

Gran. Was it not very whimsical?

Fran. Hush!

Lady Wrang. *[To Soph.]* Look in my Face—full upon me.

Soph. Why that severe Look, Madam?

Lady Wrang. To make you blush at your Apostasy.

Soph. Converts to Truth are no Apostates, Madam.

Lady Wrang. Is this your Self-denial! This your Dislike of odious Man?

Soph. Madam, I have consider'd well my Female State, and am now a Proselyte to that Philosophy, which says,

Nature makes nought in vain.

Lady Wrang. What's then become of your Platonic System?

Soph. Dissolved, evaporated, impracticable, and fallacious all: You'll own I have labour'd in the Experiment, but found at last, that to try Gold in a Crucible of Virgin-Wax, was a mere Female Folly.

Lady Wrang. But how durst you, Madam, entertain a Thought of Marriage without acquainting me?

Soph. Madam, I am now under this Gentleman's Protection; and from henceforth, think my Actions only cognizable to him.

Lady

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 97

Lady Wrang. Very fine: well, well, I shall not say so.

Fran. Ay, ay, Madam, 'tis but fretting your Spleen to no purpose; you have no Right to dispose of either of those Ladies: *Sir Gilbert's* Consent is what we depend upon; and as far as that can go, we shall make bold to insist upon them both, Madam: and so you may as well put your Passion in your Pocket, Madam.

Lady Wrang. Insupportable! [*Walks in Anger.*]

Wit. Ha! ha! well said, *Tommy*! What, art thou crack-brain'd still, my Dear? How the Devil didst thou come by *Sir Gilbert's* Consent! What! he has not mortgag'd it twice over, has he? but if he has, with all my Heart, I fancy we shall find a Way to make his first Deed stand good however; and that, I am sure, I have here safe in my Pocket, Child.

Fran. O that shall be try'd presently, Sir; and here he comes with the Lawyer for the Purpose.

Enter Sir Gilbert, with a Lawyer.

Lady Wrang. Mr. *Wrangle*, what do you mean by this Usage? How dare you affront me thus?

Sir Gib. I affront you! my Lady.

Lady Wrang. Ay, Sir, by bringing these Roysters here, to insult me in my own Family.

Sir Gib. Frankly——stand by me.

Gran. Roysters! Madam.

Lady Wrang. Sir, I am not speaking to you——I say, Mr. *Wrangle*, how dare you do this?

Sir Gib. Do, Madam! I don't do any thing, not I; if the Gentlemen have done any Harm, you had best talk to them; I believe they have both Tongues in their Heads, and will be able to answer you.

Fran. Ay, ay, Madam, if you have receiv'd any Injury from either of us, we are the proper Persons to talk with you.

Lady Wrang. What! will you stand by, and tamely see me abus'd in my own House?

Sir Gib. Odzines, Madam, don't abuse yourself; the Gentlemen are civil Gentlemen, and Men of Honour;

but if you don't know how to behave yourself to them, that's none of their Fault.

Lady *Wrang.* Prodigious! behave myself! do you presume to teach me, you rude illiterate Monster!

Sir *Gilb.* Hold her fast, pray, Gentlemen.

Gran. [*Interposing.*] Come, come, be composed, Madam, consider how these violent Emotions dishonour your Philosophy.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, Madam, if you are a Philosopher, now let's see a Sample of it.

Lady *Wrang.* Yes, Sir, I'll give you one Instance of it immediately; before you stir out of this Room, I'll make you do Justice to this Gentleman, I'll make you keep your Contract, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, Madam, you need not be in a Passion about that; I don't design any other, I'll do him Justice immediately.

Lady *Wrang.* O! will you so?—come then, where's the Deed, Sir?

Wit. A hum! your humble Servant! how dost thou do now, my little *Tommy*?

Fran. I'll tell you presently, Sir.

Wit. Ha! ha! I-gad thou art resolved to die hard, I find.

Law. Here, Madam, this is the Deed; there is nothing wanting but the Blanks to be fill'd up with the Bridegroom's Name: Pray which is the Gentleman?

Lady *Wrang.* Here, Sir, this is he——put in *William Witling, Esq*;

Sir *Gilb.* Hold, Madam, two Words to that Bargain, that is not the Gentleman I have resolv'd upon.

Lady *Wrang.* Come, come, Mr. *Wrangle*, don't be a Fool, I say.

Sir *Gilb.* And pray, Madam, don't you pretend to be wiser than I am.

Lady *Wrang.* What stupid Fetch have you got in your Head now?

Wit. Heyday? what time of the Moon is this? Why have not I your Contract here in my Hand, Sir *Gilbert*?

Sir

Sir Gilb. With all my Heart, make your best out; I'll pay the Penalty, and what have you to say now? And so, Sir, [*To the Lawyer.*] I say put me in *Thomas Frankly*, Esq;

Lady Wrang. Mr. *Wrangle*! don't provoke me! do you know that the Penalty of your refusing Mr. *Witling*, is above six and twenty thousand Pound Difference, Sir?

Sir Gilb. Yes, Madam; but to let you see that I am not the Fool you take me for, neither; there's that will secure me against paying a Farthing of it.

[*Sir Gilb. shows a Bond.*]

Lady Wrang. What do yo mean?

Sir Gilb. Why that this, Madam, is a Joint-Bond from Mr. *Granger* and *Frankly*, to indemnify me from all Demands, Costs, and Consequences of Mr. *Witling's* Contract.

[*Lady Wrang. peruses the Bond.*]

Cbar. Now, Mr. *Witling*, you see upon what a shallow Foundation *Frankly* built all his Vanity and Assurance—but, poor Man! he did not consider it was still in my Power to marry you, tho' you had no Contract at all with my Father.

Wit. Right, my pretty Soul! I suppose he thought the Merit and frank Air of this Bond, forsooth, would have made you cock-sure to him; but I'll let him see presently, that I know how to pay a handsom Compliment to a fair Lady, as well as himself: I-gad, I will bite his Head off.

Cbar. Ay, do, Mr. *Witling*, you touch my Heart with the very Thought of it.

Wit. Ah! you charming Devil!

Lady Wrang. [*To Sir Gilbert.*] Is this then your Expedient? Is this your sordid way of evading all Right and Justice? Go! you vile Scandal to the Board you sit at; but you shall find that I have a superior Sense of Honour. And thus! thus! thus! I'll force you to be just.

[*Tears the Bond.*]

Fran. Confusion!

Sir Gilb. Oons! Madam! what do you mean by this Outrage?

Lady Wrang. Now where's your Security? where is

your vile Evasion now, Sir? what Trick? what Shift have you now to save you?

Sir Gilb. Frankly——stand by me.

Fran. Was ever such a Devil?

Gran. Fear nothing——I'll warrant you——come, Sir, don't be dishearten'd, your Security shall be renew'd to your Content: Let the Lawyer draw it up this Instant, and I give my Word of Honour to sign it over again before all this Company.

Sir Gilb. Say't thou so, my Lad, why then, odsheart-likins——Frankly, stand by me.

Fran. Generous Granger!

Lady Wrang. Let the Lawyer draw up any such thing in my House if he dares.

Gran. Nay, then, Madam I'll see who dares molest him.

Fran. I-gad, whoever does, shall have more than one to deal with.

Sir Gilb. Well said, stand your Ground——write away, Man. [To the Lawyer.

Char. Now, Mr. *Witling*.

Wit. Nay, nay, if that's your Play, Gentlemen——come, come, I'll shew you a shorter way to make an end of this matter——and to let you see you are all in the wrong Box, and that now I am secure of the Lady's Inclination, I think it a Dishonour to her Beauty to make use of any other Advantage, than the naked Merit of her humble Servant. There, *Sir Gilbert*, there's your Contract back again, tear it, cancel it, or light your Pipe with it——And Madam——

[To Charlotte.

Char. Ay now, Mr. *Witling*, you have made me the happiest Creature living! And now, Mr. *Lawyer*——

Wit. Ay now, Gentlemen——

Char. Put in *Thomas Frankly*, Esq;

Wit. Fire and Brimstone!

Fran. Ay now, Mr. *Witling*——

Sir Gilb. Odsheart in with him——

Lady Wrang. Come, come, Mr. *Wrangle*——

Sir Gilb. Oons! Wife, be quiet——

Lady

The LADIES PHILOSOPHY. 107

Lady Wrang. Wife! What, am I abus'd! insulted then!

Sir Gib. Ah *Charlotte*! let me hug thee! and buss thee! and bless thee to death! But here, *Huffy*! here's a pair of Lips that will make better Work with thee!

Wit. Bit, by the Powers!

Char. Nay, don't say that of me, *Mr. Wisting*; 'twas even all your own doing: for you can't reproach me with having once told you I ever loved, or liked you: How then could you think of marrying me?

Wit. Not reproach you, *Madam*? Oons and Death! Did you not as good as——

Fran. Hold, Sir, when you speak to my Wife, I must beg you to soften the Tone of your Voice a little.

Wit. Heyday! what a Pox, must not Losers have leave to speak neither?

Fran. No, no, my dear *Billy*, thou art no Loser at all; for you have made your Call, you see——and now have fairly had your Refusal too.

Wit. Ha! ha! that's pleasantly said however, I-gad! I can't help laughing at a good Thing though, tho' I am half ready to hang myself.

Fran. Nay then, *Wisting*, henceforth I'll allow thee a Man of Parts, tho' at the same time you must grant me, there are no Fools like your Wits: But since thou hast Wit enough to laugh at thyself, I think nobody else ought to do it.

Wit. Why then, dear *Tom*, I give you Joy: for to say the truth, I believe I was a little over-hasty in this matter: But, as thou say'st, he that has not Wit enough to find himself sometimes a Fool, is in danger of being Fool enough, to have nobody think him a Wit but himself.

Fran. [*To Lady Wrang.*] And now, *Madam*, were it but possible to deserve your Pardon.

Lady Wrang. I see you know my Weakness——
Submission must prevail upon a generous Nature——
I forgive you.

Sir Gib. Why, that's well said of all sides: And now you are part of my Family, Gentlemen, I'll tell you a Secret that concerns your Fortunes——Hark you——

in one word——sell——sell out as fast as you can :
 for (among Friends) the Game's up——ask no Ques-
 tions——but, I tell you, the Jest is over——but
 Money down ! (dy'e observe me) Money down ! don't
 meddle for Time : for the Time's a coming, when those
 that buy will not be able to pay ; and so the Devil take
 the hindmost, and Heaven bless you all together.

Gran. And now, *Sophronia*, let we forward to the
 promis'd Land of Love.

Soph. *In vain, against the Force of Nature's Law,
 Would rigid Morals keep our Hearts in awe ;
 All our lost Labours of the Brain but prove,
 In Life there's no Philosophy like Love.*



EPILOGUE.

THE Time is come the Roman Bard foretold,
A Brazen Year succeeds an Age of Gold;
An Age——

When specious Books were open'd for Undoing,
And English Hands, in Crouds subscrib'd their Ruin.
Some Months ago, who ever could suppose,
A Goosequill Race of Rulers should have rose,
I have made the warlike Britons groan beneath their
Blows?

Evils, that never yet beheld the Sun,
To foreign-Arms, or Civil Fars, unknown,
These trembling Miscreants, by their Wiles have done.
Thus the fierce Lion, whom no Force could foil,
By Village-Curs is baited in the Toil.

Forgive the Muse then, if her Scenes were laid
Before your fair Possessions were betray'd;
She took the sitting Form as Fame than ran,
While a Director seem'd an honest Man:

But were she from his present Form to take him,
What a huge gorging Monster must she make him?
How would his Paunch with Golden Ruin swell?
Whole Families devouring at a Meal?

What motley Humour in a Scene might flow,
Were we these Upstarts in their Arts to show?
When their high Betters at their Gates have waited,
And all to beg the Favour to be Cheated;
Even that Favour, (or they're by Fame bely'd)
To raise the Value of the Cheat, deny'd.

And while Sir John was airing on his Prancers,
He's left his Cookmaid to give Peers their Answers.
Then Clerks in Berlins, purchas'd by their Cheats,
That splash their walking Betters in the Streets.

EPILOGUE.

*And while, by Fraud, their native Country's sold,
Cry, Drive, you Dog, and give your Horses Gold :
Even Jews no Bounds of Luxury refrain,
But boil their Christian Hens in pure Champaign.
Till then, the Guilty, that have caus'd these Times,
Feel a superior Censure for their Crimes,
Let all, whose Wrongs the Face of Mirth can bear,
Enjoy the Muses Vengeance on them here.*





THE
PROVOK'D HUSBAND;
OR, A
JOURNEY *to* LONDON.
A
COMEDY.

—*Vivit Tanquam Vicina Mariti.* Juv. Sat. VI.



THE PROVERBIAL

PROVERBIAL

OR A

JOURNEY TO LONDON.

COMEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

PROVERBIAL

T O T H E
Q U E E N.

May it please Your Majesty,

THE *English Theatre* throws itself, with this Play, at Your MAJESTY'S Feet, for Favour and Support.

As their Public Diversions are a strong Indication of the Genius of a People; the following Scenes are an Attempt to establish such, as are fit to entertain the Minds of a sensible Nation; and to wipe off that Aspersions of Barbarity, which the *Virtuosi* among our Neighbours have sometimes thrown upon our Taste.

The *Provok'd Husband*, is, at least, an Instance, that an *English Comedy* may, to an unusual number of Days, bring many Thousands of His Majesty's good Subjects together, to their Emolument and Delight, with Innocence. And however little Share of that Merit my unequal Pen may pretend to, yet I hope the just Admirers of Sir *John Vanbrugh* will allow I have, at worst, been a careful Guardian of his Orphan Muse, by leading it into Your Majesty's royal Protection.

The Design of this Play being chiefly to expose, and reform the licentious Irregularities that, too often break in upon the Peace and Happiness of the married State; Where could so hazardous and unpopular an Undertaking be secure, but in the Protection of a PRINCESS, whose exemplary conjugal Virtues have given such illustrious Proof, of what sublime Felicity that holy State is capable?

And

DEDICATION.

And though a Crown is no certain Title to Content; yet to the Honour of that Institution be it said, the royal Harmony of Hearts that now enchants us from the Throne, is a Reproach to the frequent Disquiet of those many insensible Subjects about it, (who, from His Majesty's paternal Care of his People) have more leisure to be happy: And 'tis our QUEEN's peculiar Glory, that we often see her as eminently rais'd above her Circle, in private Happiness, as in Dignity.

Yet Heaven, MADAM, that has placed You on such Height, to be the more conspicuous Pattern of your Sex, had still left your Happiness imperfect, had it not given those inestimable Treasures of your Mind, and Person, to the only Prince on Earth, that could have deserved them: A Crown receiv'd from any, but the happy Monarch's Hand, who invested you with this, which You now adorn, had only seem'd the Work of Fortune: But Thus bestow'd, the World acknowledges it the due Reward of PROVIDENCE, for one You once so gloriously refus'd.

But as the Fame of such elevated Virtue has lifted the plain Addresses of a whole Nation into Eloquence, the best repeated Eulogiums on that Theme, are but Intrusions on your Majesty's greater Pleasure of secretly deserving them. I therefore beg leave to subscribe myself,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your Majesty's most devoted,

most obedient, and

most humble Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.



TO THE R E A D E R.

HAVING taken upon me in the Prologue to this Play, to give the Auditors some short Account of that Part of it which Sir *John Vanbrugh* left unfinish'd, and not thinking it advisable, in that Place, to limit their Judgment by so high a Commendation as I thought it deserv'd; I have therefore, for the Satisfaction of the Curious, printed the whole of what he wrote, separately, under the single Title he gave it, of *A Journey to London*, without presuming to alter a Line.

Yet when I own, that in my last Conversation with him, (which chiefly turn'd upon what he had done towards a Comedy) he excus'd his not shewing it me, 'till he had review'd it, confessing the Scenes were yet undigested, too long, and irregular, particularly in the lower Characters, I have but one excuse for publishing, what he never design'd should come into the World, as it then was, *viz.* I had no other way of taking those many Faults to myself, which may be justly found in my presuming to finish it.

However, a judicious Reader will find in his Original Papers, that the Characters are strongly drawn, new, spirited, and natural, taken from sensible Observations on high and lower Life, and from a just Indignation at the Follies in fashion. All I could gather from him of what he intended in the *Catastrophe*, was, that the Conduct of his imaginary fine Lady had so provok'd him, that he design'd actually to have made her Husband turn her out of his Doors. But when his Performance

To the READER.

mance came, after his Decease, to my Hands, I thought such violent Measures, however just they might be in real Life, were too severe for Comedy, and would want the proper Surprise, which is due to the End of a Play. Therefore with much ado (and 'twas as much as I could do with Probability) I preserv'd the Lady's Chastity, that the Sense of her Errors might make a Reconciliation not impracticable; and I hope the Mitigation of her Sentence has been since justified by its Success.

My Inclination to preserve as much as possible of Sir *John*, I soon saw had drawn the whole into an unusual length; the Reader will therefore find here a Scene or two of the Lower Humour, that were left out after the first Day's Presentation.

The Favour the Town has shewn to the higher Characters in this Play, is a Proof, that their Taste is not wholly vitiated, by the barbarous Entertainments that have been so expensively set off to corrupt it: But, while the Repetition of the best old Plays is apt to give Satiety, and good new ones so scarce a Commodity, we must not wonder, that the poor Actors are sometimes forced to trade in Trash for a Livelihood.

I cannot yet take leave of the Reader, without endeavouring to do Justice to those principal Actors, who have so evidently contributed to the Support of this Comedy: And I wish I could separate the Praises due to them, from the secret Vanity of an Author: For all I can say will still insinuate, that they could not have so highly excell'd, unless the Skill of the Writer had given them proper Occasion. However, as I had rather appear vain, than unthankful, I will venture to say of Mr. *Wilks*, that in the last Act, I never saw any Passion take so natural a Possession of an Actor, or any Actor take so tender a Possession of his Auditors——Mr. *Mills* too, is confess'd by every Body, to have surpris'd them, by so far excelling himself——But there is no doing Right to Mrs. *Oldfield*, without putting People in mind of what others, of great Merit, have wanted to come near her——'Tis not enough to say, she *Here* *Out-did* her usual Excellence. I might therefore justly

To the READER.

leave her to the constant Admiration of those Spectators, who have the Pleasure of living while she is an Actress. But as this is not the only time she has been the Life of what I have given the Public, so perhaps my saying a little more of so memorable an Actress, may give this Play a Chance to be read, when the People of this Age shall be Ancestors—May it therefore give Emulation to our Successors of the Stage, to know, That to the ending of the Year 1727, a Cotemporary Comedian relates, that Mrs. *Oldfield* was, then, in her highest Excellence of Action, happy in all the nearly-found Requisites, that meet in one Person to complete them for the Stage—She was in Stature just rising to that Height, where the *Graceful* can only begin to shew itself; of a lively Aspect, and a Command in her Mein, that like the principal Figure in the finest Paintings, first seizes, and longest delights the Eye of the Spectators. Her Voice was sweet, strong, piercing, and melodious: her Pronunciation voluble, distinct, and musical; and her Emphasis always placed where the Spirit of the Sense, in her Periods, only demanded it. If She delighted more in the Higher Comic, than in the Tragic Strain, 'twas because the last is too often written in a lofty disregard of Nature. But in Characters of modern practis'd Life, she found Occasions to add the particular Air and Manner which distinguish'd the different Humours she presented. Whereas in Tragedy, the Manner of Speaking varies, as little, as the blank Verse it is written in—She had one peculiar Happiness from Nature, she look'd and maintain'd the *Agreeable* at a Time, when other fine Women only raise Admirers by their Understanding—The Spectator was always as much informed by her Eyes, as her Elocution; for the Look is the only Proof that an Actor rightly conceives what he utters, there being scarce an Instance, where the Eyes do their Part, that the Elocution is known to be faulty: The Qualities she had *acquired*, were the *Gentle* and the *Elegant*. The one in her Air, and the other in her Dress, never had her Equal on the Stage; and the Ornaments she herself provided, (particularly in this Play)

To the READER.

Play) seem'd in all respects the *Parapernalia* of a Woman of Quality. And of that Sort were the Characters she chiefly excelled in; but her natural good Sense and lively Turn of Conversation made her Way so easy to Ladies of the highest Rank, that it is a less Wonder, if on the Stage she sometimes *was*, what might have become the finest Woman in real Life to have supported.

Theatre-Royal,

Jan. 27,

1724

C. CIBBER.



P R O



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

THIS Play took Birth from Principles of Truth,
To make amends for Errors past, of Youth.
A Bard, that's now no more, in riper Days,
Conscious review'd the Licence of his Plays:
And though Applause his wanton Muse had fir'd,
Himself condemn'd what sensual Minds admir'd.
At length, he own'd, that Plays should let you see
Not only, What you are, but ought to be;
Though Vice was natural, 'twas never meant,
The Stage should shew it, but for Punishment!
Warm with that Thought, his Muse once more took Flame,
Resolv'd to bring licentious Life to Shame.
Such was the Piece his latest Pen design'd,
But left no Traces of his Plan behind.
Luxuriant Scenes, unprun'd or half contriv'd;
Yet, through the Mass, his native Fire surviv'd:
Rough, as rich Ore, in Mines the Treasure lay,
Yet still 'twas rich, and forms at length a Play.
In which the bold Compiler boasts no Merit,
But that his Pains have serv'd your Senses of Spirit.
Not Scenes, that would a noisy Joy impart,
But such as bush the Mind and warm the Heart.
From Praise of Hands no sure Account be drawn,
But fixt Attention is sincere Applause:
If then (for hard, you'll own the Task) his Art
Gave to those Embryon-Scenes new Life impart,
The Living proudly would exclude his Lays,
And to the buried Bard resigns the Praise.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N

Lord Townly, of a Regular Life,	Mr. Wilks.
Mr. Manly, an Admirer of Lady Grace,	Mr. Mills, sen.
Sir Francis Wronghead, A Country Gentleman,	Mr. Cibber, sen.
Squire Richard, his Son, a mere Whelp,	Young Welberelt.
Count Basset, a Gamester,	Mr. Bridgewater.
John Moody, Servant to Sir Francis, an honest Clown,	Mr. Miller.

W O M E N.

Lady Townly, immoderate in her Pursuit of Pleasures,	Mrs. Oldfield.
Lady Grace, Sister to Lord Townly, of Exemplary Virtue,	Mrs. Porter.
Lady Wronghead, Wife to Sir Francis, inclin'd to be a fine Lady,	Mrs. Thurmond.
Miss Jenny her Daughter, pert and forward,	Mrs. Moore.
Mrs. Motherly, one that lets Lodgings,	Mrs. Croft.
Myrtilla, her Niece, seduc'd by the Count,	Mrs. Grace.
Mrs. Trusty, Lady Townly's Woman,	Mrs. Mills.

Masqueraders, Constable, Servants, &c.

The SCENE Lord Townly's House, and sometimes Sir Francis's Lodgings.

THE



THE
PROVOK'D HUSBAND;

O R,

A JOURNEY to LONDON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Lord Townly's Apartment.*

Lord Townly solus.

WHY did I marry!—Was it not evident, my plain, rational Scheme of Life was impracticable, with a Woman of so different a way of thinking?—Is there one Article of it, that she has not broke in upon?—Yes,—let me do her Justice—her Reputation—That—I have no Reason to believe is in Question—But then how long her profligate Course of Pleasures may make her able to keep it—Is a shocking Question! and her Presumption while she keeps it—insupportable! for on the Pride of that single Virtue she seems to lay it down, as a fundamental Point, that the free Indulgence of every other Vice, this fertile Town affords, is the Birth-right Prerogative of a Woman of Quality—Amazing! that a Creature so warm in the Pursuit of her Pleasures, should never cast one Thought towards her Happiness—Thus, while she ad-
mits

116 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

mits no Lover, she thinks it a greater Merit still, in her Chastity not to care for her Husband; and while she herself is solacing in one continual Round of Cards and good Company, He, poor Wretch! is left at large, to take care of his own Contentment:——'Tis time, indeed, some Care were taken, and speedily there shall be——Yet let me not be rash——Perhaps this Disappointment of my Heart may make me too impatient; and some Tempers, when reproach'd, grow more untractable.——Here she comes——Let me be calm a while.

Enter Lady Townly.

Going out so soon after Dinner, Madam?

Lady Town. Lard, my Lord! what can I possibly do at Home?

Lord Town. What does my Sister, Lady *Grace*, do at Home?

Lady Town. Why, that is to me amazing! Have you ever any Pleasure at Home?

Lord Town. It might be in your Power, Madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

Lady Town. Comfortable! and so, my good Lord, you would really have a Woman of my Rank and Spirit, stay at Home to comfort her Husband! Lord! what Notions of Life some Men have!

Lord Town. Don't you think, Madam, some Ladies Notions are full as extravagant?

Lady Town. Yes, my Lord, when the tame Doves live coop'd within the Penn of your Precepts, I do think 'em prodigious indeed!

Lord Town. And when they fly wild about this Town, Madam, pray what must the World think of 'em then?

Lady Town. Oh! this World is not so ill bred as to quarrel with any Woman for liking it.

Lord Town. Nor am I, Madam, a Husband so well-bred, as to bear my Wife's being so fond of it; in short, the Life you lead, Madam——

Lady Town. Is, to me, the pleasantest Life in the World;

Lord Town. I should not dispute your Taste, Madam; if a Woman had a Right to please no body but herself.

Lady Town.

Lady Town. Why, whom would you have her please?

Lord Town. Sometimes her Husband.

Lady Town. And don't you think a Husband under the same Obligation?

Lord Town. Certainly.

Lady Town. Why then we are agreed, my Lord——
For if I never go abroad, 'till I am weary of being at home——which you know is the Case——is it not equally reasonable, not to come home 'till one's weary of being abroad!

Lord Town. If this be your Rule of Life, Madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious Question?

Lady Town. Don't let it be long a coming then——for I am in haste.

Lord Town. Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious Answer.

Lady Town. Before I know the Question?

Lord Town. Pshaw——have I Power, Madam, to make you serious by Intreaty.

Lady Town. You have.

Lord Town. And you promise to answer me sincerely?

Lady Town. Sincerely.

Lord Town. Now then recollect your Thoughts, and tell me seriously, why you married me?

Lady Town. You insist upon Truth, you say?

Lord Town. I think I have a Right to it.

Lady Town. Why then, my Lord, to give you, at once, a Proof of my Obedience and Sincerity——I think——I married——to take off that Restraint, that lay upon my Pleasures, while I was a single Woman.

Lord Town. How, Madam! is any Woman under less Restraint after Marriage, than before it?

Lady Town. O my Lord! my Lord! they are quite different Creatures! Wives have infinite Liberties in Life, that would be terrible in an unmarried Woman to take.

Lord Town. Name one.

Lady Town. Fifty, if you please!——to begin then, in the Morning——A married Woman may have Men at her Toilet, invite them to Dinner, appoint them

118 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

them a Party, in a Stage Box at the Play; ingross the Conversation there, call 'em by their Christian Names; talk louder than the Players;—From thence jaunt into the City—take a frolicksome Supper at an *India House*—perhaps, in her *Gaieté de Cœur* toast a pretty Fellow—Then clatter again to this End of the Town, break, with the Morning, into an Assembly, crowd to the Hazard-Table, throw a familiar *Levant* upon some sharp lurching Man of Quality, and if he demands his Money, turn it off with a loud Laugh, and cry—
you'll owe it him, to vex him! ha! ha!

Lord *Town*. Prodigious! [*Aside*.

Lady *Town*. These now, my Lord, are some few of the many modish Amusements, that distinguish the Privilege of a Wife, from that of a single Woman.

Lord *Town*. Death! Madam, what Law has made these Liberties less scandalous in a Wife, than in an unmarried Woman?

Lady *Town*. Why, the strongest Law in the World, Custom—Custom Time out of Mind, my Lord.

Lord *Town*. Custom, Madam, is the Law of Fools: But it shall never govern me.

Lady *Town*. Nay then, my Lord, 'tis time for me to observe the Laws of Prudence.

Lord *Town*. I wish I could see an instance of it.

Lady *Town*. You shall have one this Moment, my Lord: For I think, when a Man begins to lose his Temper at Home; if a Woman has any Prudence, why—she'll go abroad 'till he comes to himself again.

[*Going*.

Lord *Town*. Hold, Madam—I am amaz'd you are not more uneasy at the Life you lead! You don't want Sense! and yet seem void of all Humanity: For with a Blush I say it, I think, I have not wanted Love.

Lady *Town*. Oh! don't say that, my Lord, if you suppose I have my Senses?

Lord *Town*. What is it I have done to you? what can you complain of?

Lady *Town*. Oh! nothing in the least: 'Tis true, you have heard me say, I have owed my Lord *Lurcher* an
Hundred

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 119

Hundred Pound these three Weeks——but what then——a Husband is not liable to his Wife's Debts of Honour, you know,——and if a silly Woman will be uneasy about Money she can't be sa'd for, what's that to him? as long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

Lord Town. By Heav'n, if my whole Fortune thrown into your Lap, could make you delight in the chearful Duties of a Wife, I should think myself a Gainer by the Purchase.

Lady Town. That is, my Lord, I might receive your whole Estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a Shilling of it.

Lord Town. No, Madam; were I Master of your Heart, your Pleasures would be mine; but different, as they are, I'll feed even your Follies to deserve it——Perhaps you may have some other trifling Debts of Honour abroad, that keep you out of Humour at Home——at least it shall not be my Fault, if I have not more of your Company——There, there's a Bill of Five Hundred——and now, Madam——

Lady Town. And now, my Lord, down to the Ground I thank you——Now am I convinc'd, were I weak enough to love this Man, I should never get a single Guinea from him. *[Aside.]*

Lord Town. If it be no Offence, Madam——

Lady Town. Say what you please, my Lord; I am in that Harmony of Spirits, it is impossible to put me out of Humour.

Lord Town. How long in Reason then, do you think that Sum ought to last you?

Lady Town. Oh, my dear, dear Lord! now you have spoil'd all again! How is it possible I should answer for an Event, that so utterly depends upon Fortune? But to shew you, that I am more inclin'd to get Money, than to throw it away——I have a strong Possession, that with this five hundred, I shall win five thousand.

Lord Town. Madam, if you were to win ten thousand, it would be no Satisfaction to me.

Lady Town

120 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Town. O! the Churl! ten thousand! what! not so much as with I might win ten thousand!—Ten thousand! O! the charming Sum! what infinite pretty things might a Woman of Spirit do, with ten thousand Guineas! O! my Conscience, if she were a Woman of true Spirit—she—she might lose 'em all again.

Lord Town. And I had rather it should be so, Madam; provided I could be sure, that were the last you would lose.

Lady Town. Well, my Lord, to let you see I design to play all the good House-wife I can; I am now going to a Party at *Quadrille*, only to piddle with a little of it, at poor two Guineas a Fish, with the Dutchess of *Quiteright*.

[*Exit Lady Townly.*]

Lady Town. Insensible Creature! neither Reproaches, or Indulgence, Kindness, or Severity, can wake her to the least Reflection! Continual Licence has lulld her into such a Lethargy of Care, that she speaks of her Excesses with the same easy Confidence, as if they were so many Virtues. What a turn has her Head taken!

—But how to cure it—I am afraid the Physic must be strong, that reaches her—Lenitives, I see, are to no purpose—take my Friend's Opinion—*Manly* will speak freely—my Sister with Tenderness to both sides. They know my Case—*I'll* talk with 'em.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. Mr. *Manly*, my Lord, has sent to know, if your Lordship was at home.

Lord Town. They did not deny me?

Serv. No, my Lord.

Lord Town. Very well; step up to my Sister, and say, I desire to speak with her.

Serv. Lady *Grace* is here, my Lord.

[*Exit Serv.*]

[*Enter Lady Grace.*]

Lord Town. So, Lady fair; what pretty Weapon have you been killing your Time with!

Lady Grace.

Lady Grace. A huge Folio, that has almost kill'd me—I think I have half read my Eyes out.

Lord Town. O! you should not pore so much just after Dinner, Child.

Lady Grace. That's true, but any Body's Thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

Lord Town. Whose there?

Enter Servant.

Leave word at the Door, I am at home to no body but Mr. Manly.

Lady Grace. And why is he excepted, pray, my Lord?

Lord Town. I hope, Madam, you have no Objection to his Company?

Lady Grace. Your particular Orders, upon my being here, look, indeed, as if you thought I had not.

Lord Town. And your Ladyship's Enquiry into the Reason of those Orders, shews at least, it was not a Matter indifferent to you!

Lady Grace. Lord! You make the oddest Constructions, Brother!

Lord Town. Look you, my grave Lady Grace—in one serious Word—I wish you had him.

Lady Grace. I can't help that.

Lord Town. Ha! you can't help it! Ha! ha! ha! The flat Simplicity of that Reply was admirable!

Lady Grace. Pooh! you teize one, Brother!

Lord Town. Come, I beg Pardon, Child—this is not a Point, I grant you, to trifle upon; therefore I hope you'll give me leave to be serious.

Lady Grace. If you desire it, Brother! though upon my Word, as to Mr. Manly's having any serious Thoughts of me—I know nothing of it.

Lord Town. Well———there's nothing Wrong, in your making a Doubt of it———But in short, I find, by his Conversation of late, that he has been looking round the World for a Wife; and if you were to look round the World for a Husband, he's the first Man I would give to you.

122 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Grace. Then, whenever he makes me any Offer, Brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

Lord Town. O! that's the last thing he'll do; he'll never make you an Offer, 'till he's pretty sure it won't be refus'd.

Lady Grace. Now you make me curious. Pray! did he ever make any Offer of that kind to you?

Lord Town. Not directly; but that imports nothing; he is a Man too well acquainted with the Female World, to be brought into a high Opinion of any one Woman, without some well-examin'd Proof of her Merit: Yet I have Reason to believe, that your good Sense, your turn of Mind, and your way of Life, have brought him to so favourable a one of you, that a few Days will reduce him to talk plainly to me: Which as yet (notwithstanding our Friendship) I have neither declin'd, nor encourag'd him to.

Lady Grace. I am mighty glad we are so near, in our way of thinking: For to tell you the Truth he is much upon the same Terms, with me: You know he has a satirical Turn; but never lashes any Folly, without giving due Encomiums to its opposite Virtue: and upon such Occasions, he is sometimes particular, in turning his Compliments upon me, which I don't receive, with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

Lord Town. You are right, Child: When a Man of Merit makes his Addresses; good Sense may give him an Answer, without Scorn, or Coquetry.

Lady Grace. Hush! he's here——

Enter Mr. Manly.

Man. My Lord! your most obedient.

Lord Town. Dear *Manly*! yours——I was thinking to send to you.

Man. Then, I am glad I am here, my Lord——

Lady Grace. I kiss your Hands!——What, only you two! How many Visits may a Man make, before he falls into such unfashionable Company? A Brother and Sister soberly sitting at home, when the whole Town is

a

a gadding! I question if there is so particular a *Tête à Tête*, again, in the whole Parish of St. James's!

Lady Grace. Fy! fy! Mr. Manly; how censorious you are?

Man. I had not made the Reflection, Madam, but that I saw you an Exception to it—Where's my Lady?

Lord Town. That I believe is impossible to guess.

Man. Then I won't try, my Lord—

Lord Town. But, 'tis probable I may hear of her, by that time I have been four or five Hours in Bed.

Man. Now, if that were my Case, I believe I should ——— But I beg Pardon, my Lord.

Lord Town. Indeed, Sir, you shall not: You will oblige me, if you speak out; for it was upon this Head, I wanted to see you.

Man. Why then, my Lord, since you oblige me to proceed——If that were my Case——I believe I should certainly sleep in another House.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Man. Only a Compliment, Madam.

Lady Grace. A Compliment!

Man. Yes, Madam, in rather turning myself out of Doors than her.

Lady Grace. Don't you think, that would be going too far.

Man. I don't know but it might, Madam; for in strict Justice, I think she ought rather to go, than I.

Lady Grace. This is new Doctrine, Mr. Manly.

Man. As old, Madam, as, *Love, Honour, and Obey!* When a Woman will stop at nothing that's wrong, why should a Man balance any thing that's right.

Lady Grace. Bless me, but this is fomenting things—

Man. Fomentations, Madam, are sometimes necessary to dispel Tumours: tho' I don't directly advise my Lord to do this——This is only what, upon the same Provocation, I would do myself.

Lady Grace. Ay! ay! You would do! Bachelors Wives, indeed, are finely govern'd.

Man. If the married Mens were as well——I am apt

124 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

to think we should not see so many mutual Plagues taking the Air, in separate Coaches!

Lady Grace. Well! but suppose it your own Case; would you part with a Wife, because she now and then stays out, in the best Company?

Lord Town. Well said, *Lady Grace*! come, stand up for the Privilege of your Sex! This is like to be a warm Debate! I shall edify.

Man. Madam, I think a Wife, after Midnight, has no Occasion to be in better Company than her Husband's; and that frequent unreasonable Hours make the best Company—the worst Company she can fall into.

Lady Grace. But if People of Condition are to keep company with one another; how is it possible to be done unless one conforms to their Hours?

Man. I can't find, that any Woman's good Breeding obliges her to conform to other People's Vices.

Lord Town. I doubt, Child, here we are got a little on the wrong side of the Question.

Lady Grace. Why so, my Lord? I can't think the Case so bad, as Mr. *Manly* states it—People of Quality are not ty'd down to the Rules of those, who have their Fortunes to make.

Man. No People, Madam, are above being ty'd down to some Rules, that have Fortunes to lose.

Lady Grace. Pooh! I'm sure, if you were to take my side of the Argument, you would be able to say something more for it.

Lord Town. Well, what say you to that, *Manly*?

Man. Why, 'troth my Lord, I have something to say.

Lady Grace. Ay! that I should be glad to hear now!

Lord Town. Out with it!

Man. Then in one Word, this, my Lord, I have often thought that the Mis-conduct of my Lady has, in a great Measure, been owing to your Lordship's Treatment of her.

Lady Grace. Bless me!

Lord Town. My Treatment!

Man. Ay, my Lord, you so idoliz'd her before Marriage, that you even indulg'd her, like a Mistress, after it:

it: In short, you continu'd the Lover, when you should have taken up the Husband.

Lady Grace. O frightful! this is worse than t'other! can a Husband love a Wife too well!

Man. As easy, Madam, as a Wife may love her Husband too little.

Lord Town. So! you two are never like to agree, I find.

Lady Grace. Don't be positive, Brother;—I am afraid we are both of a Mind, already. [*Aside.*] And do you, at this rate, ever hope to be married, Mr. Manly?

Man. Never, Madam; 'till I can meet with a Woman that likes my Doctrine.

Lady Grace. 'Tis pity but your Mistress should hear it.

Man. Pity me, Madam, when I marry the Woman that won't hear it.

Lady Grace. I think, at least, he can't say, that's me. [*Aside.*]

Man. And so, my Lord, by giving her more Power than was needful, she has none where she wants it; having such intire Possession of you, she is not Mistress of herself! And, Mercy on us! how many fine Womens Heads have been turn'd upon the same Occasion!

Lord Town. O Manly! 'tis too true! there's the Source of my Disquiet! she knows, and has abus'd her Power! Nay, I am still so weak (with Shame I speak it) 'tis not an Hour ago, that in the midst of my Impatience—I gave her another Bill for Five Hundred to throw away.

Man. Well—my Lord! to let you see I am sometimes upon the side of Good-nature, I won't absolutely blame you; for the greater your Indulgence, the more you have to reproach her with.

Lady Grace. Ay, Mr. Manly! here now, I begin to come in with you: Who knows, my Lord, you may have a good Account of your Kindness!

Man. That, I am afraid, we had not best depend upon: But since you have had so much Patience, my Lord, even go on with it a Day or two more! and upon her Ladyship's next Sally, be a little rounder in your Expostulation; if that don't work—drop her some cool

126 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Hints of a determin'd Reformation, and leave her——
to breakfast upon 'em.

Lord Town. You are perfectly right! how valuable is
a Friend, in our Anxiety!

Man. Therefore to divert that, my Lord, I beg, for
the present, we may call another Cause.

Lady Grace. Ay! for Goodness sake let's have done
with this.

Lord Town. With all my Heart.

Lady Grace. Have you no News abroad, Mr. Manly?

Man. *A propos*——I have some, Madam; and I be-
lieve, my Lord, as extraordinary in its kind——

Lord Town. Pray let's have it.

Man. Do you know, that your Country Neighbour,
and my wise Kinsman, Sir *Francis Wronghead*, is com-
ing to Town with his whole Family?

Lord Town. The Fool! what can be his Business here?

Man. Oh! of the last Importance, I'll assure you—
No less than the Business of the Nation.

Lord Town. Explain!

Man. He has carried his Election——against Sir
John Worthland.

Lord Town. The Duce! what! for——for——

Man. The famous Borough of *Guzzledown*!

Lord Town. A proper Representative, indeed.

Lady Grace. Pray Mr. Manly, don't I know him?

Man. You have din'd with him, Madam, when I was
last down with my Lord, at *Bellmont*.

Lady Grace. Was not that he, that got a little merry
before Dinner, and overset the Tea-table, in making his
Compliments to my Lady?

Man. The same.

Lady Grace. Pray what are his Circumstances? I know
but very little of him.

Man. Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you,
Madam. His Estate, if clear, I believe, might be a
good two thousand Pounds a Year: Though as it was
left him, saddled with two Jointures, and two weighty
Mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is—But
that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a pro-
fuse

fulc young Huffy, for Love, without a penny of Money ! Thus having like his brave Ancestors, provided Heirs for the Family (for his Dove breeds like a tame Pigeon) he now finds Children and Interest-Money make such a bawling about his Ears, that, at last, he has taken the friendly Advice of his Kinsman, the good Lord *Danglecourt*, to run his Estate two thousand Pounds more in Debt, to put the whole Management of what's left into *Paul Pillage's* Hands, that he may be at leisure himself to retrieve his Affairs, by being a Parliament-Man.

Lord Town. A most admirable Scheme indeed !

Man. And with this Politic Prospect, he's now upon his Journey to *London*.—

Lord Town. What can it end in ?

Man. Pooh ! a Journey into the Country again.

Lord Town. Do you think he'll stir, 'till his Money's gone ? or at least, 'till the Session is over ?

Man. If my Intelligence is right, my Lord, he won't sit long enough to give his Vote for a Turnpike.

Lord Town. How so ?

Man. O ! a bitter Business ! he had scarce a Vote, in the whole Town, beside the Returning Officer : Sir *John* will certainly have it heard at the Bar of the House, and send him about his Business again.

Lord Town. Then he has made a fine Business of it indeed.

Man. Which, as far as my little Interest will go, shall be done in as few Days as possible.

Lady Grace. But why would you ruin the poor Gentleman's Fortune, Mr. *Manly* ?

Man. No, Madam, I would only spoil his Project, to save his Fortune.

Lady Grace. How are you concern'd enough, to do either ?

Man. Why—I have some Obligations to the Family, Madam : I enjoy at this time a pretty Estate, which Sir *Francis* was Heir at Law to : But——by his being a Booby ; the last Will of an obstinate old Uncle gave it to me.

128 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [to Man.] Sir, here's one of your Servants from your House, desires to speak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in, my Lord?

Lord Town. Sir——the Ceremony's of your own making.

Enter Manly's Servant.

Man. Well, *James!* what's the Matter now?

James. Sir, here's *John Moody's* just come to Town; he says Sir *Francis*, and all the Family, will be here to-night, and is in a great Hurry to speak with you.

Man. Where is he?

James. At our House, Sir: He has been gaping and stumping about the Streets, in his dirty Boots, and asking every one he meets, if they can tell him where he may have a good Lodging for a Parliament-Man, 'till he can hire a handsome whole House, fit for all his Family, for the Winter.

Man. I am afraid, my Lord, I must wait upon Mr. *Moody*.

Lord Town. Pr'ythee! let's have him here: He will divert us.

Man. O my Lord! he's such a Cub! Not bat he's so near Common Sense, that he passes for a Wit in the Family.

Lady Grace. I beg of all things, we may have him: I am in love with Nature, let her Dress be never so homely!

Man. Then desire him to come hither, *James*.

[Exit James.]

Lady Grace. Pray what may be Mr. *Moody's* Post?

Man. Oh! his *Maitre d'Hotel*, his Butler, his Bailiff, his Hind, his Huntsman; and sometimes——his Companion.

Lord Town. It runs in my Head, that the Moment this Knight has set him down in the House, he will get up, to give them the earliest Proof, of what Importance he is to the Public, in his own Country.

Man.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmost Importance stands valued at—— sometimes being invited to Dinner.

Lady Grace. And her Ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a Figure, in her Sphere too.

Man. That you may depend upon: For (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the Jade in her, than she yet knows of: And she will so improve in this rich Soil, in a Month, that she will visit all the Ladies, that will let her into their Houses: And run in Debt to all the Shop-keepers that will let her into their Books: In short, before her Important Spouse has made five Pounds, by his Eloquence, at *Westminster*; she will have lost five hundred at Dice and *Quadrille*, in the Parish of *St. James's*.

Lord Town. So that, by that time he is declared unduly elected, a swarm of Duns will be ready for their Money; and his Worship——will be ready for a Jail.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the Account of this hopeful Journey to *London*——But see here comes the Fore-horse of the Team!

Enter John Moody.

Oh! Honest *John*!

John Moody. Ad's waunds, and heart! Measter *Mearly*! I'm glad I ha' fun ye. Lawd! lawd! give me a Buss! Why that's friendly naw! Flesh! I thought we should never ha' got hither! Well! and how d'ye do, Measter? —Good lack! I beg Pardon, for my Bawldness—— I did not see, 'at his Honour was here.

Lord Town. Mr. *Moody*, your Servant: I am glad to see you in *London*. I hope all the good Family is well.

John Moody. Thanks be prais'd your Honour, they are all in pretty good Heart; tho' we have had a power of Crosses upo' the Road.

Lady Grace. I hope my Lady has had no hurt, Mr. *Moody*.

John Moody. Naa, and please your Ladyship, she was never in better Humour: There's Money enough stirring now.

130 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Man. What has been the Matter, *John*?

John Moody. Why, we came up in such a Hurry, you mun think; that our Tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Man. Come, tell us all——Pray how do they travel?

John Moody. Why i'the awld Coach, Measter, and 'cause my Lady loves to do things handsom, to be sure, she would have a couple of Cart horses clapt to th' four old Geldings, that Neighbours might see she went up to *London* in her Coach and Six! And so *Giles Joulter*, the Plowman, rides Postilion!

Man. Very well! The Journey sets out as it should do. [*Aside.*] What, do they bring all the Children with them too?

John Moody. Noa, noa, only the younk Squoire, and Miss *Jenny*. The other Foive are all out at board, at half a Crown a Head, a Week, with *John Growse* at *Snake-Dunghill Farm*.

Man. Good-again! a right *English Academy* for younger Children!

John Moody. Anon, Sir. [*Not understanding him.*]

Lady Grace. Poor Souls! what will become of 'em?

John Moody. Nay, nay, for that Matter, Madam, they are in very good Hands: *Joan* loves 'um as thof they were all her own: For she was Wet Nurse to every Mother's Babe of 'um——Ay, ay, they'll ne'er want for a Belly-full there!

Lady Grace. What Simplicity!

Man. The Lud 'a Mercy upon all good Folks! What Work will these People make! [*Holding up his Hands.*]

Lord Town. And when do you expect them here, *John*?

John Moody. Why we were in hopes to a' come Yesterday, an' it had no' been, that th' owld Wheazebelly Horse tyr'd: And then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two Fore-Wheels came crash! down at once, in *Waggon-Rut Lane*, and there we lost four Hours 'fore we cou'd get things to rights again.

Man. So they bring all their Baggage with the Coach then?

John Moody. Ay, ay, and good Store on't there is——

Why,

Why, my Lady's Geer alone were as much as fill'd four Portmantel Trunks, beside the great Deal-Box, that heavy *Ralph* and the Monkey sit upon behind.

Lord Town. Lady *Grace*. and *Man*. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady *Grace*. Well, Mr. *Moody*, and pray how many are they within the Coach?

John Moody. Why there's my Lady, and his Worship; and the young Squoire, and Miss *Jenny*, and the fat Lap-Dog, and my Lady's Maid, Mrs. *Handy*, and *Doll Tripe*, the Cook, that's all——Only *Doll* puked a little with riding backward, so they hoisted her into the Coach-Box——And then her Stomach was easy.

Lady *Grace*. Oh! I see 'em! I see 'em go by me. Ah! ha!

[*Laughing.*]

John Moody. Then you mun think, Measter, there was some Stowage for the Belly, as well as the Back too; Children are apt to be famisht upo' the Road; so we had such Cargoes of Plump-Cake, and Baskets of Tongues, and Biscuits, and Cheese, and cold boil'd Beef——And then, in case of Sickness, Bottles of Cherry Brandy, Plague water, Sack, Tent, and Strong Beer so plenty as made the owld Coach crack again! Mercy upon them! and send 'em all well to Town, I say.

Man. Ay! And well out on't again, *John*.

John Moody. Ods bud! Measter, you're a wise Man; and for that Matter, so am I——Whoam's whoam, I say; I'm sure we ha' got but little Good, e'er fin' we turn'd our Backs on't. Nothing but Mischief! Some Devil's Trick or other plagued us, awth' Dey lung! Crack! goes one thing: Bawnce! goes another. Woa, says *Roger*——Then sowse! we are all set fast in a Slough, Whaw! cries Miss! Scream go the Maids! and bawl, just as thof' they were stuck! And so Mercy on us! this was the Trade from Morning to Night. But my Lady was in such a murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, thof' I told her, it was *Childermas Day*.

Man. These Ladies, these Ladies, *John*——

John Moody. Ah, Measter? I ha' seen a little of 'em, And I find that the best——when she's mended, won't ha' much Goodness to spare.

Lord

Lord Town. Well said, *John*, Ha! ha!

Man. I hope at least, you and your good Woman agree still.

John Moody. Ay! ay! much of a Muchness. *Bridget* sticks to me: Tho' as for her Goodness—why, she was willing to come to *London* too——But hawld a Bit! Noa, noa, says I, there may be Mischief enough done, without you.

Man. Why that was bravely spoken, *John*, and like a Man.

John Moody. Ah, weast Heart, were Measter but hawld the Mon that I am——Ods wookers! tho' he'll speak sawtly too sometimes——But then he conno' hawld it——no! he conno' hawld it.

Lord Town. Lady Grace, and *Man.* Ha! ha! ha!

John Moody. Ods flesh! But I mun hye me whoam! th' Coach will be coming every Hour naw——but Measter charg'd me to find your Worship out; for he has hugey Business with you; and will certainly wait upon you, by that time he can put on a clean Neckcloth.

Man. O *John*! I'll wait upon him.

John Moody. Why you wonno' be so kind, wull ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

John Moody. Just i' th' Street next to where your Worship dwells, the Sign of the *Golden Ball*——It's Gold all over; where they sell Ribbands and Flappets, and ether sort of Geer for Gentlewomen.

Man. A Milliner's?

John Moody. Ay, ay, one *Mrs. Motherly*: Waunds! she has a Couple of clever Girls there stitching i' th' Fore-Room.

Man. Yes, yes, she's a Woman of good Business, no doubt on't——Who recommended that House to you, *John*?

John Moody. The greatest good Fortune in the World sure! For as I was gaping about Streets, who should look out of the Window there, but the fine Gentleman, that was always riding by our Coach Side, at *York* Races——Count——*Basset*; ay, that's he.

Man. *Basset*? Oh, I remember! I know him by Sight.

John Moody. Well! to be sure, as civil a Gentleman, to see to——

Man.

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 133

Man. As any Sharper in Town. [Aside.

John Moody. At York, he us'd to breakfast with my Lady every Morning.

Man. Yes, yes, and I suppose her Ladyship will return his Compliment here in Town. [Aside.

John Moody. Well, Measter—

Lord Town. My Service to Sir Francis, and my Lady, John.

Lady Grace. And mine, pray Mr. Moody.

John Moody. Ay, your Honours, they'll be proud on't, I dare say.

Man. I'll bring my Compliments myself: So, honest John—

John Moody. Dear Measter Manly? the Goodness of Goodness bless and preserve you. [Exit John Moody.

Lord Town. What a natural Creature 'tis!

Lady Grace. Well! I can't but think John, in a wet Afternoon in the Country, must be very good Company.

Lord Town. O! the *Pramontane*! If this were known at half the *Quadrille*-Tables in Town, they would lay down their Cards to laugh at you.

Lady Grace. And the Minute they took them up again they would do the same at the Losers——But to let you see, that I think good Company may sometimes want Cards to keep them together: what think you, if we thrice sat soberly down, to kill an Hour at *Ombre*?

Man. I shall be too hard for you, Madam.

Lady Grace. No matter! I shall have as much Advantage of my Lord, as you have of me.

Lord Town. Say you so, Madam? Have at you, then! Here! Get the *Ombre*-Table, and Cards.

[Exit Lord Townly.

Lady Grace. Come, Mr. Manly—I know you don't forgive me now!

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, Madam. Where do you imagine I could pass my Time so agreeably?

Lady Grace. I'm sorry my Lord is not here to take his Share of the Compliment——But he'll wonder what's become of us!

Man.

Man. I'll follow in a Moment, Madam—[*Exit Lady Grace.*]

It must be so—She sees I love her—yet with what unoffending Decency she avoids an Explanation? How amiable is every Hour of her Conduct? What a vile Opinion have I had of the whole Sex, for these ten Years past, which this sensible Creature has recover'd in less than One? Such a Companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome Disappointments, that Pride, Folly, and Falshood ever gave me!

Could Women regulate, like her, their Lives,
 What *Halcyon* Days were in the Gift of Wives!
 Vain Rovers, then, might envy what they hate;
 And only Fools would mock the married State. [*Exit.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Mrs. Motherly's House.**Enter Count Basset and Mrs. Motherly.*

Count Bas. TELL you there is not such a Family in England, for you! Do you think I would have gone out of your Lodgings for any Body, that was not sure to make you easy for the Winter?

Moth. Nay, I see nothing against it, Sir, but the Gentleman's being a Parliament-Man; and when People may, as it were, think one Impertinent, or be out of Humour, you know, when a body comes to ask for one's own—

Count Bas. Pishah! Pr'ythee never trouble thy Head—His Pay is as good as the Bank!—Why, he has above two thousand a Year!

Moth. Alas-a-day! that's nothing: Your People of ten thousand a Year, have ten thousand things to do with it.

Count

Count *Baf.* Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your Money; what do you think of going a little with me, Mrs. *Motherly*?

Moth. As how?

Count *Baf.* Why I have a Game in my Hand, in which if you'll croup me, that is, help me to play it, you shall go five hundred to nothing.

Moth. Say you so?—Why then, I go, Sir—and now pray let's see your Game.

Count *Baf.* Look you in one Word, my Cards lie thus—When I was down this Summer at *York*, I happen'd to lodge in the same House with this Knight's Lady, that's now coming to lodge with you.

Moth. Did you so, Sir?

Count *Baf.* And sometimes had the Honour to Breakfast, and pass an idle Hour with her.

Moth. Very good; and here I suppose you would have the Impudence to Sup, and be busy with her.

Count *Baf.* Pfhah! pr'ythee hear me!

Moth. Is this your Game? I would not give Sixpence for it! What, you have a Passion for her Pin-Money—no, no, Country Ladies are not so flush of it!

Count *Baf.* Nay, if you won't have Patience—

Moth. One had need have a good deal, I am sure, to hear you talk at this rate! Is this your way of making my poor Niece *Myrtilla* easy?

Count *Baf.* Death! I shall do it still, if the Woman will but let me speak—

Moth. Had not you a letter from her this Morning?

Count *Baf.* I have it here in my Pocket—this is it.

[*Shews it and puts it up again.*]

Moth. Ay, but I don't find you have made any Answer to it.

Count *Baf.* How the Devil can I, if you won't hear me!

Moth. What! hear you talk of another Woman?

Count *Baf.* O lud! O lud! I tell you, I'll make her Fortune—'Ounds! I'll marry her.

Moth. A likely matter! if you would not do it when she was a Maid, your Stomach is not so sharp set now, I presume.

Count

136 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Count Bas. Hey day! why your Head begins to turn, my Dear! the Devil! you did not think I propos'd to marry her myself!

Moth. If you don't, who the Devil do you think will marry her?

Count Bas. Why, a Fool——

Moth. Humph! there may be Sense in that——

Count Bas. Very good——One for t'other then; if I can help her to a Husband, why should not you come into my Scheme of helping me to a Wife?

Moth. Your Pardon, Sir! ay! ay! in an honourable Affair, you know you may command me——but pray where is this blessed Wife and Husband to be had!

Count Bas. Now have a little Patience——You must know then, this Country Knight, and his Lady, bring up, in the Coach with them, their eldest Son and a Daughter, to teach them to——wash their Faces, and turn their Toes out.

Moth. Good!

Count Bas. The Son is an unlick'd Whelp, about sixteen, just taken from School; and begins to hanker after every Wench in the Family: the Daughter, much of the same Age, a pert, forward Hussy, who having eight thousand Pound left her by an old doting Grandmother, seems to have a devilish Mind to be doing in her Way too.

Moth. And your Design is, to put her into Business for Life?

Count Bas. Look you, in short, Mrs. *Motherly*, we Gentlemen, whose occasional Chariots roll, only, upon the four Aces, are liable sometimes, you know, to have a Wheel out of Order: Which, I confess, is so much my Case at present, that my Dapple Grays are reduc'd to a Pair of Ambling Chairmen: Now, if with your Assistance, I can whip up this young Jade into a Hackney-Coach, I may chance, in a Day or two after, to carry her in my own Chariot, *en famille*, to an Opera. Now what do you say to me?

Moth. Why, I shall not sleep——for thinking of it. But how will you prevent the Family's smoking your Design?

Count

Count *Baf.* By renewing my Addreffes to the Mother.

Moth. And how will the Daughter like that, think you?

Count *Baf.* Very well—wifit it covers her own Affair.

Moth. That's true—it muft do—but, as you fay, one for t'other Sir, I ftick to that—if you don't do my Niece's Buſinefs with the Son, I'll blow you with the Daughter, depend upon't.

Count *Baf.* It's a Bett—pay as we go, I tell you, and the five hundred ſhall be ftak'd, in a third Hand.

Moth. That's honeft—But here comes my Niece! ſhall we let her into the Secret?

Count *Baf.* Time enough! may be, I may touch upon it.

Enter Myrtila.

Moth. So Niece, are all the Rooms done out, and the Beds ſheeted?

Myr. Yes, Madam, but Mr. *Moody* tells us the Lady always burns Wax, in her own Chamber, and we have none in the Houſe.

Moth. Odfø! then I muſt beg your Pardon, Count; this is a buſy Time you know. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Count *Baf.* *Myrtila!* how doſt thou do, Child?

Myr. As well as a loſing Gameſter can.

Count *Baf.* Why, what have you loſt?

Myr. What I ſhall never recover; and what's worſe, you that have won it, don't ſeem to be much the better for't.

Count *Baf.* Why Child, doſt thou ever ſee any body over-joy'd for winning a deep Stake, ſix Months after 'tis over.

Myr. Would I had never play'd for it!

Count *Baf.* Pſhah! Hang theſe melancholy Thoughts! we may be Friends ſtill.

Myr. Dull ones.

Count *Baf.* Uſeful ones perhaps—ſuppoſe I ſhould help thee to a good Husband?

Myr. I ſuppoſe you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

Count *Baf.* What do you think of the young Country Squire, the Heir of the Family, that's coming to lodge here?

Myr.

138 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Myr. How should I know what to think of him?

Count Bas. Nay, I only give you the Hint, Child; it may be worth your while, at least, to look about you—Hark! what Bustle's that without.

Enter Mrs. Motherly in haste.

Moth. Sir! Sir! the Gentleman's Coach is at the Door! they are all come!

Count Bas. What, already?

Moth. They are just getting out!—won't you step and lead in my Lady? Do you be in the way, Niece! I must run and receive them. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Count Bas. And think of what I told you. [*Exit Count.*]

Myr. Ay! ay! you have left me enough to think of, as long as I live——a faithless Fellow! I am sure, I have been true to him: and for that only Reason, he wants to be rid of me: But while Women are weak, Men will be Rogues! And for a Bane to both their Joys and ours; when our Vanity indulges them, in such innocent Favours as make them adore us; we can never be well, 'till we grant them the very one, that puts an end to their Devotion——But here comes my Aunt, and the Company.

Mrs. Motherly returns, shewing in Lady Wronghead, led by Count Basset.

Moth. If your Ladyship pleases to walk into this Par-lour, Madam, only for the present, 'till your Servants have got all your Things in.

Lady Wrong. Well! dear Sir, this is so infinitely obliging!——I protest it gives me Pain tho', to turn you out of your Lodging thus!

Count Bas. No Trouble in the least, Madam; we single Fellows are soon mov'd; besides, *Mrs. Motherly's* my old Acquaintance, and I could not be her Hindrance.

Moth. The Count is so well-bred, Madam, I dare say he would do a great deal more to accommodate your Ladyship.

Lady Wrong. O dear Madam!——A good well bred sort of a Woman.

[*Apart to the Count.*
Count

Count *Baf.* O Madam, she is very much among People of Quality, she is seldom without them in her House.

Lady *Wrong.* Are there a good many People of Quality in this Street, Mrs. *Motherly*?

Moth. Now your Ladyship is here, Madam, I don't believe there is a House without them.

Lady *Wrong.* I am mighty glad of that: for really I think People of Quality should always live among one another.

Count *Baf.* 'Tis what one would choose indeed, Madam.

Lady *Wrong.* Bless me! but where are the Children all this while?

Moth. Sir Francis, Madam, I believe is taking care of them.

Sir *Fran.* [within] John Moody! stay you by the Coach, and see all our Things out—Come, Children.

Moth. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Sir Francis, Squire Richard, and Miss Jenny.

Sir *Fran.* Well, Count! I mun say it, this was koynd, indeed!

Count *Baf.* Sir Francis? give me leave to bid you welcome to London.

Sir *Fran.* Pthah! how dost do, Mon—Waunds I'm glad to see thee! a good sort of a House this!

Count *Baf.* Is not that Master Richard?

Sir *Fran.* Ey! Ey! that's young hopeful—why dost not baw, Dick?

Squ. *Rich.* So I do, Feyther.

Count *Baf.* Sir I'm glad to see you—I protest Mrs. *Jane* is grown so, I should not have known her.

Sir *Fran.* Come forward, *Jenny*.

Jenny. Sure, Papa, do you think I don't know how to behave myself?

Count *Baf.* If I have Permission to approach her, Sir Francis.

Jenny. Lord, Sir, I'm in such a frightful Pickle—

[Salute.]

Count *Baf.* Every Dress that's proper must become you, Madam,—you have been a long Journey.

Jenny.

140 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Jenny. I hope you will see me in a better to-morrow, Sir.

[*Lady Wrong. whispers Mrs. Moth. pointing to Myrtilla.*

Moth. Only a Niece of mine, Madam, that lives with me; she will be proud to give your Ladyship any Assistance in her Power.

Lady Wrong. A pretty sort of a young Woman——

Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

Jenny. O, Mamma! I am never strange, in a strange Place! [*Salutes Myrtilla.*

Myr. You do me a great deal of Honour, Madam——
Madam, your Ladyship's welcome to London.

Jenny. Mamma! I like her prodigiously; she call'd me my Ladyship.

Squ. Rich. Pray Mother, may'nt I be acquainted with her too!

Lady Wrong. You! you Clown! stay till you learn a little more Breeding first.

Sir Fran. Od's Heart! my *Lady Wronghead!* why do you balk the Lad? how should he ever learn Breeding, if he does not put himself forward?

Squ. Rich. Why ay, Feather, does Moather think 'at Pd be uncivil to her?

Myr. Master has so much Good-humour, Madam, he would soon gain upon any Body. [*He kisses Myr.*

Squ. Rich. Lo' you there, Moather; and you would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

Lady Wrong. Why, how now, Sirrah! Boys must not be so familiar.

Squ. Rich. Why, 'an I know no body, haw the Mur-rain mun I pass my Time here, in a strange Place? Naw you and I, and Sister, forsooth, sometimes, in an After-noon, may play at One and thirty Bone-Ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourself, Sir! D'ye think I play at such Clownish Games?

Squ. Rich. Why and you want yo' ma' let it aloane; then she, and I, mayhap, will have a bawt at All-fours, without you.

Sir Fran. Noa! Noa! *Dick,* that won't do neither; you mun learn to make one at Ombre, here, Child.

Myr. If Master pleases, I'll shew it him.

Squ. Rich.

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 141

Squ. Rich. What! the *Humber*! Hoy day! why does our River run to this Tawn, Feather?

Sir Fran. Pooh! you silly Tony! Ombre is a Geam at Cards, that the better sort of People play three together at.

Squ. Rich. Nay the moare the merrier, I say; but Sister is always so cross grain'd——

Jenny. Lord! this Boy is enough to deaf People—— and one has really been stuf up in a Coach so long, that——Pray Madam——could not I get a little Powder for my Hair?

Myr. If you please to come along with me, Madam.

[*Exeunt Myr. and Jenny.*]

Squ. Rich. What has Sister ta'en her away naw! mels, I'll go and have a little game with 'em. [*Ex. after them.*]

Lady Wrong. Well, Count, I hope you won't so far change your Lodgings, but you will come, and be at home here sometimes?

Sir Fran. Ay, ay! pr'ythee come and take a bit of Mutton with us, naw and tan, when thouh't nowght to do.

Count Bas. Well, Sir *Francis*, you shall find I'll make but very little Ceremony.

Sir Fran. Why ay naw, that's hearty!

Moth. Will your Ladyship please to refresh yourself, with a Dish of Tea, after your Fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

Lady Wrong. If you please Mrs. *Motherly*; but I believe we had best have it above Stairs.

Moth. Very well, Madam: it shall be ready immediately.

[*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Lady Wrong. Won't you walk up, Sir?

Sir Fran. Moody!

Count Bas. Shan't we stay for Sir *Francis*, Madam?

Lady Wrong. Lard! don't mind him! he will come if he likes it.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay! ne'er heed me——I ha' things to look after.

[*Exeunt Lady Wrong. and Count Bas.*]

Enter

142 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Enter John Moody.

John Moody. Did your Worship want muh?

Sir Fran. Ay, is the Coach clear'd? and all our Things in?

John Moody. Aw but a few Band-boxes, and the Nook that's left o' th' Goose Poy—But a Plague on him, th' Monkey has gin us the slip, I think—I suppose he's goon to see his Relations; for here looks to be a Power of 'um in this Tawn—but heavy *Ralph* is skawer'd after him.

Sir Fran. Why, let him go to the Devil! no matter, and the Hawnds had had him a Month agoe—but I wish the Coach and Horses were got safe to th' Inn! This is a sharp Tawn, we mun look about us here, *John*, therefore I would have you go along with *Roger*, and see that nobody runs away with them before they get to the Stable.

John Moody. Alas-a-day, Sir: I believe our awld Cattle woant yeafily be run away with to-night—but howsomdever, we'll ta' the best care we can of um, poor Sawls.

Sir Fran. Well, well! make haste then—

[*Moody goes out, and returns.*]

John Moody. Ods Flesh! here's Master *Monly* come to wait upo' your Worship!

Sir Fran. Where is he?

John Moody. Just coming in at Threshhold.

Sir Fran. Then goa about your Buisness. [*Ex. Moody.*]

Enter Manly.

Cousin *Monly*! Sir, I am your very humble Servant.

Man. I heard you were come, Sir *Francis*—and—

Sir Fran. Odsheart! this was so kindly done of you naw.

Man. I wish you may think it so, Cousin! for I confess, I should have been better pleas'd to have seen you in any other Place.

Sir Fran. How soa, Sir?

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own sake: I'm not concern'd.

Sir Fran. Look you, Cousin! thof' I know you wish me well; yet I don't question I shall give you such weighty

weighty Reasons for what I have done, that you will say, Sir, this is the wisest Journey that ever I made in my Life.

Man. I think it ought to be, Cousin; for I believe, you will find it the most expensive one—your Election did not cost you a Trifle, I suppose.

Sir Fran. Why ay! it's true! That—that did lick a little; but if a Man's wife, (and I han't fawn'd yet that I'm a Fool) there are ways, Cousin, to lick one's self whole again.

Man. Nay if you have that Secret——

Sir Fran. Don't you be fearful, Cousin—you'll find that I know something.

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

Sir Fran. In short then, I have a Friend in a Corner, that has let me a little into what's What, at *Westminster*——that's one Thing.

Man. Very well! but what Good is that to do you?

Sir Fran. Why not me, as much as it does other Folks?

Man. Other People, I doubt, have the Advantage of different Qualifications.

Sir Fran. Why ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have liv'd all my Day's i'th' Country—what then——I'm o'the *Quorum*——I have been at Sessions, and I have made Speeches there! ay, and at Vestry too——and may hap they may find here,——that I have brought my Tongue up to Town with me! D'ye take me, naw?

Man. If I take your Case right, Cousin; I am afraid the first Occasion you will have for your Eloquence here, will be, to shew that you have any Right to make use of it at all.

Sir Fran. How d'ye mean?

Man. That Sir *John Wortbland* has lodg'd a Petition against you.

Sir Fran. Petition! why ay! there let it lie—we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you!——why, you forget, Cousin, Sir *John's* o'the wrung side, Mon!

Man. I doubt, Sir *Francis*, that will do you but little Service; for in Cases very notorious (which I take yours
to

144 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

to be) there is such a Thing as a short Day, and dispatching them immediately.

Sir Fran. With all my Heart! the sooner I send him home again the better.

Man. And this is the Scheme you have laid down, to repair your Fortune?

Sir Fran. In one word, Cousin, I think it my Duty! the *Wrongheads* have been a considerable Family, ever since *England* was *England*; and since the World knows I have Talents where-withal; they shan't say its my Fault, if I don't make as good a Figure as any that ever were at the Head on't.

Man. Nay! this Project as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your Ancestors have done these five hundred Years.

Sir Fran. And let me alone to work it! mayhap I hav'n't told you all, neither——

Man. You astonish me! what! and is it full as practicable as what you have told me!

Sir Fran. Ay, thof' I say it—every whit, Cousin? you'll find that I have more Iron's i'the Fire than one! I doan't come of a Fool's Errand!

Man. Very well.

Sir Fran. In a word, my Wife has got a Friend at Court, as well as myself, and her Dowghter *Jenny* is now pretty well grown up——

Man. [*Aside.*]—And what in the Devil's Name would he do with the Dowdy?

Sir Fran. Naw, if I doan't lay in for a Husband for her, mayhap i'this Tawn, she may be looking out for herself——

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir Fran. Therefore I have some Thoughts of getting her to be Maid of Honour.

Man. [*Aside.*] Oh! he has taken my Breath away! but I must hear him out—Pray, *Sir Francis*, do you think her Education has yet qualified her for a Court?

Sir Fran. Why, the Girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true! but she has Tongue enough: She woan't be dashed!

dasht! Then she shall learn to dance forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to stand still, you know.

Man. Very well; but when she is thus accomplished, you must still wait for a Vacancy.

Sir Fran. Why I hope one has a good Chance for that every Day, Cousin! For if I take it right, that's a Post, that Folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of.—It's like an Orange-Tree, upon that accawnt—it will bear Blossoms, and Fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

Man. Well, Sir, you best know how to make good your Pretensions! But pray where is my Lady, and my young Cousins? I should be glad to see them too.

Sir Fran. She is but just taking a Dish a Tea with the Count, and my Landlady—I'll call her dawn.

Man. No, no, if she's engag'd, I shall call again.

Sir Fran. Ods-heart! but you mun see her naw, Cousin; what! the best Friend I have in the World! ———Here! Sweet-heart! [*To a Servant without.*] pr'ythee desire my Lady, and the Gentleman to come down a bit; tell her here's Cousin *Manly* come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, Sir, who may the Gentleman be?

Sir Fran. You mun know him to be sure; why it's Count *Basset*.

Man. Oh! is it he?—Your Family will be infinitely happy in his Acquaintance.

Sir Fran. Troth! I think so too: He's the civillest Man that ever I knew in my Life——why! here he would go out of his own Lodgings, at an Hour's Warning, purely to oblige my Family. Wasn't that kind naw?

Man. Extremely civil—the Family is in admirable Hands already!

Sir Fran. Then my Lady likes him hugely—all the Time of *York Races*, she would never be without him.

Man. That was happy indeed! and a prudent Man, you know, should always take care that his Wife may have innocent Company.

Sir Fran. Why ay! that's it! and I think there could not be such another!

146 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Man. Why truly, for her purpose, I think not.

Sir Fran. Only now and tan, he—he stonds a leetle too much upon Ceremony; that's his Fault.

Man. O never fear! he'll mend that every Day—
Mercy on us! what a Head he has! [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. So! here they come!

Enter Lady Wronghead, Count Basset, and Mrs. Motherly.

Lady Wrong. Cousin *Manly*! this is infinitely obliging! I am extremely glad to see you.

Man. Your most obedient Servant, Madam! I am glad to see your Ladyship look so well, after your Journey.

Lady Wrong. Why really! coming to *London* is apt to put a little more Life in one's Looks.

Man. Yet the way of living here is very apt to deaden the Complexion—and give me leave to tell you as a Friend, Madam, you are come to the worst Place in the World, for a good Woman to grow better in.

Lady Wrong. Lord, Cousin! how should People ever make any Figure in Life, that are always moap'd up in the Country?

Count Bas. Your Ladyship certainly takes the Thing in a quite right Light, Madam: Mr. *Manly*, your humble Servant—a hem.

Man. Familiar Puppy. [*Aside.*] Sir, your most obedient—I must be civil to the Rascal, to cover my Suspicion of him. [*Aside.*]

Count Bas. Was you at *White's* this Morning, Sir?

Man. Yes, Sir, I just called in.

Count Bas. Pray—what—was there any thing done there?

Man. Much as usual, Sir; the same daily Carcasses, and the same Crows about them.

Count Bas. The *Demi-vire*-Baronet had a bloody Tumble yesterday.

Man. I hope, Sir, you had your Share of him.

Count Bas. No, faith! I came in when it was all over—I think I just made a couple of Bets with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the *King's Arms*.
Lady

Lady Wrang. What a genteel, easy Manner he has!

[*Aside.*

Man. A very hopeful Acquaintance I have made here.

[*Aside.*

Enter Squire Richard, with a wet brown Paper on his Face.

Sir Fran. How naw, *Dick*! what's the matter with thy Forehead, Lad?

Squ. Rich. I ha' gotten a knuck upon't.

Lady Wrang. And how did you come by it, you heedless Creature?

Squ. Rich. Why, I was but running after Sister, and t'other young Woman, into a little Room just naw; and so with that, they flapt the Door full in my Feace, and gave me such a whurr here—I thought they had beaten my Brains out? so I put a dab of wet brown Paper here, to swage it a while.

Lady Wrang. They serv'd you right enough! will you never have done with your Horse-play?

Sir Fran. Pooh! never heed it, Lad! it will be well by to-morrow—the Boy has a strong Head!

Man. Yes, truly, his Scull seems to be of a comfortable Thickness.

[*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Come, *Dick*, here's Cousin *Mainly*—*Sir*, this is your God-Son.

Lady Wrang. Oh! here's my Daughter too.

Enter Miss Jenny.

Squ. Rich. Honour'd Gudsfeather! I crave leave to ask your Blessing.

Man. Thou hast it, Child—and, if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a Man as thy Father.

Lady Wrang. Miss *Jenny*! don't you see your Cousin, Child?

Man. And as for thee my pretty Dear—[*Salutes her.*] may'st thou be, at least, as good a Woman, as thy Mother.

Jenny. I wish I may ever be so handsome, Sir.

Man. Hah! Miss Pert! Now that's a Thought, that

148 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

seems to have been hatcht in the Girl on this side
Highbgate. [Aside.

Sir Fran. Her Tongue is a little nimble, Sir.

Lady Wrong. That's only from her Country Education,
Sir Francis. You know she has been kept too long there
——so I brought her to *London*, Sir, to learn a little
more Reserve and Modesty.

Man. O, the best Place in the World for it——every
Woman she meets will teach her something of it ——
There's the good Gentlewoman of the House, looks
like a knowing Person; even she perhaps will be so
good as to shew her a little *London* Behaviour.

Moth. Alas, Sir, Miss won't stand long in need of my
Instruction.

Man. That I dare say: What thou can't teach her,
she will soon be Mistress of. [Aside.

Moth. If she does, Sir, they shall always be at her
service.

Lady Wrong. Very obliging indeed, Mrs. *Motherly.*

Sir Fran. Very kind and civil, truly——I think we
are got into a mighty good *Hawse* here.

Man. O yes, and very friendly Company.

Count Bas. Humh! I gad I don't like his Looks——
he seems a little smoky——I believe I had as good brush
off——If I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some
odd Questions.

Man. Well, Sir, I believe you and I do but hinder
the Family.

Count Bas. It's very true, Sir—I was just thinking of
going——He don't care to leave me, I see: But it's no
matter, we have time enough. [Aside.] And so, Ladies,
without Ceremony, your humble Servant.

[Exit Count Bassett, and drops a Letter.

Lady Wrong. Ha! what Paper's this? Some Billet-
doux I'll lay my Life, but this is no Place to examine
it. [Puts it in her Pocket.

Sir Fran. Why in such haste, Cousin?

Man. O! my Lady must have a great many Affairs
upon her Hands, after such a Journey.

Lady

A JOURNEY TO LONDON. 149

Lady Wrong. I believe, Sir, I shall not have much less every Day, while I stay in this Town, of one sort or other.

Man. Why, truly, Ladies seldom want Employment here, Madam.

Jenny. And Mamma did not come to it to be idle, Sir.

Man. Nor you neither, I dare say, my young Mistress.

Jenny. I hope not, Sir.

Man. Ha! Miss Mettle!—Where are you going, Sir?

Sir Fran. Only to see you to the Door, Sir.

Man. Oh! Sir Francis, I love to come and go, without Ceremony.

Sir Fran. Nay, Sir, I must do as you would have me—your humble Servant. [Exit Manly.]

Jenny. This Cousin Manly, Papa, seems to be but of an odd sort of a crusty Humour—I don't like him half so well as the Count.

Sir Fran. Pooh! that's another thing, Child—Cousin is a little proud indeed! but however you must always be civil to him, for he has a deal of Money; and no body knows who he may give it to.

Lady Wrong. Pshaw; a Fig for his Money, you have so many Projects of late about Money, since you are a Parliament Man: What! we must make ourselves Slaves to his impertinent Humours, eight, or ten Years perhaps, in hopes to be his Heirs, and then he will be just old enough to marry his Maid.

Moth. Nay, for that matter, Madam, the Town says he is going to be married already.

Sir Fran. Who? Cousin Manly?

Lady Wrong. To whom, pray?

Moth. Why, is it possible your Ladyship should know nothing of it!—to my Lord Townly's Sister, Lady Grace.

Lady Wrong. Lady Grace?

Moth. Dear Madam, it has been in the News-Papers!

Lady Wrong. I don't like that neither.

Sir Fran. Naw, I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

Lady Wrong. [Aside.] If it is not too far gone; at least it may be worth one's while to throw a rag in his way.

150 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Squ. Rich. Pray, Feyther, haw lung will it be to Supper?

Sir Fran. Odso! that's true! step to the Cook, Lad, and ask what she can get us?

Moth. If you please, Sir, I'll order one of my Maids to shew her where she may have any thing you have a mind to.

Sir Fran. Thank you kindly, Mrs. *Motherly*.

Squ. Rich. Ods-flesh! what is it not i'the Hawse yet—I shall be famisht—but howld! I'll go an ask *Doll*, an there's none o'the Goose Poy left.

Sir Fran. Do so, and do'tt hear, *Dick*——see if there's e'er a Bottle o'th' strong Beer that came i'th' Coach with us—if there be, clap a Toast in it, and bring it up.

Squ. Rich. With a little Nutmeg and Sugar, shawn't I Feyther?

Sir Fran. Ay! ay! as thee and I always drink it for Breakfast—Go thy Ways!—and I'll fill a Pipe i'th' mean while. *[Takes one from a Pocket-Case, and fills it.]*

[Exit Squ. Rich.]

Lady Wrong. This Boy is always thinking of his Belly!

Sir Fran. Why, my Dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry after his Journey.

Lady Wrong. Nay, ev'n breed him your own way——He has been cramming in or out of the Coach all this Day I am sure—I wish my poor Girl could eat a quarter as much.

Jenny. O as for that I could eat a great deal more, Mamma; but then mayhap, I should grow coarse, like him, and spoil my shape.

Lady Wrong. Ay, so thou would'st, my Dear.

[Enter Squire Richard with a full Tankard.]

Squ. Rich. Here, Feyther, I ha' browght it——it's well I went as I did, for our *Doll* had just bak'd a Toast, and was going to drink it herself.

Sir Fran. Why then, here's to thee, *Dick*! *[Drinks.]*

Squ. Rich. Thank yow, Feyther.

Lady Wrong. Lord! *Sir Francis*! I wonder you can encourage

encourage the Boy to swill so much of that lubberly Liquor—it's enough to make him quite stupid.

Squ. Rich. Why it never hurts me, Mother; and I sleep like a Hawnd after it. [Drinks.]

Sir Fran. I am sure I ha' drunk it these thirty Years, and by your Leave, Madam, I don't know that I want Wit: Ha! ha!

Jenny. But you might have had a great deal more, Papa, if you would have been govern'd by my Mother.

Sir Fran. Daughter he that is govern'd by his Wife, has no Wit at all.

Jenny. Then I hope I shall marry a Fool, Sir; for I love to govern dearly.

Sir Fran. You are too pert, Child; it don't do well in a young Woman.

Lady Wrong. Pray, Sir Francis, don't snub her; she has a fine growing Spirit, and if you check her so, you will make her as dull as her Brother there.

Squ. Rich. [After a long Draught.] Indeed, Mother, I think my Sister is too forward.

Jenny. You! you think I'm too forward! sure! Brother Mud! your Head's too heavy to think of any think but your Belly.

Lady Wrong. Well said, Miss; he's none of your Master, tho' he is your elder Brother.

Squ. Rich. No, nor she shawn't be my Mistrefs, while she's younger Sister!

Sir Fran. Well said Dick! shew 'em that stawt Liquor makes a stawt Heart, Lad!

Squ. Rich. So I will! and I'll drink ageen, for all her! [Drinks.]

Enter John Moody.

Sir Fran. So John! how are the Horses!

John Moody. Troth, Sir, I ha' noa good Opinion o' this Tawn. It's made up o' Mischief, I think!

Sir Fran. What's the matter naw?

John Moody. Why I'll tell your Worship—before we were gotten to th' Street End, with the Coach here, a great Lugerheaded Cart, with Wheels as thick as a

152 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

brick Wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to Bits; Crack! went the Perch! Down goes the Coach! and Whang! says the Glassies, all to Shivers! Marcy upon us! and this be *London*! would we were aw weell in the Country ageen!

Jenny. What have you to do, to wish us all in the Country again, Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go into the Country again these seven Years, Mamma; let twenty Coaches be pull'd to pieces.

Sir Fran. Hold your Tongue, *Jenny*! — Was Roger in no Fault, in all this?

John Moody. Noa, Sir, nor I, noather — are not yow asheam'd, says *Roger* to the Carter, to do such an unkind thing by Strangers? Noa, says he, you Bumkin. Sir, he did the thing on very Purpose! and so the Folks said that stood by — Very well, says *Roger*, yow shall see what our Meyster will say to ye! Your Meyster? says he; your Meyster may kiss my — and so he clapt his Hand just there, and like your Worship. Flesh! I thought they had better Breeding in this Tawn.

Sir Fran. I'll teach this Rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud! if I take him in Hand, I'll play the Devil with him.

Squ. Rich. Ay do, Feyther; have him before the Parliament.

Sir Fran. Odsbud! and so I will — I will make him know who I am! Where does he live?

John Moody. I believe in *London*, Sir.

Sir Fran. What's the Rascal's Name!

John Moody. I think I heard somebody call him *Dick*.

Squ. Rich. What, my Name!

Sir Fran. Where did he go!

John Moody. Sir, he went home.

Sir Fran. Were's that?

John Moody. By my Troth, Sir, I doant know! I heard him say he would cross the same Street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stond in his way, he wou'd pool us over and over again.

Sir Fran. Will he so! Odszookes! get me a Constable.

Lady Wrong. Pooh! get you a good Supper. Come,

Sr

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 153

Sir *Fran.* don't put yourself in a Heat for what can't be helpt. Accidents will happen to People that travel abroad to see the World——For my part, I think its a Mercy it was not over-turn'd before we were all out on't.

Sir *Fran.* Why ay, that's true again, my Dear.

Lady *Wrong.* Therefore see to-morrow if we can buy one at Second-hand, for present Use; so bespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

John *Moody.* Why troth, Sir, I doant think this could have held you above a Day longer.

Sir *Fran.* D'ye think so, John?

John *Moody.* Why you ha' had it, ever since your Worship were High Sheriff.

Sir *Fran.* Why then go and see what *Doll* has got us for Supper——and come and get off my Boots.

[Exit Sir *Fran.*

Lady *Wrong.* In the mean time, Miss, do you step to *Handy*, and bid her get me some fresh Night-clothes.

[Exit Lady *Wrong.*

Jenny. Yes, Mamma, and some for myself too.

[Exit Jenny.

Squ. *Rich.* Odsflesh! and what mun I do all alone?

I'll e'en seek out where t'other pratty Miss is,

And she and I'll go play at Cards for Kisses. [Exit

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, the Lord Townly's House.

Enter Lord Townly, a Servant attending.

Lord *Town.* W H O's there!

Serv. My Lord.

Lord *Town.* Bid them get Dinner——Lady *Grace*, your Servant.

G 3

Enter

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady Grace. What, is the House up already? My Lady is not dress'd yet!

Lord Town. No matter—it's three o'Clock—she may break my Rest, but she shall not alter my Hours.

Lady Grace. Nay, you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

Lord Town. That, I suppose, is only an Excuse for her not being ready yet.

Lady Grace. No, upon my Word, she is engaged in Company.

Lord Town. Where, pray?

Lady Grace. At my Lady *Revel's*; and you know they never dine 'till Supper-time.

Lord Town. No, truly—she is one of those orderly Ladies, who never let the Sun shine upon any of their Vices!—But pr'ythee, Sister, what Humour is she in to day?

Lady Grace. O! in tip-top Spirits, I can assure you—she won a good deal, last Night.

Lord Town. I know no Difference between her Winning or Losing, while she continues her course of Life.

Lady Grace. However she is better in good Humour, than bad.

Lord Town. Much alike: When she is in good Humour, other People only are the better for it: When in a very ill Humour, then, indeed, I seldom fail to have my Share of her.

Lady Grace. Well, we won't talk of that now—Does any Body dine here?

Lord Town. Manly promis'd me—by the way, Madam, what do you think of his last Conversation?

Lady Grace.—I am a little at a Stand about it.

Lord Town. How so?

Lady Grace. Why—I don't know how he can ever have any Thoughts of me, that could lay down such severe Rules upon Wives, in my hearing.

Lord Town. Did you think his Rules unreasonable?

Lady

Lady Grace. I can't say I did: But he might have had a little more Complaisance before me, at least.

Lord Town. Complaisance is only a Proof of good Breeding: But his Plainness was a certain Proof of his Honesty; nay, of his good Opinion of you: for he would never have open'd himself so freely, but in confidence that your good Sense could not be disobligh'd at it.

Lady Grace. My good Opinion of him, Brother, has hitherto been guided by yours: But I have receiv'd a Letter this Morning that shews him a very different Man from what I thought him.

Lord Town. A Letter from whom?

Lady Grace. That I don't know, but there it is.

[Gives a Letter.

Lord Town. Pray let's see. [Reads.

The Inclos'd, Madam, fell accidentally into my Hands; if it no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your sincere Friend and humble Servant, Unknown, &c.

Lady Grace. And this was the inclos'd. [Giving another.

Lord Town. [Reads.] *To Charles Manly, Esq;*
Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me, that I now grow as painful to you, as to myself: but however, though you can love me no longer, I hope, you will not let me live worse than I did, before I left an honest Income, for the vain Hopes of being ever Yours.

Myrtilla Drape.

P. S. 'Tis above four Months since I receiv'd a Shilling from you.

Lady Grace. What think you now?

Lord Town. I am considering——

Lady Grace. You see it's directed to him——

Lord Town. That's true! but the Postscript seems to be a Reproach, that I think he is not capable of deserving.

Lady Grace. But who could have Concern enough, to send it to me?

Lord Town. I have observed that these sort of Letters from unknown Friends, generally come from secret Enemies.

Lady Grace.

156 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Grace. What would you have me to do in it?

Lord Town. What I think you ought to do—fairly shew it him, and say I advis'd you to it.

Lady Grace. Will not that have a very odd Look, from me?

Lord Town. Not at all, if you use my Name in it: if he is innocent, his Impatience to appear so, will discover his Regard to you: If he is Guilty, it will be your best way of preventing his Addresses.

Lady Grace. But what Pretence have I to put him out of Countenance?

Lord Town. I can't think there's any fear of that.

Lady Grace. Pray what is't you do think then?

Lord Town. Why certainly, that it's much more probable, this Letter may be all an Artifice, than that he is in the least concern'd in it—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my Lord.

Lord Town. Do you receive him; while I step a Minute in to my Lady. [*Exit Lord Townly.*]

Enter Manly.

Man. Madam, your most Obedient; they told me, my Lord was here.

Lady Grace. He will be here presently: He is but just gone in to my Sister.

Man. So! then my Lady dines with us.

Lady Grace. No; she is engag'd.

Man. I hope you are not of her Party, Madam?

Lady Grace. Not till after Dinner.

Man. And pray how may she have dispos'd of the rest of the Day?

Lady Grace. Much as usual! she has Visits 'till about eight; after that 'till Court time, she is to be at Quadrille, at Mrs. Idle's: After the Drawing room, she takes a short Supper with my Lady Moonlight. And from thence, they go together to my Lord Noble's Assembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, Madam?

Lady

Lady Grace. Only a few of the Visits; I would indeed have drawn her to the Play; but I doubt we have so much upon our Hands, that it will not be practicable.

Man. But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

Lady Grace. There's no great Merit in forbearing what one is not charm'd with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult in my time.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Man. Why, I have pais'd a great deal of my Life, in the hurry of the Ladies, though I was generally better pleas'd when I was at quiet without 'em.

Lady Grace. What induc'd you, then, to be with them?

Man. Idleness, and the Fashion.

Lady Grace. No Mistresses in the case?

Man. To speak honestly—Yes—being often in the Toyshop, there was no forbearing the Bawbles.

Lady Grace. And of course, I suppose sometimes you were tempted to pay for them, twice as much as they were worth.

Man. Why really, where Fancy only makes the Choice, Madam, no wonder if we are generally bubbled, in those sort of Bargains, which I confess has been often my Case: For I had constantly some Coquette, or other, upon my Hands, whom I could love perhaps just enough, to put it in her power to plague me.

Lady Grace. And that's a Power I doubt, commonly made use of.

Man. The Amours of a Coquette, Madam, seldom have any other View! I look upon them, and Prudes, to be Nuisances, just alike; tho' they seem very different: The first are always plaguing the Men; and the other are always abusing the Women.

Lady Grace. And yet both of them do it for the same vain Ends; to establish a false Character of being Virtuous.

Man. Of being Chaste, they mean; for they know no other Virtue: and, upon the Credit of that, they trisick in every thing else, that's Vicious: They (even against Nature) keep their Chastity, only because they find

158 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

find they have more Power to do Mischief with it, than they could possibly put in practice without it.

Lady Grace. Hold ! *Mr. Manly* : I am afraid this severe Opinion of the Sex, is owing to the ill Choice you have made of your Mistresses.

Man. In a great Measure, it may be so ; But, Madam, if both these Characters are so odious ; how vastly valuable is that Woman, who has attain'd all they aim at without the Aid of the Folly, or Vice of either ?

Lady Grace. I believe those sort of Women to be as scarce, Sir, as the Men, that believe there are any such ; or that allowing such have Virtue enough to deserve them.

Man. That *could* deserve them then——had been a more favourable Reflection !

Lady Grace. Nay, I speak only from my little Experience : for (I'll be free with you, *Mr. Manly*) I don't know a Man in the World, that in Appearance, might better pretend to a Woman of the first Merit, than yourself : And yet I have a Reason, in my Hand, here, to think you have your Failings.

Man. I have infinite, Madam ; but I am sure, the want of an implicit Respect for you, is not among the Number——pray what is in your Hand, Madam ?

Lady Grace. Nay, Sir, I have no Title to it ; for the Direction is to you. [Gives him a Letter.

Man. To me ! I don't remember the Hand——

[Reads to himself.

Lady Grace. I can't perceive any change of Guilt in him ! and his Surprise seems Natural ! [Aside.]——Give me leave to tell you one thing by the way, *Mr. Manly* ; That I should never have shewn you this, but that my Brother enjoind me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my Lord's good Opinion of me, Madam.

Lady Grace. I hope, at least, it will stand as an Excuse for my taking this Liberty.

Man. I never yet saw you do any thing, Madam, that wanted an Excuse ; and, I hope, you will not give me

an Instance to the contrary, by refusing the Favour I am going to ask.

Lady Grace. I don't believe I shall refuse any, that you think proper to ask.

Man. Only this, Madam, to indulge me so far, as to let me know how this Letter came into your Hands.

Lady Grace. Inclos'd to me, in this without a Name,

Man. If there be no Secret in the Contents, Madam—

Lady Grace. Why——there is an impertinent Insinuation in it: But as I know your good Sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

Man. You'll oblige me, Madam.

[He takes the other Letter and reads.]

Lady Grace. [Aside.] Now am I in the oddest Situation! methinks our Conversation grows terribly Critical! This must produce something:——O lud! would it were over!

Man. Now, Madam, I begin to have some Light into the poor Project that is at the Bottom of all this.

Lady Grace. I have no Notion of what could be proposed by it!

Man. A little Patience, Madam——First, as to the Insinuation you mention——

Lady Grace. O! what is he going to say now! [Aside.]

Man. Tho' my Intimacy with my Lord may have allow'd my Visits to have been very frequent here of late: Yet, in such a talking Town as this, you must not wonder, if a great many of those Visits are plac'd to your Account: And this taken for granted, I suppose has been told to my Lady *Wronghead* as a piece of News, since her Arrival, not improbably without many more imaginary Circumstances.

Lady Grace. My Lady *Wronghead*!

Man. Ay, Madam, for I am positive this is her Hand!

Lady Grace. What View could she have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any Treaty of Marriage, she may have heard I am engag'd in: Because if I die without Heirs, her Family expects that some part of my Estate may return to them again. But, I hope, she is so far mistaken,

163 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

mistaken, that if this Letter has given you the least Uneasiness,——I shall think that the happiest Moment of my Life.

Lady Grace. That does not carry your usual Compliance, Mr. Manly.

Man. Yes, Madam, because I am sure I can convince you of my Innocence.

Lady Grace. I am sure I have no right to inquire into it.

Man. Suppose you may not, Madam; yet you may very innocently have so much Curiosity.

Lady Grace. With what an artful Gentleness he steals into my Opinion? [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the Woman in me, as to want Curiosity——But pray, do you suppose then, this *Myrtilla* is a real, or a fictitious Name?

Man. Now I recollect, Madam, there is a young Woman, in the House, where my Lady Wronghead lodges, that I heard somebody call *Myrtilla*: This Letter may be written by her——but how it came directed to me, I confess is a Mystery; that before I ever presume to see your Ladyship again, I think myself oblig'd, in Honour to find out.

Lady Grace. Mr. Manly——you are not going?

Man. 'Tis but to the next Street, Madam; I shall be back in ten Minutes.

Lady Grace. Nay! but Dinner's just coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat, nor rest, till I see an end of this Affair!

Lady Grace. But this is so odd! why should any silly Curiosity of mine drive you away?

Man. Since you won't suffer it to be yours, Madam, then it shall be only to satisfy my own Curiosity——

Lady Grace. Well——and now, what am I to think of all this? Or suppose an indifferent Person had heard every Word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very absurd to conclude, he is seriously inclined to pass the rest of his Life with me?——I hope not——for I am sure,

sure, the Case is terribly clear on my Side! and why may not I, without Vanity, suppose my——unaccountable somewhat——has done as much Execution upon him?——why——because he never told me so——nay, he has not so much as mentioned the Word Love, or ever said one civil thing to my Person——well——but he has said a thousand to my good Opinion, and has certainly got it——had he spoke first to my Person, he had paid a very ill Compliment to my Understanding——I should have thought him Impertinent, and never have troubled my Head about him; but as he has manag'd the Matter, at least I am sure of one thing; that let his Thoughts be what they will, I shall never trouble my Head about any other Man, as long as I live.

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Well, Mrs. Trusty, is my Sister dress'd yet!

Trusty. Yes, Madam; but my Lord has been courting her so, I think, till they are both out of Humour.

Lady Grace. How so?

Trusty. Why, it begun, Madam; with his Lordship's desiring her Ladyship to dine at home to-day——upon which my Lady said she could not be ready; upon that, my Lord order'd them to stay the Dinner, and then my Lady order'd the Coach; then my Lord took her short, and said, he had order'd the Coachman to set up: Then my Lady made him a great Curt'sy, and said, she would wait 'till his Lordship's Horses had din'd, and was mighty pleasant: But for fear of the worst, Madam, she whisper'd me——to get her Chair ready. [*Exit Trusty.*

Lady Grace. O! here they come; and, by their Looks, seem a little unfit for Company. [*Exit Lady Grace.*

Enter Lady Townly, Lord Townly following.

Lady Town. Well! look you, my Lord; I can bear it no longer! nothing still but about my Faults, my Faults! an agreeable Subject truly!

Lord Town. Why, Madam, if you won't hear of them; how can I ever hope to see you mend them?

Lady Town. Why, I don't intend to mend them—I can't

can't mend them—you know I have try'd to do it an hundred times, and—it hurts me so—I can't bear it!

Lord Town. And I, Madam, can't bear this daily licentious Abuse of your Time and Character.

Lady Town. Abuse! astonishing! when the Universe knows, I am never better Company, than when I am doing what I have a mind to! But to see this World! that Men can never get over that silly Spirit of Contradiction——why but last *Thursday* now——there you wisely amended one of my Faults as you call them——you insisted upon my not going to the Masquerade——and pray, what was the Consequence! was not I as cross as the Devil, all the Night after! was not I forc'd to get Company at home! and was not it almost three o'Clock in the Morning, before I was able to come to myself again? and then the Fault is not mended neither,——for next time, I shall only have twice the Inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but darning an old Ruffle, to make it worse than it was before.

Lord Town. Well, the manner of Womens living, of late, is insupportable; and one way or other——

Lady Town. It's to be mended, I suppose! why so it may; but then, my dear Lord, you must give one Time——and when things are at worst, you know, they may mend themselves! ha! ha!

Lord Town. Madam, I am not in a Humour, now, to trifle.

Lady Town. Why then, my Lord, one Word of fair Argument—to talk with you, your own way now——You complain of my late Hours, and I of your early ones——so far are we even, you'll allow——but pray which gives us the best Figure in the Eye of the polite World? my active, spirited Three in the Morning, or your dull, drowsy eleven at Night? Now, I think One has the Air of a Woman of Quality, and t'other of a plodding Mechanic, that goes to Bed betimes, that he may rise early, to open his Shop!—Faugh!

Lord Town. Fy, fy, Madam! is this your way of Reasoning? 'tis time to wake you then——'tis not your

ill Hours alone, that disturb me, but as often the ill Company, that occasion those ill Hours.

Lady Town. Sure I don't understand you now, my Lord; what ill Company do I keep?

Lord Town. Why, at best, Women that lose their Money, and Men that win it! Or, perhaps, Men that are voluntary Bubbles at one Game, in hopes a Lady will give them fair play at another. Then that unavoidable mixture with known Rakes, conceal'd Thieves, and Sharpers in Embroidery—or what, to me, is still more shocking, that Herd of familiar chattering crop-ear'd Coxcombs, who are so often like Monkeys, there would be no knowing them asunder, but that their Tails hang from their Head, and the Monkey's grows where it should do.

Lady Town. And a Husband must give eminent Proof of his Sense, that thinks their Powder-puffs dangerous.

Lord Town. Their being Fools, Madam, is not always the Husband's Security: Or if it were, Fortune, sometimes, gives them Advantages might make a thinking Woman tremble.

Lady Town. What do you mean!

Lord Town. That Women, sometimes, lose more than they are able to pay; and if a Creditor be a little pressing, the Lady may be reduc'd to try if, instead of Gold, the Gentleman will accept of a Trinket.

Lady Town. My Lord you grow scurrilous; you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know, I keep Company with the politest People in Town, and the Assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Lord Town. So are the Churches—now and then.

Lady Town. My Friends frequent them too, as well as the Assemblies.

Lord Town. Yes, and would do it oftner, if a Groom of the Chambers were there allowed to furnish Cards to the Company.

Lady Town. I see what you drive at all this while; you would lay an Imputation on my Fame, to cover your own Avarice! I might take any Pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

Lord

164 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lord Town. Have a Care, Madam; don't let me think you only value your Chastity, to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else, that's vicious—I, Madam, have a Reputation too, to guard, that's dear to me, as yours—The Follies of an ungovern'd Wife may make the wisest Man uneasy: but 'tis his own Fault, if ever they make him contemptible.

Lady Town. My Lord—you would make a Woman mad!

Lord Town. You'd make a Man a Fool.

Lady Town. If Heav'n has made you otherwise, that won't be in my Power.

Lord Town. Whatever may be in your Inclination, Madam; I'll prevent your making me a Beggar at least.

Lady Town. A Beggar! *Craesus!* I'm out of Patience! I won't come home 'till four to-morrow Morning.

Lord Town. That may be, Madam; but I'll order the Doors to be lock'd at twelve.

Lady Town. Then I won't come home 'till to-morrow Night.

Lord Town. Then, Madam;—You shall never come home again.

[*Exit Lord Townly.*]

Lady Town. What does he mean! I never heard such a Word from him in my Life before! the Man always us'd to have Manners in his worst Humours! there's something, that I don't see, at the Bottom of all this ———but his Head's always upon some impracticable Scheme or other, so I won't trouble mine any longer about him. *Mr. Manly*, your Servant.

Enter Manly.

Man. I ask Pardon for my Intrusion, Madam; but I hope my Business with my Lord will excuse it.

Lady Town. I believe you'll find him in the next Room, Sir.

Man. Will you give me Leave, Madam?

Lady Town. Sir——you have my Leave, tho' you were a Lady.

Man. [*Aside.*] What a well-bred Age do we live in?

[*Exit Manly.*]

Enter

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady Town. O! my dear *Lady Grace*! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady Grace. I thought my Lord had been with you.

Lady Town. Why yes———and therefore I wanted your Relief; for he has been in such a Fluster here——

Lady Grace. Bless me! for what?

Lady Town. Only our usual Breakfast; we have each of us had our Dish of Matrimonial Comfort, this Morning! we have been charming Company!

Lady Grace. I am mighty glad of it! sure it must be a vast Happiness, when a Man and a Wife can give themselves the same turn of Conversation!

Lady Town. O! the prettiest thing in the World!

Lady Grace. Now I should be afraid, that where two People are every Day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady Town. O my Dear, you are the most mistaken in the World! married People have things to talk of, Child, that never enter into the Imagination of others. ————Why, here's my Lord and I now, we have not been married above two short Years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in Bank, that whenever we want Company, we can take up any one of them for two Hours together, and the Subject never the flatter; nay, if we have Occasion for it, it will be as fresh next Day too, as it was the first Hour it entertain'd us.

Lady Grace. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady Town. O! there's no Life like it! why t'other Day for Example, when you din'd abroad; my Lord and I, after a pretty chearful *tête à tête* Meal, sat us down by the Fire-side, in an easy indolent, pick-tooth Way, for about a Quarter of an Hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the Room———at last, stretching himself, and yawning——My Dear, says he, ———aw———you came home very late last Night —'Twas but just turn'd of Two, says I—I was in bed ———aw———by Eleven, says he; so you are every Night, says I—Well, says he, I am amazed, you can sit up so late——

late—How can you be amaz'd, says I, at a Thing that happens so often?—upon which we enter'd into a Conversation——and tho' this is a Point has entertain'd us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new Things to say upon it, that I believe in my Soul, it will last as long as we live.

Lady Grace. But pray! in such sort of Family Dialogues (tho' extremely well for passing the Time) don't there, now and then, enter some little witty sort of Bitterness?

Lady Town. O yes! which does not do amiss at all! A smart Repartee, with a Zest of Recrimination at the Head of it, makes the prettiest Sherbet; Ay, ay! if we did not mix a little of the Acid with it, a matrimonial Society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish Prude would be able to bear it.

Lady Grace. Well,——certainly you have the most elegant Taste—

Lady Town. Tho' to tell you the Truth, my Dear, I rather think we squeez'd a little too much Lemon into it, this Bout; for it grew so sour at last, that—I think——I almost told him, he was a Fool——and he again——talk'd something odly of——turning me out of Doors.

Lady Grace. O! have a care of that!

Lady Town. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wife Father for that—

Lady Grace. How so?

Lady Town. Why——when my good Lord first open'd his honourable Trenches before me, my unaccountable Papa, in whose Hands I then was, gave me up at Discretion.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Lady Town. He said, the Wives of this Age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own Daughter should be trusted with Pin-money; so that my whole Train of separate Inclinations are left entirely at the Mercy of an Husband's odd Humours.

Lady Grace. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a Woman of Spirit look about her!

Lady

Lady Town. Nay, but to be serious, my Dear; what would you really have a Woman do in my Case?

Lady Grace. Why—if I had a sober Husband as you have; I would make myself the happiest Wife in the World, by being as sober as he.

Lady Town. O! you wicked Thing! how can you teize one at this rate? when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me Money) there is not one thing in the World he can do to please me! And I at the same time, partly by Nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best Company, do with my Soul love almost every thing he hates! I doat upon Assemblies! my Heart bounds at a Ball; and at an Opera—I expire! then I love Play to Distraction! Cards inchant me! and Dice—put me out of my little Wits! Dear! dear Hazard! oh! what a Flow of Spirits it gives one! Do you never play at Hazard, Child?

Lady Grace. Oh! never! I don't think it fits well upon Women; there's something so masculine, so much the Air of a Rake in it! you see how it makes the Men swear and curse! and when a Woman is thrown into the same Passion—why—

Lady Town. That's very true! one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same Words to express it.

Lady Grace. Well—and, upon ill Luck, pray what Words are you really forc'd to make use of?

Lady Town. Why upon a very hard Case, indeed, when a sad wrong Word is rising, just to one's Tongue's End, I give a great Gulp—and swallow it.

Lady Grace. Well—and is not that enough to make you forswear play, as long as you live?

Lady Town. O yes! I have forsworn it.

Lady Grace. Seriously?

Lady Town. Solemnly! a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady Grace. And how can you answer that?

Lady Town. My Dear, what we say, when we are Losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a Lover's Oath, or a Great Man's Promise. But I beg pardon,

168 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

don, Child; I should not lead you so far into the World; you are a Prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady Grace. Why, I confess my Nature, and my Education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

Lady Town. Well! how a Woman of Spirit, (for you don't want that, Child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable! for you will marry, I suppose.

Lady Grace. I can't tell but I may.

Lady Town. And won't you live in Town?

Lady Grace. Half the Year, I should like it very well.

Lady Town. My Stars! and you would really live in London half the Year to be sober in it?

Lady Grace. Why not?

Lady Town. Why can't you as well go, and be sober in the Country?

Lady Grace. So I would——t'other half Year.

Lady Town. And pray, what comfortable Scheme of Life would you form now, for your Summer and Winter sober Entertainments?

Lady Grace. A Scheme, that I think might very well content us.

Lady Town. O! of all things let's hear it.

Lady Grace. Why, in Summer, I could pass my leisure Hours in Riding, in Reading, walking by a Canal, or sitting at the End of it under a great Tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable Friend, perhaps, hearing a little Music, taking a Dish of Tea, or a Game of Cards, soberly! Managing my Family, looking into its Accounts, playing with my Children (if I had any) or in a thousand other innocent Amusements——soberly! and possibly, by these means, I might induce my Husband to be as sober as myself——

Lady Town. Well, my Dear, thou art an astonishing Creature! For sure such primitive antediluvian Notions of Life, have not been in any Head these thousand Years——Under a great Tree! O my Soul!——But I beg we may have the sober Town-scheme too——for I am charm'd with the Country one!——

Lady Grace. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my Sobriety there too.

Lady

A JOURNEY TO LONDON. 169

Lady Town. Well, tho' I'm sure it will give me the Vapours, I must hear it however.

Lady Grace. Why then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I will first so far come into the Fashion, that I would never be dress'd out of it——but still it should be soberly. For I can't think it any Disgrace to a Woman of my private Fortune, not to wear her Lace as fine as the Wedding-suit of a first Dutchess. Tho' there is one Extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady Town. Ay, now for it——

Lady Grace. I would every Day be as clean as a Bride.

Lady Town. Why the Men say, that's a great Step to be made one——Well, now you are dress'd——pray let's see to what Purpose?

Lady Grace. I would visit——that is, my real Friends; but as little for Form as possible.——I would go to Court; sometimes to an Assembly, nay, play at *Quadrille*——soberly: I would see all the good Plays; and, (because 'tis the Fashion) now and then an Opera——but I would not Expire there, for fear I should never go again: And lastly, I can't say, but for Curiosity, if I lik'd my Company, I might be drawn in once to a Masquerade! And this, I think, is as far as any Woman can go——soberly.

Lady Town. Well! if it had not been for that last Piece of Sobriety, I was just going to call for some Surfeit-water.

Lady Grace. Why, don't you think, with the farther Aid of Breakfasting, Dining, taking the Air, Supping, Sleeping, not to say a Word of Devotion, the four and twenty Hours might roll over in a tolerable Manner?

Lady Town. Tolerable? Deplorable! Why, Child, all you propose, is but to endure Life, now I want to Enjoy it——

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Trusty. Madam, your Ladyship's Chair is ready.

Lady Town. Have the Footmen their white Flanbeaux yet? For last Night I was poison'd.

170 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Truf. Yes, Madam: there were some come in this Morning. [Exit *Truffy*.]

Lady Town. My Dear, you will excuse me; but you know my Time is so precious——

Lady Grace. That I beg I may not hinder your least Enjoyment of it.

Lady Town. You will call on me at *Lady Revel's*?

Lady Grace. Certainly.

Lady Town. But I am so afraid it will break into your Scheme, my Dear!

Lady Grace. When it does, I will——soberly break from you.

Lady Town. Why then, 'till we meet again, dear Sister, I wish you all tolerable Happiness. [Exit *Lady Town*.]

Lady Grace. There she goes—Dash! into a Stream of Pleasures! poor Woman! she is really a fine Creature! and sometimes infinitely agreeable! nay, take her out of the madness of this Town, rational in her Notions, and easy to live with: But she is so borne down by this Torrent of Vanity in vogue, she thinks every Hour of her Life is lost that she does not lead at the Head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine!——Ha! my Brother, and *Manly* with him! I guess what they have been talking of——I shall hear it in my turn, I suppose, but it won't become me to be inquisitive. [Exit *Lady Grace*.]

Enter Lord Townly and Manly.

Lord Town. I did not think my *Lady Wronghead* had such a notable Brain: Tho' I can't say she was very wise, in trusting this silly Girl you call *Myrtilla*, with the Secret.

Man. No, my Lord, you mistake me, had the Girl been in the Secret, perhaps I had never come at it myself.

Lord Town. Why I thought you said the Girl writ this Letter to you, and that my *Lady Wronghead* sent it inclos'd to my Sister?

Man. If you please to give me Leave, my Lord——the Fact is thus——This inclos'd Letter to *Lady Grace* was a real Original one, written by this Girl to the Count

Count we have been talking of: The Count drops it, and my Lady *Wronghead* finds it: Then only changing the Cover, she seals it up as a Letter of Business, just written by herself, to me: And pretending to be in a Hurry, gets this innocent Girl to write the Direction, for her.

Lord *Town*. Oh! then the Girl did not know she was superscribing a Billet-doux of her own to you?

Man. No, my Lord; for when I first question'd her about the Direction, she own'd it immediately: But when I shew'd her that her Letter to the Count was within it, and told her how it came into my Hands, the poor Creature was amaz'd, and thought herself betray'd both by the Count and my Lady—in short, upon this Discovery the Girl and I grew so gracious, that she has let me into some Transactions, in my Lady *Wronghead*'s Family, which, with my having a careful Eye over them, may prevent the Ruin of it.

Lord *Town*. You are very generous to be so solicitous for a Lady that has given you so much Uneasiness.

Man. But I will be most unmercifully reveng'd of her: for I will do her the greatest Friendship in the World—against her Will.

Lord *Town*. What an uncommon Philosophy art thou Master of? to make even thy Malice a Virtue!

Man. Yet, my Lord, I assure you, there is no one Action of my Life gives me more Pleasure than your Approbation of it.

Lord *Town*. Dear *Charles*! my Heart's impatient 'till thou art nearer to me: And as a Proof that I have long wish'd thee so: While your daily Conduct has chosen rather to deserve than ask my Sister's Favour; I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your Merit: And since on this Occasion you have open'd your whole Heart to me, 'tis now with equal Pleasure, I assure you, we have both succeeded——she is as firmly yours——

Man. Impossible! you flatter me!

Lord *Town*. I'm glad you think it Flattery: But she herself shall prove it none: She dines with us alone:

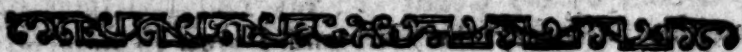
172. *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

When the Servants are withdrawn, I'll open a Conversation, that shall excuse my leaving you together—O! Charles! had I, like thee, been cautious in my Choice, what melancholy Hours had this Heart avoided!

Man. No more of that, I beg, my Lord—

Lord Town. But 'twill, at least, be some Relief to my Anxiety (however barren of Content the State has been to me) to see so near a Friend and Sister happy in it: Your Harmony of Life will be an Instance how much the Choice of Temper is preferable to Beauty,

*While your soft Hours in mutual Kindness move,
You'll reach by Virtue what I lost by Love.* [Exeunt.



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Mrs. Motherly's House.*

Enter Mrs. Motherly, meeting Myrtilla.

Moth. SO! Niece! where is it possible you can have been these six Hours?

Myr. O! Madam! I have such a terrible Story to tell you!

Moth. A Story! Ods my Life! What have you done with the Count's Note of five hundred Pound, I sent you about? is it safe? is it good? is it Security?

Myr. Yes, yes, it is safe: But for its Goodness—Mercy on us! I have been in a fair Way to be hang'd about it?

Moth. The dickens! has the Rogue of a Count play'd us another Trick then?

Myr. You shall hear, Madam; when I came to Mr. *Cash*, the Banker's, and shewed him his Note for five hundred Pounds, payable to the Count, or Order, in two Months—he look'd earnestly upon it, and desired me to step into the inner Room, while he examin'd his Books—

Books——after I had staid about ten Minutes, he came in to me——claps to the Door, and charges me with a Constable for Forgery.

Moth. Ah poor Soul! and how didst thou get off?

Myr. While I was ready to sink in this Condition, I begg'd him to have a little Patience, 'till I could send for Mr. *Manly*, whom he knew to be a Gentleman of Worth and Honour, and who, I was sure, would convince him, whatever Fraud might be in the Note, that I was myself an innocent abus'd Woman——and as good Luck would have it, in less than half an Hour Mr. *Manly* came——so, without mincing the Matter, I fairly told him upon what Design the Count had lodg'd that Note in your Hands, and in short, laid open the whole Scheme he had drawn us into, to make our Fortune.

Moth. The Devil you did!

Myr. Why how do you think it was possible I could any otherways make Mr. *Manly* my Friend, to help me out of this Scrape I was in? To conclude, he soon made Mr. *Cash* easy, and sent away the Constable; nay, farther he promis'd me, if I would trust the Note in his Hands, he would take care it should be fully paid before it was due, and at the same time would give me an ample Revenge upon the Count; so that all you have to consider now, Madam, is, whether you think yourself safer in the Count's Hands, or Mr. *Manly*'s.

Moth. Nay, nay, Child; there is no Choice in the matter! Mr. *Manly* may be a Friend indeed, if any thing in our Power can make him so.

Myr. Well, Madam, and now pray, how stand Matters at home, here? What has the Count done with the Ladies?

Moth. Why every thing he has a mind to do, by this time, I suppose. He is in as high Favour with Miss, as he is with my Lady.

Myr. Pray, where are Ladies?

Moth. Rattling abroad in their own Coach, and the well-bred Count along with them: They have been scouring all the Shops in Town over, buying fine things
and

174 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

and new Clothes from Morning to Night: They have made one Voyage already, and have brought home such a Cargo of Bawbles and Trumpery——Mercy on the poor Man that's to pay for them!

Myr. Did not the young Squire go with them!

Moth. No, no; Miss said, truly he would but disgrace their Party: so they even left him asleep by the Kitchen Fire.

Myr. Has not he asked after me all this while? For I had a sort of an Assignment with him.

Moth. O yes! he has been in a bitter Taking about it. At last his Disappointment grew so uneasy, that he fairly fell a crying; so to quiet him, I sent one of the Maids and *John Moody* abroad with him to shew him—the Lions and the Monument. Ods me! there he is, just come home again—you may have Business with him——so I'll even turn you together. [Exit.

Enter Squire Richard.]

Squ. Rich. Soah! soah! Mrs. *Myrtille*, where han yow been aw this Day, forsooth?

Myr. Nay, if you go to that, Squire, where have you been, pray?

Squ. Rich. Why, when I fun' at yow were no loikly to come whoam, I were ready to hong my Sel——so *John Moody*, and I, and one o' your Lasses have been——Lord knows where——a seeing o' the Soights.

Myr. Well, and pray what have you seen, Sir?

Squ. Rich. Fleth! I cawnt tell, not I——seen every thing I think. First there we went o' top o' the what d'ye call it? there, the great huge stone Post, up the rawnd and rawnd Stairs, that twine and twine about, just an as thof it was a Cork Scrue.

Myr. O, the Monument! well, and was it not a fine Sight from the Top of it?

Squ. Rich. Sight, Miss! I know no'——I saw nought but Smoak and brick Housen, and Steeple Tops——then there was such a mortal Ting-tang of Bells, and Rumbling of Carts and Coaches, and then the Folks under one look'd so small, and made such a Hum, and

a Buz, it put me in mind of my Mother's great glass Bee-hive in our Garden in the Country.

Myr. I think, Master, you give a very good Account of it.

Squ. Rich. Ay! but I did no' like it: for my Head—my Head—began to turn—so I trundled me dawn Stairs agen like a round Trencher.

Myr. Well! but this was not all you saw, I suppose?

Squ. Rich. Noa! noa! we went after that, and saw the Lions, and I lik'd them better by hawlf; they are pure grim Devils; hoh, hoh! I touke a Stick, and gave one of them such a Poke o' the Noase—I believe he would ha' snapt my Head off, an he could ha' got me. Hoh! hoh! hoh!

Myr. Well, Master, when you and I go abroad, I'll shew you prettier Sights than these—there's a Masquerade to-morrow.

Squ. Rich. O Laud! ay! they say that's a pure thing for *Merry Andrews*, and those sort of comical Mummings—and the Count tells me, that there Lads and Lasses may jig their Tails, and eat, and drink, without grudging, all Night-long.

Myr. What would you say now, if I should get you a Ticket, and go along with you?

Squ. Rich. Ah dear!

Myr. But have a care, Squire, the fine Ladies there are terribly tempting; look well to your Heart, or ads me! they'll whip it up in the Trip of a Minute.

Squ. Rich. Ay, but they cawnt thoa—soa let 'um look to themselves, an' ony of 'um falls in love with me—mayhap they had as good be quiet.

Myr. Why sure you would not refuse a fine Lady, would you?

Squ. Rich. Ay, but I would tho' unless it were—one at I know of.

Myr. Oh! oh! then you have left your Heart in the Country, I find?

Squ. Rich. Noa, noa, my Heart——ch——my Heart e'nt awt o' this Room.

Myr. I am glad you have it about you, however.

176 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Squ. Rich. Nay, mayhap not for noother, somebody else may have it, 'at you little think of.

Myr. I can't imagine what you mean!

Squ. Rich. Noa! why doan't you know how many Folks there is in this Room, naw?

Myr. Very fine, Master, I see you have learnt the Town Gallantry already.

Squ. Rich. Why doan't you believe 'at I have a Kindness for you then?

Myr. Ey! fy! Master, how you talk! beside you are too young to think of a Wife.

Squ. Rich. Ay! but I caunt help thinking o' yow, for all that.

Myr. How! why surp, Sir, you don't pretend to think of me in a dishonourable way?

Squ. Rich. Nay, that's as you see good—I did no' think 'at you would ha' thought of me for a Husband, mayhap; unless I had Means, in my own Hands; and Feyther allows me but haulf a Crown a Week, as yet a while.

Myr. Oh! when I like any Body, 'tis not want of Money will make me refuse them.

Squ. Rich. Well, that's just my mind now; for an I like a Girl, Miss, I would take her in her Smuck.

Myr. Ay, Master, now you speak like a Man of Honour: This shews something of a true Heart in you.

Squ. Rich. Ay, and a true Heart you'll find me; try when you will.

Myr. Hush! hush! here's your Papa come home and my Aunt with him.

Squ. Rich. A Devil rive 'em, what do they come naw for?

Myr. When you and I get to the Masquerade, you shall see what I'll say to you.

Squ. Rich. Well, Hands upon't then——

Myr. There——

Squ. Rich. One Buss, and a Bargain. [*Kisses her.*
Ads waunstlikins! as soft and plump as a Marrow-Pudding. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Sir Francis Wronghead and Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. What! my Wife and Daughter abroad, say you?
Motherly.

Moth. O dear Sir, they have been mighty busy all the Day long; they just came home to snap up a short Dinner, and so went out again.

Sir Fran. Well, well, I shan't stay Supper for 'em I can tell 'em that: For Ods-heart! I have had nothing in me, but a Toast and Tankard, since Morning.

Moth. I am afraid, Sir, these late Parliament Hours won't agree with you.

Sir Fran. Why, truly, Mrs. *Motherly*, they don't do right with us Country Gentlemen; to lose one Meal out of three, is a hard Tax upon a good Stomach.

Moth. It is so indeed, Sir.

Sir Fran. But, hawsomever, Mrs. *Motherly*, when we consider, that what we suffer is for the Good of our Country—

Moth. Why truly, Sir, that is something.

Sir Fran. Oh! there's a great deal to be said for't—the Good of ones Country is above all Things——A true hearted *Enlishman* thinks nothing too much for it——I have heard of some honest Gentlemen so very zealous, that for the good of their Country——they would sometimes go to Dinner at Midnight.

Moth. O! the Goodness of 'em! sure their Country must have a vast Esteem for them?

Sir Fran. So they have, Mrs. *Motherly*; they are so respected when they come home to their Boroughs after a Session, and so belov'd——that their Country will come and dine with them every Day in the Week.

Moth. Dear me! What a fine thing 'tis to be so populous?

Sir Fran. It is a great Comfort, indeed! and I can assure you, you are a good sensible Woman, Mrs. *Motherly*.

Moth. O, dear Sir, your Honour's pleas'd to Compliment.

Sir Fran. No, no, I see you know how to value People of Consequence.

Moth. Good lack! here's Company, Sir; will you give me leave to get you a little something 'till the Ladies come home, Sir?

Sir Fran. Why troth, I don't think it would be amiss.

178 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Moth. It shall be done in Moment, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter Manly.

Man. Sir *Francis*, your Servant.

Sir Fran. Cousin *Manly*.

Man. I am come to see how the Family goes on here.

Sir Fran. Troth! all as busy as Bees; I have been upon the Wing ever since Eight o'clock this Morning.

Man. By your early Hour, then, I suppose you have been making your Court to some of the Great Men.

Sir Fran. Why, faith! you have hit it, Sir—— I was advis'd to lose no Time: So I e'en went straight forward, to one great Man I had never seen in my Life before.

Man. Right! that was doing Business: But who had you got to introduce you?

Sir Fran. Why, no Body——I remember'd I had heard a wise Man say—My Son, be bold——so troth! I introduc'd myself.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir Fran. Why, thus——Look ye——Please your Lordship, says I, I am Sir *Francis Wronghead* of, *Bumper-Hall*, and Member of Parliament for the Borough of *Guzzledown*——Sir, your humble Servant, says my Lord; thof' I have not the Honour to know your Person, I have heard you are a very honest Gentleman, and I am glad your Borough has made choice of so worthy a Representative; and so, says he, Sir *Francis*, have you any Service to command me? Naw, Cousin! those last Words, you may be sure gave me no small Encouragement. And thof' I know, Sir, you have no extraordinary Opinion of my Parts, yet I believe, you won't say I mist it naw!

Man. Well, I hope I shall have no Cause.

Sir Fran. So when I found him so courteous——My Lord, says I, I did not think to ha' troubled your Lordship with Business upon my first Visit: But since your Lordship is pleas'd not to stand upon Ceremony——why truly, says I, I think naw is as good as another Time.

Man. Right! there you push'd him home.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouth'd ones.

Man. Very good!

Sir Fran. So, in short, my Lord, says I, I have a good Estate—but—a—its a little awt at Elbows: and as I desire to serve my King, as well as my Country, I shall be very willing to accept of a Place at Court.

Man. So, this was making short Work on't.

Sir Fran. I'cod! I shot him flying, Cousin: Some of your Haulf-witted Ones naw, would ha' humm'd and haw'd, and dangled a Month or two after him, before they durst open their Mouths about a Place, and mayhap, not ha' got it at last neither.

Man. Oh! I am glad you're so sure on't——

Sir Fran. You shall hear, Cousin——*Sir Francis*, says my Lord, pray what sort of a Place, may you ha' turn'd your Thoughts upon? My Lord, says I, Beggars must not be Chusers; but ony Place, says I, about a thousand a Year, will be well enough to be doing with 'till something better falls in——for I thought it would not look well to stond haggling with him at first.

Man. No, no, your Business was to get Footing any way.

Sir Fran. Right! there's it! ay Cousin, I see you know the World!

Man. Yes, yes, one sees more of it every Day——well! but what said my Lord to all this?

Sir Fran. *Sir Francis*, says he, I shall be glad to serve you any way, that lies in my Power; so he gave me a Squeeze by the Flond, as much as to say, Give yourself no Trouble——I'll do your Business; with that he turn'd him abawt to somebody with a colour'd Ribbon across here, that look'd in my Thowghts, as if he came for a Place too.

Man. Ha! so, upon these Hopes, you are to make your Fortune!

Sir Fran. Why, do you think there's ony Doubt of it, Sir?

Man. Oh no, I have not the least Doubt about it——
for

180 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

for just as you have done, I made my Fortune ten Years ago.

Sir Fran. Why, I never knew you had a Place, Cousin.

Man. Nor I neither upon my Faith, Cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better Fortune: For I suppose my Lord has heard of what Importance you were in the Debate to-day—You have been since down at the House, I presume!

Sir Fran. O yes! I would not neglect the House, for ever so much.

Man. Well, and pray what have they done there?

Sir Fran. Why, troth! I can't well tell you, what they have done, but I can tell you what I did: and I think pretty well in the main; only I happen'd to make a little Mistake at last, indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir Fran. Why, they were all got there, into a sort of a puzzling Debate, about the good of the Nation—and I were always for that, you know—but in short, the Arguments were so long-winded o'both sides, that, waunds! I did no well understand 'um: Haw-somever, I was convinc'd, and so resolv'd to vote right, according to my Conscience—so when they came to put the Question, as they call it,—I don't know how 'twas—but I doubt I cry'd Ay! when I should ha' cry'd No!

Man. How came that about?

Sir Fran. Why, by a Mistake, as I tell you—for there was a good-humour'd sort of a Gentleman, one *Mr. Tother-side* I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cry'd Ay! gives me a hearty shake by the Hand! Sir, says he, you are a Man of Honour, and a true *Englishman*! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you—and so with that, he takes me by the Sleeve, along with the Crowd into the Lobby—so, I knew nowght—but Ods-flesh! I was got o'the wrong side the Post—for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

Man. And so, if you had not quite made your For-
tune

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 187

tune before, you have clench'd it now! — Ah! thou Head of the *Wrongheads*. [Aside.]

Sir Fran. Odsso! here's my Lady come home at last — I hope, Cousin, you will be so kind, as to take a Family Supper with us?

Man. Another time, Sir Francis; but to-night, I am engag'd!

Enter Lady Wronghead, Miss Jenny, and Count Basset.

Lady *Wrang*. Cousin! your Servant; I hope you will pardon my Rudeness: But we have really been in such a continual Hurry here, that we have not had a leisure Moment to return your last Visit.

Man. O Madam! I am a Man of no Ceremony; you see that has not hinder'd my coming again.

Lady *Wrang*. You are infinitely obliging: but I'll redeem my Credit with you.

Man. At your own time, Madam.

Count *Bas*. I must say that for Mr. *Manly*, Madam; if making People easy is the Rule of Good-Breeding, he is certainly the best-bred Man in the World.

Man. Soh! I am not to drop my Acquaintance, I find—[Aside.] I am afraid, Sir, I shall grow vain upon your good Opinion.

Count *Bas*. I don't know that, Sir; but I am sure, what you are pleas'd to say, makes me so.

Man. The most impudent Modesty that ever I met with.

Lady *Wrang*. Lord! how ready his Wit is? [Aside.]

Sir Fran. Don't you think, Sir, the Count's a very fine Gentleman?

Man. O! among the Ladies, certainly.

Sir Fran. And yet he's as stout as a Lion: Waund, he'll storm any thing. } *Apart.*

Man. Will he so? Why then, Sir, take care of your Citadel.

Sir Fran. Ah! you are a Wag, Cousin.

Man. I hope, Ladies, the Town Air continues to agree with you?

Jenny. O! perfectly well, Sir! We have been abroad in our new Coach all Day long—and we have bought an

182 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

an Ocean of fine Things. And to-morrow we go to the Masquerade! and on *Friday* to the Play! and on *Saturday* to the Opera! and on *Sunday*, we are to be at the what-d'ye call it—Assembly, and see the Ladies play at Quadrille, at Piquet and Ombre, and Hazard! and Basset! and on *Monday*, we are to see the King! and so on *Tuesday*——

Lady Wrong. Hold, hold, Miss! you must not let your Tongue run so fast, Child—you forget! you know I brought you hither to learn Modesty.

Man. Yes, yes! and she is improv'd with a Vengeance—— [*Aside.*]

Jenny. Lawrd! Mama, I am sure I did not say any harm! and if one must not speak in ones Turn, one may be kept under as long as one lives, for ought I see.

Lady Wrong. O' my Conscience, this Girl grows so Headstrong——

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, there's your fine growing Spirit for you! Now tack it down, an' you can.

Jenny. All I said, Papa, was only to entertain my Cousin Manly.

Man. My pretty Dear, I am mightily oblig'd to you.

Jenny. Look you there now, Madam.

Lady Wrong. Hold your Tongue, I say.

Jenny. [*Turning away and glowing.*] I declare it, I won't bear it, she is always snubbing me before you, Sir!—I know why she does it, well enough——

[*Aside to the Count.*]

Count Bas. Hush! hush, my Dear! don't be uneasy at that! she'll suspect us. [*Aside.*]

Jenny. Let her suspect, what do I care—I don't know, but I have as much Reason to suspect, as she—tho' perhaps I'm not so 'afraid of her.

Count Bas. [*Aside.*] I gad, if I don't keep a tight Hand on my Tit, here, she'll run away with my Project before I can bring it to bear.

Lady Wrong. [*Aside.*] Perpetually hanging upon him! The young Harlot is certainly in love with him; but I must not let them see I think so——and yet I can't bear

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 183

bear it: Upon my Life, Count, you'll spoil that forward Girl—you should not encourage her so.

Count *Baf.* Pardon me, Madam, I was only advising her to observe what your Ladyship said to her.

Man. Yes, truly, her Observations have been something particular. [Aside.]

Count *Baf.* In one Word, Madam, she has a Jealousy of your Ladyship, and I am forc'd to encourage her, to blind it; 'twill be better to take no Notice of her Behaviour to me.

Lady *Wrong.* You are right, I will be more cautious. } Apart.

Count *Baf.* To-morrow at the Masquerade, we may lose her.

Lady *Wrong.* We shall be observ'd. I'll send you a Note, and settle that Affair—go on with the Girl, and don't mind me.

Count *Baf.* I have been taking your Part, my little Angel.

Lady *Wrong.* *Jenny!* come hither Child—you must not be so hasty, my Dear—I only advise you for your good.

Jenny. Yes, Mama; but when I am told of a thing before Company, it always makes me worse, you know.

Man. If I have any skill in the fair Sex; Miss, and her Mama, have only quarrel'd, because they are both of a Mind. This facetious Count seems to have made a very genteel Step into the Family. [Aside.]

Enter Myrtila. [Manly talks apart with her.]

Lady *Wrong.* Well, Sir Francis, and what News have you brought us from *Westminster*, to-day?

Sir *Fran.* News, Madam? I'cod! I have some—and such as does not come every Day, I can tell you—a word in your Ear—I have got a Promise of a Place at Court of a thousand Pawnd a Year already.

Lady *Wrong.* Have you so, Sir? And pray who may you thank for't? Now! who's in the right? Is not this better than throwing so much away, after a stinking Pack of Fox-hounds, in the Country? Now your Family may be the better for it!

Sir *Fran.* Nay! that's what persuaded me to come up, my Dove. Lady

184 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Wrang. Mighty well—come—let me have another hundred Pound then.

Sir Fran. Another! Child? Waunds! you have had one hundred this Morning, pray what's become of that, my Dear?

Lady Wrang. What's become of it? why I'll shew you, my Love! *Jenny!* have you the Bills about you?

Jenny. Yes, Mama.

Lady Wrang. What's become of it? why laid out, my Dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forc'd to borrow of the Count here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, Papa, and that would hardly do neither—There's the Account.

Sir Fran. [*Turning over the Bills.*] Let's see! let's see! what the Devil have we got here?

Man. Then you have founded your Aunt you say, and she readily comes into all I propos'd to you?

Myr. Sir, I'll answer, with my Life, she is most thankfully yours in every Article: She mightily desires to see you, Sir.

Man. I am going home, directly: Bring her to my House in half an Hour; and if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your Account in it.

Myr. Sir, she shall not fail you.

Sir Fran. Ods-life! Madam, here's nothing but Toys and Trinkets, and Fans, and Clock-Stockings, by wholesale.

Lady Wrang. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your Credit, *Sir Francis*,—Nay, you see I am so good a Housewife, that in Necessaries for myself, I have scarce laid out a Shilling.

Sir Fran. No, by my troth, so it seems; for the Devil o' one thing's here, that I can see you have any occasion for!

Lady Wrang. My Dear! do you think I came hither to live out of the Fashion? why, the greatest Distinction of a fine Lady in this Town is in the variety of pretty Things that she has no Occasion for.

Jenny.

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 185

Jenny. Sure, Papa, could you imagine, that Women of Quality wanted nothing but Stays and Petticoats?

Lady Wrong. Now, that is so so like him!

Man. So! the Family comes on finely. [Aside.

Lady Wrong. Lard, if Men were always to govern, what Dowdies would they reduce their Wives to!

Sir Fran. An hundred Pound in the Morning, and want another afore Night! Waunds and Fire! the Lord Mayor of London could not hold it at this rate!

Man. O! do you feel it, Sir? [Aside.

Lady Wrong. My Dear, you seem uneasy; let me have the hundred Pound, and compose yourself,

Sir Fran. Compose the Devil, Madam! why, do you consider what a hundred Pound a Day comes to in a Year?

Lady Wrong. My Life, if I account with you from one Day to another, that's really all my Head is able to bear at a time—But I'll tell you what I consider—I consider that my Advice has got you a thousand Pound a Year this Morning—That now methinks you might consider, Sir.

Sir Fran. A thousand a Year? Wounds, Madam, but I have not touch'd a Penny of it yet!

Man. Nor ever will, I'll answer for him. [Aside.

Enter Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the Meat will be coal'd: and I'd fain pick a bit with you.

Lady Wrong. Bless me, Sir Francis! you are not going to sup by yourself!

Sir Fran. No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the Matter, Madam.

Lady Wrong. Had not you as good stay a little, my Dear? we shall all eat in half an Hour; and I was thinking to ask my Cousin *Manly* to take a Family Mossel with us.

Sir Fran. Nay, for my Cousin's good Company, I don't care if I ride a Day's Journey without Baiting.

Man. By no means, Sir Francis. I am going upon a little Business.

Sir Fran. Well, Sir, I know you don't love Compliments.

Man. You'll excuse me, Madam—

Lady

186 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Wrong. Since you have Business, Sir——

[*Exit Manly.*]

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

O, *Mrs. Motherly*! you were saying this Morning, you had some very fine Lace to shew me——can't I see it now?

[*Sir Francis flares.*]

Moth. Why, really Madam, I had made a sort of a Promise to let the Countess of *Nicely* have the first Sight of it for the Birth-day: But your Ladyship——

Lady Wrong. O! I die if I don't see it before her.

Squ. Rich. Woan't you goa, Feyther?

Sir Fran. Waunds! Lad, I shall ha' noa } [*Apart.*
Stomach at this Rate!

Moth. Well, Madam, though I say it, 'tis the sweetest Pattern that ever came over——and for Fineness——no Cobweb comes up to it!

Sir Fran. Ods Guts and Gizard, Madam! Lace as fine as a Cobweb! why, what the Devil's that to cost now?

Moth. Nay, if *Sir Francis* does not like of it, Madam——

Lady Wrong. He like it! Dear *Mrs. Motherly*, he is not to wear it.

Sir Fran. Flesh, Madam, but I suppose I am to pay for it.

Lady Wrong. No doubt on't! Think of your thousand a Year, and who got it you, go! eat your Dinner, and be thankful, go. [*Driving him to the Door.*] Come, *Mrs. Motherly*. [*Exit Lady Wronghead, with Mrs. Motherly.*]

Sir Fran. Very fine! so here I mun fast, 'till I am almost famish'd for the Good of my Country; while Madam is laying me out an hundred Pound a Day in Lace, as fine as a Cobweb, for the Honour of my Family! Ods-flesh! things had need go well at this rate!

Squ. Rich. Nay, nay——come, Feyther.

[*Exit Sir Francis.*]

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Madam, my Lady desires you and the Count will please to come and assist her Fancy in some of the new Laces.

Count

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 187

Count *Baf.* We'll wait upon her—[*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Jenny So! I told you how it was! you see she can't bear to leave us together.

Count *Baf.* No matter, my Dear: You know she has ask'd me to stay Supper: So, when your Papa and she are a-bed, Mrs. *Myrtilla* will let me into the House again; then you may steal into her Chamber, and we'll have a pretty Sneaker of Punch together.

Myr. Ay, ay, Madam, you may command me any thing.

Jenny. Well! that will be pure!

Count *Baf.* But you had best go to her alone, my Life, it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, so it will: And to-morrow you know at the Masquerade. And then!—

O H, I'll have a Husband! ay, marry;

For why should I longer tarry,

For why should I longer tarry

Than other brisk Girls have done?

For if I stay, 'till I grow gray,

They'll call me old Maid, and fussy old jade;

So I'll no longer tarry;

But I'll have a Husband, ay, marry,

If Money can buy me One.

My Mother she says I'm too coming;

And still in my Ears she is drumming,

And still in my Ears she is drumming,

That I such vain Thoughts shou'd shun.

My Sisters they cry, Oh fy! and Oh fy!

But yet I can see, they're as coming as me;

So let me have Husbands in plenty:

I'd rather have twenty times twenty,

Than die an old Maid undone. [*Exit singing.*]

Myr. So, Sir! am not I very *commode* to you?

Count *Baf.* Well, Child! and don't you find your Account in it? did not I tell you we might still be of use to one another.

Myr. Well, but how stands your Affair with Miss, in the main?

Count

188 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Count *Baf.* O she's mad for the Masquerade! it drives like a Nail, we want nothing now but a Parson, to clinch it. Did not your Aunt say she could get one at a short Warning.

Myr. Yes, yes, my Lord *Townly's* Chaplain is her Cousin you know; he'll do your Business and mine, at the same time.

Count *Baf.* O! it's true! but where shall we appoint him?

Myr. Why, you know my Lady *Townly's* House is always open to the Masques upon a Ball-night, before they go to the *Haymarket*.

Count *Baf.* Good.

Myr. Now the Doctor purposes, we should all come thither in our Habits, and when the Rooms are full, we may steal up into his Chamber, he says, and there—crack——he'll give us all Canonical Commission to go to-bed together.

Count *Baf.* Admirable! Well, the Devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, Child.

Myr. And may the black Gentleman tack me under his Arm at the same time, if I shall not think myself oblig'd to you, as long as I live.

Count *Baf.* One Kiss for old Acquaintance' sake——I gad I shall want to be busy again!

Myr. O you'll have one shortly will find you Employment: But I must run to my Squire.

Count *Baf.* And I to the Ladies——so your humble Servant, sweet Mrs. *Wranghead*.

Myr. Yours, as in Duty bound, most noble Count *Basset*. [Exit *Myr.*

Count *Baf.* Why ay! Count! That Title has been of some Use to me indeed! not that I have any more Pretence to it, than I have to a blue Ribband. Yet, I have made a pretty considerable Figure in Life with it: I have loll'd in my own Chariot, dealt at Assemblies, din'd with Ambassadors, and made one at Quadrille, with the first Women of Quality——But——*Tempora mutantur*——since that damn'd Squadron at *White's* have left me out of their last Secret, I am reduced to trade upon

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 189

upon my own Stock of Industry, and make my last Push upon a Wife: If my Card comes up right (which I think can't fail) I shall once more cut a Figure, and cock my Hat in the Face of the best of them! for since our modern Men of Fortune are grown wise enough to be Sharpers: I think Sharpers are Fools that don't take up the Airs of Men of Quality. [Exit.]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Lord Townly's House.*

Enter Manly and Lady Grace.

Man. T H E R E's something, Madam, hangs upon your Mind, to-day: Is it unfit to trust me with it.

Lady Grace. Since you will know—my Sister then—unhappy Woman!

Man. What of her?

Lady Grace. I fear is on the Brink of Ruin!

Man. I am sorry for it—what has happened!

Lady Grace. Nothing so very new! but the continual Repetition of it, at last has rais'd my Brother to an Intemperance that I tremble at.

Man. Have they had any Words upon it?

Lady Grace. He has not seen her since Yesterday.

Man. What! not at home all Night!

Lady Grace. About five this Morning in she came! but with such Looks, and such an Equipage of Misfortunes at her Heels—what can become of her?

Man. Has not my Lord seen her, say you?

Lady Grace. No! he chang'd his Bed last Night — I sat with him alone till twelve, in Expectation of her: But when the Clock struck, he started from his Chair, and grew incens'd to that Degree, that had I not, almost on my Knees, dissuaded him, he had ordered the Doors that Instant, to have been lock'd against her.

Man.

190 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND ; or,*

Man. How terrible is his Situation? when the most justifiable Severities he can use against her, are liable to be the Mirth of all the dissolute Card-Tables in Town!

Lady Grace. 'Tis that, I know, has made him bear so long: But you that feel for him, *Mr. Manly*, will assist him to support his Honour, and, if possible, preserve his Quiet! therefore I beg you don't leave the House, 'till one or both of them can be wrought to better Temper.

Man. How amiable is this Concern, in you!

Lady Grace. For Heaven's sake don't mind me, but think on something to preserve us all.

Man. I shall not take the Merit of obeying your Commands, Madam, to serve my Lord—but pray, Madam, let me into all that has pass'd, since Yesternight.

Lady Grace. When my Intreaties had prevail'd upon my Lord, not to make a Story for the Town, by so public a Violence, as shutting her at once out of his Doors; he order'd the next Apartment to my Lady's to be made ready for him—while that was doing—I try'd by all the little Arts I was Mistress of, to amuse him into Temper; in short, a silent Grief was all I could reduce him to——on this, we took our Leaves, and parted to our Repose: What his was, I imaginé by my own: For I ne'er clos'd my Eyes. About five, as I told you, I heard my Lady at the Door; so I slip't on a Gown, and sat almost an Hour with her in her own Chamber.

Man. What said she, when she did not find my Lord there?

Lady Grace. O! so far from being shock'd or alarm'd at it; that she bless'd the Occasion! and said, that in her Condition, the Chat of a Female Friend was far preferable to the best Husband's Company in the World.

Man. Where has she Spirits to support so much Insensibility?

Lady Grace. Nay! 'tis incredible! for though she had lost every Shilling she had in the World, and stretch'd her Credit ev'n to breaking; she rallied her own Follies with such Vivacity, and painted the Penance, she knows she must undergo for them, in such ridiculous
Lights,

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 191

Lights, that had not my Concern for a Brother been too strong for her Wit, she had almost disarm'd my Anger.

Man. Her mind may have another Cast by this time : The most flagrant Dispositions have their Hours of Anguish ; which their Pride conceals from Company ; But pray, Madam, how could she avoid coming down to dine.

Lady Grace. O ! she took care of that before she went to bed ; by ordering her Woman, whenever she was ask'd for, to say, she was not well.

Man. You have seen her since she was up, I presume ?

Lady Grace. Up ! I question whether she be awake yet.

Man. Terrible ! What a Figure does she make now ! That Nature should throw away so much Beauty upon a Creature, to make such a flatternly Use of it ?

Lady Grace. O fy ! there is not a more elegant Beauty in Town, when she's drest.

Man. In my Eye, Madam, she that's early drest, has ten times her Elegance.

Lady Grace. But she won't be long now, I believe : For I think I see her Chocolate going up—*Mrs. Trusty*, —a hem !

Mrs. Trusty comes to the Door.

Man. [*Aside.*] Five o'Clock in the Afternoon, for a Lady of Quality's Breakfast, is an elegant Hour indeed ! which to shew her more polite way of living too, I presume, she eats in her Bed.

Lady Grace. [*To Mrs. Trusty.*] And when she is up, I would be glad she would let me come to her Toilet —That's all, *Mrs. Trusty*.

Trusty. I will be sure to let her Ladyship know, Madam. [*Exit Mrs. Trusty.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Francis Wronghead, Sir, desires to speak with you.

Man. He comes unseasonably—what shall I do with him !

Lady Grace. O see him by all means, we shall have time enough ; in the mean while I'll step in, and have an

192 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

an Eye upon my Brother. Nay, don't mind me—you have Business.—

Man. You must be obey'd.—

[*Re-creating while Lady Grace goes out.*

Desire Sir Francis to walk in.—

[*Exit Servant.*

I suppose by this time his wife Worship begins to find, that the Balance of his Journey to London is on the wrong side.

Enter Sir Francis.

Sir Francis, your Servant; how came I by the Favour of this extraordinary Visit?

Sir Fran. Ah! Cousin!

Man. Why that sorrowful Face, Man?

Sir Fran. I have no Friend alive but you.—

Man. I am sorry for that—but what's the Matter?

Sir Fran. I have play'd the Fool by this Journey, I see now—for my bitter Wife.—

Man. What of her?

Sir Fran. Is playing the Devil!

Man. Why truly, that's a part that most of your fine Ladies begin with, as soon as they get to London.

Sir Fran. If I am a living Man, Cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty Pounds since Yesterday Morning!

Man. Hah! I see a good Housewife will do a great deal of Work in a little time.

Sir Fran. Work do they call it! Fine Work indeed!

Man. Well, but how do you mean made away with it? What, she has laid it out, may be—but I suppose you have an Account of it.

Sir Fran. Yes, yes, I have had the Account indeed; but I must needs say, it's a very sorry one.

Man. Pray, let's hear.

Sir Fran. Why, first I let her have an hundred and fifty, to get things handsom about her, to let the World see that I was Some-body! and I thought that Sum was very genteel.

Man. Indeed I think so; and in the Country, might have serv'd her a Twelve-month.

Sir Fran. Why so it might—but here in this fine Tawn

Tawn, forsooth! it could not get through four and twenty Fours——for in half that time, it was all squander'd away in Bawbles, and new-fashion'd Trumpery.

Man. O! for Ladies in London, Sir Francis, all this might be necessary.

Sir Fran. Noa! there's the Plague on't! the Devil o' one useful Thing do I see for it, but two pair of lac'd Shoes, and those stond me in three Pound three Shillings a Pair too.

Man. Dear Sir! this is nothing! Why we have City Wives here, that while their good Man is selling three Penny worth of Sugar, will give you twenty Pounds for a short Apron.

Sir Fran. Mercy on us! What a mortal poor Devil is a Husband!

Man. Well, but I hope, you have nothing else to complain of?

Sir Fran. Ah! would I could say so too—but there's another humed behind yet, that goes more to my Heart, than all that went before it.

Man. And how might that be dispos'd of?

Sir Fran. Troth I am almost asham'd to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir Fran. Why she has been at an Assembly.

Man. What, since I saw you! I thought you had all supt at home last Night?

Sir Fran. Why, so we did——and all as merry as Grigs——I'cod! my Heart was so open, that I tofs'd another hundred into her Apron, to go out early this Morning with——But the Cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my Lady Townly here, (——who between you and I——mum! has had the Devil to pay yonder——) with another rantipole Dame of Quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my Lady Noble's Assembly forsooth——a few Words, you may be sure, made the Bargain——so, bawnce! and away they drive as if the Devil had got into the Coach-box——so about four or five in the Morning——home comes Madam, with her Eyes a Foot deep in her

194 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Head——and my poor hundred Pound left behind her at the Hazard-Table.

Man. All lost at Dice!

Sir Fran. Every Shilling——among a Parcel of Pig-tail Puppies, and pale-fac'd Women of Quality.

Man. But pray, *Sir Francis*, how came you, after you found her so ill an Housewife of one Sum, so soon to trust her with another?

Sir Fran. Why truly, I mun say that was partly my own Fault: For if I had not been a Blab of my Tongue. I believe that last hundred might have been sav'd.

Man. How so?

Sir Fran. Why, like an Owl as I was, out of Good-will, forsooth, partly to keep her in Humour, I must needs tell her of the thousand Pound a Year, I had just got the Promise of—I'cod! she lays her Claws upon it that Moment——said it was all owing to her Advice, and truly she would have her Share on't.

Man. What, before you had it yourself?

Sir Fran. Why ay! that's what I told her——My Dear, said I, mayhap I mayn't receive the first Quarter on't this half Year.

Man. *Sir Francis*, I have heard you with a great deal of Patience, and I really feel Compassion for you.

Sir Fran. Truly, and well you may, Cousin, for I don't see that my Wife's Goodness is a bit the better, for bringing to *London*.

Man. If you remember I gave you a Hint of it.

Sir Fran. Why ay, it's true you did so: But the Devil himself could not have believ'd she would have rid Post to him.

Man. Sir, if you stay but a Fortnight in this Town, you will every Day see hundreds as fast upon the Gallop, as she is.

Sir Fran. Ah! this *London* is a base Place indeed——waunds, if Things should happen to go wrong with me at *Westminster*, at this rate, how the Devil shall I keep out of a Jail?

Man. Why truly, there seems to me but one way to avoid it.

Sir Fran.

Sir Fran. Ah! would you could tell me that, Cousin.

Man. The way lies plain before you, Sir; the same Road that brought you hither will carry you safe home again.

Sir Fran. Ods flesh! Cousin, what! and leave a thousand Pound a Year behind me?

Man. Pooh! pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your Family, and you are a Saver by it.

Sir Fran. Ay, but consider, Cousin, what a scurvy Figure shall I make in the Country, if I come dawn withawt it!

Man. You will make a much more lamentable Figure in a Jail without it.

Sir Fran. Mayhap at yow have no great Opinion of it then, Cousin?

Man. Sir Francis, to do you the Service of a real Friend, I must speak very plainly to you: You don't yet see half the Ruin that's before you?

Sir Fran. Good-lack! how may yow mean, Cousin?

Man. In one Word, your whole Affairs stand thus — In a Week you'll lose your Seat at *Westminster*: In a Fortnight my Lady will run you into Jail, by keeping the best Company — In four and twenty Hours, your Daughter will run away with a Sharper, because she han't been us'd to better Company: And your Son will steal into Marriage with a Cast-Mistress, because he has not been us'd to any Company at all.

Sir Fran. I th' Name o' Goodness why should you think all this?

Man. Because I have Proof of it; in short, I know so much of their Secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your Power to do it to-morrow Morning.

Sir Fran. Mercy upon us! you frighten me — Well, Sir, I will be govern'd by yow: But what am I to do in this Case?

Man. I have not time here to give you proper Instructions: But about eight this Evening, I'll call at your Lodgings; and there you shall have full Conviction, how much I have it at Heart to serve you.

196 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord desires to speak with you.

Man. I'll wait upon him.

Sir Fran. Well then, I'll go straight home, naw.

Man. At Eight depend upon me.

Sir Fran. Ah! dear Cousin! I shall be bound to you as long as I live. Mercy deliver us! what a terrible Journey have I made on't! [*Exeunt severally.*]

The SCENE opens to a Dressing Room. Lady Townly, as just up, walks to her Toilet, leaning on Mrs. Trusty.

Trusty. Dear Madam, what should make your Ladyship so out of order!

Lady Town. How is it possible to be well, where one is kill'd for want of Sleep?

Trusty. Dear me! it was so long before you rung, Madam, I was in hopes your Ladyship had been finely compos'd.

Lady Town. Compos'd! why I have lain in an Inn here! this House is worse than an Inn with ten Stage-Coaches! What between my Lord's impertinent People of Business in a Morning, and the intolerable thick Shoes of Footmen at Noon, one has not a wink all Night.

Trusty. Indeed, Madam, it's a great pity my Lord can't be persuaded into the Hours of People of Quality—Though I must say that, Madam, your Ladyship is certainly the best Matrimonial Manager in Town.

Lady Town. Oh! you are quite mistaken, *Trusty*! I manage very ill! for notwithstanding all the Power I have, by never being over-fond of my Lord—yet I want Money infinitely oftner than he is willing to give it me.

Trusty. Ah, if his Lordship could but be brought to play himself, Madam, then he might feel what it is to want Money.

Lady

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 197

Lady Town. Oh! don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone, *Trusty*?

Trusty. Mercy forbid, Madam!

Lady Town. Broke! ruin'd! plunder'd! —stripp'd, even to a Confiscation of my last Guinea.

Trusty. You don't tell me so, Madam!

Lady Town. And where to raise ten Pound in the World — What is to be done, *Trusty*?

Trusty. Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, Madam: But may be your Ladyship may have a run of better Fortune, upon some of the good Company that comes here to-night.

Lady Town. But I have not a single Guinea to try my Fortune!

Trusty. Ha! that's a bad Business indeed, Madam — Adad! I have a Thought in my Head, Madam, if it is not too late —

Lady Town. Out with it quickly then, I beseech thee?

Trusty. Has not the Steward something of fifty Pound, Madam, that you left in his hands, to pay somebody about this time?

Lady Town. O! ay! I had forgot — 'twas, to — a — what's his filthy Name?

Trusty. Now I remember, Madam, 'twas to Mr. *Lute-fring* your old Mercer, that your Ladyship turn'd off, about a Year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

Lady Town. The very Wretch! if he has not paid it, run quickly, Dear *Trusty*, and bid him bring it hither immediately — [Exit *Trusty*.] Well! sure mortal Woman never had such Fortune! Five! Five, and Nine, against poor Seven for ever! — No! after that horrid Bar of my Chance, that Lady *Wronghead's* fatal red Fift upon the Table, I saw it was impossible, ever, to win another Stake — Sit up all Night! lose all one's Money! dream of winning Thousands! wake without a Shilling! and Then — how like a Hag I look! In short — the Pleasures of Life, are not worth this Disorder! If it were not for Shame now, I could almost think, Lady *Grace's* sober Scheme not quite so ridiculous — If my wife Lord could but hold his Tongue

198 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

for a Week, 'tis odds, but I should hate the Town in a Fortnight——But I will not be driven out of it, that's positive!

[Trusty returns.

Trusty. O Madam! there is no bearing it! Mr. Lutestring was just let in at the Door, as I came to the Stair-Foot; and the Steward is now actually paying him the Money in the Hall.

Lady Town. Run to the Stair-case Head, again——and scream to him, that I must speak with him this Instant.

[Trusty runs out, and speaks.

Trust. Mr. Poundage——a hem! Mr. Poundage, a word with you quickly.

Pound. [within.] I'll come to you presently.

Trusty. Presently won't do, Man, you must come this Minute.

Pound. I am but just paying a little Money, here.

Trusty. Cod's my Life! paying Money? is the Man distracted? Come here I tell you, to my Lady, this Moment, quick!

} without.

[Trusty returns.

Lady Town. Will the Monster come or no?——

Trusty. Yes, I hear him now, Madam, he is hobbling up, as fast as he can.

Lady Town. Don't let him come in—for he will keep such a babbling about his Accounts,——my Brain is not able to bear him.

[Poundage comes to the Door with a Money-bag in his Hand.

Trusty. O! it's well you are come, Sir! where's the fifty Pound?

Pound. Why here it is; if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid it by this time——the Man's now writing a Receipt, below, for it.

Trusty. No matter! my Lady says, you must not pay him with that Money, there is not enough, it seems; there's a Pistole, and a Guinea, that is not good in it,——besides there is a mistake in the Account too——

[Twisting the Bag from him.] But she is not at leisure

to.

to examine it now; so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-um call another time.

Lady Town. What is all that Noise there?

Pound. Why and it please your Ladyship—

Lady Town. Pr'ythee! don't plague me now, but do as you were order'd.

Pound. Nay, what your Ladyship pleases, Madam—

[Exit Poundage.]

Trusty. There they are, Madam—[Pours the Money out of the Bag.] The pretty Things—were so near falling into a nasty Tradesman's hands, I protest it made me tremble for them—I fancy your Ladyship had as good give me that bad Guinea, for luck's sake—thank you, Madam.

[Takes a Guinea.]

Lady Town. Why, I did not bid you take it.

Trusty. No, but your Ladyship look'd as if you were just going to bid me, and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, Madam.

Lady Town. Well! thou hast deserv'd it, and so, for once—but hark! don't I hear the Man making a noise yonder? Though I think now we may compound for a little of his ill Humour—

Trusty. I'll listen.

Lady Town. Pr'ythee do. [Trusty goes to the Door.]

Trusty. Ay! they are at it, Madam—he's in a bitter Passion, with poor Poundage—bless me! I believe he'll beat him—mercy on us; how the Wretch swears!

Lady Town. And a sober Citizen too! that's a shame!

Trusty. Ha! I think all's silent, of a sudden—may be the Porter has knock'd him down—I'll step and see—

[Exit Trusty.]

Lady Town. Those Trades-people are the troublesomest Creatures! no Words will satisfy them!

[Trusty returns.]

Trusty. O Madam! undone! undone! My Lord has just bolted out upon the Man, and is hearing all his pitiful Story over—if your Ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself!

Lady Town. No matter! It will come round presently:

I shall have it from my Lord; without losing a Word by the Way, I'll warrant you.

Trusty. O lud! Madam! here's my Lord just coming in.

Lady Town. Do you get out of the way then. [*Exit Trusty.*] I am afraid I want Spirits! but he will soon give 'em me.

Enter Lord Townly.

Lord Town. How comes lit, Madam, that a Tradesman dares be clamorous in my House, for Money due to him from you.

Lady Town. You don't expect, my Lord, that I should answer for other Peoples Impertinence!

Lord Town. I expect, Madam, you should answer for your own Extravagances, that are the occasion of it—I thought I had given you Money three Months ago, to satisfy all these sort of People!

Lady Town. Yes, but you see they never are to be satisfied.

Lord Town. Nor am I, Madam, longer to be abus'd thus! what's become of the last five hundred I gave you?

Lady Town. Gone.

Lord Town. Gone! what way, Madam?

Lady Town. Half the Town over, I believe, by this time.

Lord Town. 'Tis well! I see Ruin will make no Impression, 'till it falls upon you.

Lady Town. In short, my Lord, if Money is always the subject of our Conversation, I shall make you no Answer.

Lord Town. Madam, Madam! I will be heard, and make you Answer.

Lady Town. Make me! then I must tell you, my Lord, this is a Language I have not been us'd to, and I won't bear it.

Lord Town. Come! come, Madam, you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

Lady Town. My Lord, if you insult me, you will have as much to bear, on your side, I can assure you.

Lord Town.

Lord Town. Pooh! your Spirit grows ridiculous—— you have neither Honour, Worth, or Innocence, to support it.

Lady Town. You'll find, at least, I have Resentment! and do you look well to the Provocation!

Lord Town. After those you have given me, Madam, 'tis almost infamous, to talk with you.

Lady Town. I scorn your Imputation, and your Menaces! The Narrowness of your Heart's your Monitor! 'tis there! there, my Lord, you are wounded; you have less to complain of than many Husbands of an equal Rank to you.

Lord Town. Death, Madam! do you presume upon your Corporal Merit! that your Person's less tainted, than your Mind! is it there! there alone an honest Husband can be injur'd? Have you not every other Vice that can debase your Birth, or stain the Heart of Woman? Is not your Health, your Beauty, Husband, Fortune, Family disclaim'd, for Nights consum'd in Riot and Extravagance? The Wanton does no more; if she conceals her Shame, does less: And sure the Dissolute avow'd, as sorely wrongs my Honour, and my Quiet.

Lady Town. I see, my Lord, what sort of Wife might please you.

Lord Town. Ungrateful Woman! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her—I am amaz'd our Legislature has left no Precedent of a Divorce for this more visible Injury, this Adultery of the Mind, as well as that of the Person! when a Woman's whole Heart is alienated to Pleasures I have no Share in, what is't to me, whether a black Ace, or a powder'd Coxcomb has Possession of it?

Lady Town. If you have not found it yet, my Lord, this is not the way to get Possession, of mine, depend upon it.

Lord Town. That, Madam, I have long despair'd of; and since our Happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit, that with our Hearts, our Persons too should separate.—— This House you sleep no more in! Tho' your Content

202 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

might grossly feed upon the Dishonour of a Husband, yet my Desires would starve upon the Features of a Wife.

Lady Town. Your Stile, my Lord, is much of the same Delicacy with your Sentiments of Honour.

Lord Town. Madam, Madam! this is no time for Compliments—I have done with you.

Lady Town. If we had never met, my Lord, I had not broke my Heart for it! but have a care! I may, not, perhaps, be so easily recall'd as you imagine!

Lord Town. Recall'd!—Who's there! [*Enter a Servant.*] Desire my Sister and Mr. Manly to walk up.

Lady Town. My Lord, you may proceed as you please, but pray what Indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practis'd by a hundred other Women of Quality.

Lord Town. 'Tis not the Number of ill Wives, Madam, that makes the Patience of a Husband less contemptible: and tho' a bad one may be the best Man's Lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the World, that keeps his Mistress out of Doors, than he that tamely keeps them Within.

Lady Town. I don't know what Figure you may make, my Lord, but I shall have no Reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever Company I may meet you.

Lord Town. Be sparing of your Spirit, Madam, you'll need it to support you.

Enter Lady Grace and Manly.

Mr. Manly. I have an Act of Friendship to beg of you, which wants more Apologies, than Words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my Lord, that I may have the greater Merit in obliging you.

Lord Town. Sister, I have the same Excuse to intreat of you too.

Lady Grace. To your Request, I beg, my Lord.

Lord Town. Thus then—as you both were present at my ill consider'd Marriage, I now desire you each will be a Witness of my determin'd Separation—I know, Sir, your Good-nature, and my Sister's must be shock'd at the Office I impose on you! But, as I don't ask your

Justification.

Justification of my Cause; so I hope you are conscious—that an ill Woman can't reproach you, if you are silent upon her side.

Man. My Lord, I never thought, 'till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

Lady Grace. [*Aside.*] Heavens! how I tremble!

Lord Town. For you, my *Lady Townly*, I need not here repeat the Provocations of my parting with you—the World, I fear, is too well inform'd of them—For the good Lord, your dead Father's sake, I will still support you, as his Daughter—As the Lord *Townly's* Wife, you have had every thing a fond Husband could bestow, and (to our mutual Shame I speak it) more than happy Wives desire—But those Indulgences must end! State, Equipage and Splendor, but ill become the Vices that misuse 'em—The decent Necessaries of Life shall be supply'd—but not one Article to Luxury! Not even the Coach, that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again! Your tender Aunt, my *Lady Lovemore*, with Tears, this Morning, has consented to receive you; where if Time, and your Condition, brings you to a due Reflection, your Allowance shall be increas'd—But, if you still are lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious Pleasures, that little shall be less! nor will I call that Soul my Friend, that names you in my Hearing!

Lady Grace. My Heart bleeds for her! [*Aside.*]

Lord Town. O *Manly*! look there! turn back thy Thoughts with me, and witness to my growing Love? there was a time when I believ'd that Form incapable of Vice or of Decay! There I propos'd the Partner of an easy Home! There! I, for ever, hop'd to find, a cheerful Companion, an agreeable Intimate, a faithful Friend, a useful Help-mate, and a tender Mother—But oh! how bitter now the Disappointment!

Man. The World is different in its Sense of Happiness: Offended as you are, I know you will still be just.

Lord Town. Fear me not.

Man. This last Reproach, I see, has struck her. [*Aside.*]
Lord

204 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lord Town. No, let me not (though I this Moment cast her from my Hear: for ever) let me not urge her Punishment beyond her Crimes.——I know the World is fond of any Tale that feeds its appetite of Scandal: And as I am conscious, Severities of this kind seldom fail of Imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least Suspicion rais'd against the Honour of my Bed. Therefore, when abroad her Conduct may be question'd, do her Fame that Justice.

Lady Town. O Sister! [*Turns to Lady Grace weeping.*

Lord Town. When I am spoken of, where without Favour this Action may be canvass'd, relate but half my Provocations, and give me up to Censure. [*Going.*

Lady Town. Support me! save me! hide me from the World! [*Falls on Lady Grace's Neck.*

Lord Town. [*Returning.*]——I had forgot me——You have no Share in my Repentment; therefore as you have liv'd in Friendship with her, Your Parting may admit of gentler Terms than suit the Honour of an injur'd Husband. [*Offers to go out.*

Man. [*Interposing.*] My Lord, you must not, shall not leave her thus! One Moment's Stay can do your Cause no wrong! If Looks can speak the Anguish of the Heart, I'll answer with my Life, there's something labouring in her Mind, that would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

Lord Town. Consider! since we no more can meet; press not my Staying, to insult her.

Lady Town. Yet stay, my Lord——the little I would say, will not deserve an Insult; and undeserv'd, I know your Nature gives it not. But as you've call'd in Friends, to witness your Repentment, let them be equal Hearers of my last Reply.

Lord Town. I shan't refuse you that, Madam——be it so.

Lady Town. My Lord, you ever have complain'd I wanted Love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another; so when you hear the Story of my Heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder at my Coldness.

Lady

Lady Grace. This promises a reverse of Temper.

Man. This, my Lord, you are concern'd to hear! [*Apart.*]

Lord Town. Proceed, I am attentive.

Lady Town. Before I was your Bride, my Lord, the flattering World had talk'd me into Beauty; which, at my Glass, my youthful Vanity confirm'd: Wild with that Fame, I thought Mankind my Slaves, I triumph'd over Hearts while all my Pleasure was their Pain: Yet was my own so equally insensible to all, that when a Father's firm Commands enjoin'd me to make choice of One; I even there declin'd the Liberty he gave, and to his own Election yielded up my Youth——his tender Care, my Lord, directed him to You——Our Hands were join'd? But still my Heart was wedded to its Folly! My only Joy was Power, Command, Society, Profuseness, and to lead in Pleasures! The Husband's Right to Rule, I thought a vulgar Law, which only the Deform'd or Meanly-spirited obey'd! I knew no Directors, but my Passions; no Master, but my Will! Even you, my Lord, some time o'ercome by Love, was pleas'd with my Delights; nor, then, foresaw this mad Misuse of your Indulgence——And, though I call myself ungrateful, while I own it, yet, as a Truth, it cannot be deny'd——That kind Indulgence has undone me! it added Strength to my habitual Failings, and in a Heart thus warm, in wild unthinking Life, no wonder if the gentler Sense of Love was lost.

Lord Town. O *Manly*! where has this Creature's Heart been buried?

Man. If yet recoverable——How vast a Treasure? [*Apart.*]

Lady Town. What I have said, my Lord, is not my Excuse, but my Confession! my Errors (give 'em if you please a harder Name) cannot be defended! No! What's in its Nature Wrong, no Words can palliate, no Plea can alter! What then remains in my Condition, but Resignation to your Pleasure? Time only can convince you of my future Conduct: Therefore, 'till I have liv'd an Object of Forgiveness, I dare not hope for Pardon——

The

206 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

The Penance of a lonely contrite Life were little to the Innocent; but to have deserv'd this Separation, will strow perpetual Thorns upon my Pillow.

Lady Grace. O happy, heavenly Hearing!

Lady Town. Sister, Farewel! [Kissing her.] Your Virtue needs no Warning from the Shame that falls on me: But when you think I have abus'd my Father, just — persuade your injur'd Brother to forgive them.

Lord Town. No, Madam! Your Errors thus renounc'd, this Instant are forgotten! So deep, so due a Sense of them, has made you, what my utmost Wishes form'd, and all my Heart has sigh'd for.

Lady Town. [Turning to Lady Grace.] How odious does this Goodness make me!

Lady Grace. How amiable your thinking so?

Lord Town. Long-parted Friends, that pass through easy Voyages of Life, receive but common Gladness in their Meeting: But from a Shipwreck sav'd, we mingle Tears with our Embraces! [Embracing Lady Townly.]

Lady Town. What Words! what Love! what Duty can repay such Obligations?

Lord Town. Preserve but this Desire to please, your Power is endless!

Lady Town. Oh! — till this Moment, never did I know, my Lord, I had a Heart to give you!

Lord Town. By Heav'n! this yielding Hand, when first it gave you to my Wishes, presented not a Treasure more desirable! O Manly! Sister! as you have often shar'd in my Disquiet, partake of my Felicity! my new-born Joy! see here the Bride of my Desires! This may be called my Wedding-day!

Lady Grace. Sister! (for now methinks that Name is dearer to my Heart than ever) let me congratulate the Happiness that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual may it flow —

Lord Town. To make our Happiness compleat, my Dear, join here with me to give a Hand, that amply will repay the Obligation.

Lady Town. Sister! a Day like this —

Lady

OF JOURNALS IN LONDON. 207

Lady Grace. Admits of no Excuse against the general Joy. *[Gives her Hand to Manly.]*

Man. A Joy like mine—despairs of Words to speak it.

Lord Town. O Manly! how the Name of Friend endears the Brother! *[Embracing him.]*

Man. Your Words, my Lord, will warm me, to deserve them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the Apartments are full of Masqueraders—And some People of Quality there desire to see your Lordship, and my Lady.

Lady Town. I thought, my Lord, your Orders had forbid this Revelling?

Lord Town. No, my Dear, Manly has desired their Admittance to-night, it seems upon a particular Occasion—Say we will wait upon them instantly.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady Town. I shall be but ill Company to them.

Lord Town. No matter: not to see them, would on a sudden be too particular. Lady Grace will assist you to entertain them.

Lady Town. With her, my Lord, I shall be always easy—Sister, to your unerring Virtue, I now commit the Guidance of my future Days—

Never the Paths of Pleasure more to tread;

But where your guarded Innocence shall lead.

For in the Marriage-state the World must own,

Divided Happiness was never known.

To make it mutual, Nature points the Way:

Let Husbands govern: Gentle Wives obey. *[Exit.]*

The

208 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

The SCENE opening to another Apartment discovers a great number of People in Masquerade talking all together, and playing upon one another: Lady Wrong-head as a Shepherdes; Jenny as a Nun; the Squire as a running Footman; and the Count in a Domino. After some time, Lord and Lady Townly, with Lady Grace, enter to them unmask'd.

Lord Town. So! here's a great deal of Company.

Lady Grace. A great many People, my Lord, but no Company——as you'll find——for here's one now, that seems to have a mind to entertain us:

[A Mask, after some affected Gesture, makes up to Lady Townly.]

Mask. Well, dear Lady Townly, than't we see you, by and-by?

Lady Town. I don't know you, Madam.

Mask. Don't you seriously? *[In a squeaking Tone.]*

Lady Town. Not I, indeed,

Mask. Well, that's charming; but can't you guess?

Lady Town. Yes, I could guess wrong, I believe.

Mask. That's what I'd have you do.

Lady Town. But, Madam, if I don't know you at all, is not that as well?

Mask. Ay, but you do know me.

Lady Town. Dear Sister, take her off o' my Hands; there's no bearing this. *[Apart.]*

Lady Grace. I fancy I know you, Madam.

Mask. I fancy you don't; What makes you think you do?

Lady Grace. Because I have heard you talk.

Mask. Ay, but you don't know my Voice, I'm sure.

Lady Grace. There is something in your Wit and Humour, Madam, so very much your own, it is impossible you can be any Body but my Lady Trifle.

Mask. *[Unmasking.]* Dear Lady Grace! thou art a charming Creature.

Lady Grace. Is there no Body else we know here?

Mask. O dear yes! I have found out fifty already.

Lady

Lady Grace. Pray, who are they?

Mask. O, charming Company! there's Lady Ramble

~~Lady Riot~~ ~~Lady Kill-Care~~ ~~Lady Squander~~ ~~Lady Strip~~ ~~Lady Pawn~~ and the Dutchess of Single Guinea.

Lord Town. Is it not hard, my Dear! that People of Sense and Probity are sometimes forc'd to seem fond of such Company?

Lady Town. My Lord, it will always give me pain to remember their Acquaintance, but none to drop it immediately. Apart.

Lady Grace. But you have given us no Account of the Men, Madam. Are they good for any thing?

Mask. O yes! you must know, I always find out them by their Endeavours to find out me.

Lady Grace. Pray who are they?

Mask. Why, for your Men of Tip-top Wit and Pleasure, about Town, there's my Lord ~~Bite~~ Lord ~~Arch-awag~~ Young ~~Brasen-wit~~ Lord ~~Timberdown~~ Lord ~~Joint-Life~~ and Lord ~~Mortgage~~. Then for your pretty Fellows only there's Sir ~~Powder-Peacock~~ Lord ~~Lapwing~~ Billy ~~Magpye~~ Beau ~~Frightful~~ Sir ~~Pant Plaster-crown~~, and the Marquis of ~~Monkey-man~~.

Lady Grace. Right! and these are the fine Gentlemen that never want Elbow-room at an Assembly.

Mask. The rest I suppose, by their tawdry hired Habits, are Tradesmens Wives, Inns-of-Court Beaux, Jews, and kept Mistresses.

Lord Town. An Admirable Collection!

Lady Grace. Well, of all our Public Diversions, I am amaz'd how this that is so very expensive, and has so little to shew for it, can draw so much Company together.

Lord Town. O! if it were not expensive, the better sort would not come into it: And because Money can purchase a Ticket, the common People scorn to be kept out of it.

Mask. Right, my Lord; Poor Lady Grace! I suppose

210 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

you are under the same Astonishment, that an Opera should draw so much good Company.

Lady Grace. Not at all, Madam: it's an easier matter sure to gratify the Ear, than the Understanding. But have you no Notion, Madam, of receiving Pleasure and Profit at the same time?

Mask. Oh! quite none! unless it be sometimes winning a great Stake; laying down a *Vale, sans prendre* may come up, to the profitable Pleasure you were speaking of.

Lord Town. You seem attentive, my Dear?

Lady Town. I am, my Lord; and amaz'd at my own Follies, so strongly painted in another Woman. } *Apart.*

Lady Grace. But see, my Lord, we had best adjourn our Debate, I believe, for here are some Masks that seem to have a mind to divert other People as well as themselves.

Lord Town. The least we can do is to give them a clear Stage then.

[*A Dance of Masks here in various Characters.*
This was a Favour extraordinary.

Enter Manly.

O *Manly*! I thought we had lost you.

Man. I ask Pardon, my Lord; but I have been oblig'd to look a little after my Country Family.

Lord Town. Well, pray, what have you done with them?

Man. They are all in the House here, among the Masks, my Lord; if your Lordship has Curiosity enough, to step into a lower Apartment, in three Minutes I'll give you an ample Account of them.

Lord Town. O! by all means: We will wait upon you.

[*The Scene shifts upon the Masks to a smaller Apartment.*

Manly re-enters with Sir Francis Wronghead.

Sir Fran. Well, Cause, you have made my very Hair stand on End! Waunds! if what you tell me be true,

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 211

true, I'll stuff my whole Family into a Stage-Coach, and trundle them into the Country again on Monday Morning.

Man. Stick to that, Sir, and we may yet find a Way to redeem all: In the mean time, place yourself behind this Screen, and for the Truth of what I have told you, take the Evidence of your own Senses: But be sure you keep close till I give you the Signal.

Sir Fran. Sir! I'll warrant you——Ah! my Lady, my Lady *Wronghead*! What a bitter Business have you drawn me into?

Man. Hush! to your Post; here comes one Couple already.

Sir Francis retires behind the Screen. [*Exit Manly.*]

Enter Myrtille with Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. What! is this the Doctor's Chamber?

Myr. Yes, yes; speak softly.

Squ. Rich. Well, but where is he?

Myr. He'll be ready for us presently, but he says he can't do us the good Turn, without Witnesses: So, when the Count and your Sister come, you know he and you may be Fathers for one another.

Squ. Rich. Well, well, 'Tis for Tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And see! here they come.

Enter Count Basset, and Miss Jenny.

Count Bas. So, so, here's your Brother, and his Bride, before us, my Dear.

Jenny. Well, I vow my Heart's at my Mouth still! I thought I should never have got rid of Mama! but while she stood gaping upon the Dance, I gave her the slip! Lawd! do but feel how it beats here.

Count Bas. O the pretty Flatterer! I protest, my Dear, you have put mine into the same Palpitation!

Jenny. Ah! you say so——but let's see now——
O Lad! I vow it thumps purely——well, well, I see it will do, and so where's the Parson?

Count

212 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Count *Bas*. Mrs. *Myrilla*, will you be so good as to see if the Doctor's ready for us?

Myr. He only staid for you, Sir: I'll fetch him immediately.

Jenny. Pray, Sir, am not I to take Place of Mama, when I'm a Countess?

Count *Bas*. No doubt on't, my Dear.

Jenny. O Lud! how her Back will be up then, when she meets me at an Assembly? or you and I in our Coach and Six, at *Hyde-Park* together?

Count *Bas*. Ay, or when she hears the Box-keepers, at an Opera, call out—*The Countess of Basset's Servants!*

Jenny. Well, I say it, that will be delicious! And then, mayhap, to have a fine Gentleman with a Star and what-dye-call um Ribbon, lead me to my Chair, with his Hat under his Arm all the Way! Hold up, says the Chairman, and so, says I, my Lord, your humble Servant. I suppose, Madam, says he, we shall see you at my Lady *Quadrille's*! Ay, ay, to be sure my Lord, says I——So in swoops me, with my Hoop stuff'd up to my Forehead! and away they trot, twing! swang! with my Tassels dangling, and my Flambeaux blazing, and—Oh! its a charming thing to be a Woman of Quality!

Count *Bas*. Well! I see that plainly, my Dear, there's ne'er a Dutchess of 'em all will become an Equipage like you.

Jenny. Well, well, do you find Equipage, and I'll find Airs, I warrant you.

WHAT tho' they call me Country Lass,
I read it plainly in my Glafs,

That for a Dutchess I might pass:

Oh, could I see the Day!

Would Fortune but attend my Call,

At Park, at Play, at Ring and Ball,

I'd brave the proudest of them all,

With a Stand by—Clear the Way.

Surrounded by a Crowd of Beaux,

With smart Toupees, and powder'd Clothes,

At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose;

Oh,

Oh, con'd I see the Day!
I'll dart such Glances from these Eyes,
Shall make some Lord or Duke my Prize;
And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannize,
With a Stand by—*Clear the Way.*

III.

Oh! then for ev'ry new Delight,
For Equipage and Diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and Plays, and Balls all Night;
Oh, could I see the Day!
Of Love and Joy I'd take my Fill,
The tedious Hours of Life to kill,
In ev'ry thing I'd have my Will,
With a Stand by—*Clear the Way.*

Squ. Rich. Troth! I think this Masquerading's the merriest Game that ever I saw in my Life! Thos, in my mind, and there were but a little Wrestling, or Cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely. But what a rope makes the Parson stay so?

Count Bas. Oh! here he comes, I believe.

Enter Myrtilla with a Constable.

Const. Well, Madam, pray which is the Party that wants a Spice of my Office here?

Myr. That's the Gentleman, [*Pointing to the Count.*]

Count Bas. Hey dey! what in Masquerade, Doctor?

Const. Doctor! Sir, I believe you have mistaken your Man: But if you are called *Count Basset*, I have a *Billet-doux* in my Hand for you, that will set you right presently.

Count Bas. What the Devil's the meaning of all this?

Const. Only my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant against you for Forgery, Sir.

Count Bas. Blood and Thunder!

Const. And so, Sir, if you please to pull off your Fool's Frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next Justice of Peace immediately.

Fenny. O dear me! what's the matter? [*Trembling*
Count

214 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Count Bas. O! nothing, only a Masquerading Frolic, my Dear.

Squ. Rich. Oh ho! is that all?

Sir Fran. No, Sirrah! that is not all.

[*Sir Francis coming softly behind the Squire, knocks him down with his cane.*]

Enter Manly.

Squ. Rich. O Lawd! O Lawd! he has beaten my Brains out!

Man. Hold, hold, *Sir Francis*, have a little Mercy upon my poor Godson, pray Sir.

Sir Fran. Wallahs, Coken, I han't Patience.

Count Bas. *Manly*! nay, then I'm blown to the Devil.

Squ. Rich. O my Head! my Head!

Enter Lady Wronghead.

Lady Wrong. What's the Matter here, *Godchildren*? for Heav'n's sake! What are you murthering my Children?

Const. No, no, Madam! no Murder! only a little Suspicion of Felony, that's all.

Sir Fran. [*To Jenny.*] And for you, Mrs. *Hot-spon't*, I could find in my Heart to make you wear that Habit, as long as you live, you Jade you. Do you know, *Hussy*, that you were within two Minutes of marrying a Pickpocket?

Count Bas. So, so, all's out, I find. [*Aside.*]

Jenny. O the Mercy! why, pray, Papa, is not the Count a Man of Quality then?

Sir Fran. O yes! one of the unhang'd ones, it seems.

Lady Wrong. [*Aside.*] Married! O the confident Thing! There was his urgent Business then—slighted for her! I han't Patience!—and for ought I know, I have been all this while making a Friendship with a Highwayman!

Man. Mr. *Constable*, secure there.

Sir Fran. Ah, my Lady! my Lady! this comes of your Journey to London! but now I'll have a Frolic of my own, Madam; therefore pack up your Trumpery this

this very Night, for the Moment my Horses are able to crawl, you and your Brats shall make a Journey into the Country again.

Lady Wrong. Indeed you are mistaken, Sir *Francis*—I shall not stir out of Town yet, I promise you.

Sir Fran. Not stir! Waunds! Madam—

Man. Hold, Sir!—If you'll give me leave a Hike—I fancy I shall prevail with my Lady to think better on't.

Sir Fran. Ah! Cousin, you are a Friend indeed!

Man. [*Apart to my Lady.*] Look you, Madam, as to the Favour you design'd me, in sending this spurious Letter inclosed to my Lady *Grace*, all the Revenge I have taken, is to have sav'd your Son and Daughter from Ruin—Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the Country again, I will save your Ladyship from Ruin.

Lady Wrong. What do you mean, Sir?

Man. Why, Sir *Francis*—shall never know what is in this Letter; look upon it. How, it came into my Hands you shall know at leisure.

Lady Wrong. Ha! my *Billet-doux* to the Count! and an Appointment in it! I shall sink with Confusion!

Man. What shall I say to Sir *Francis*, Madam?

Lady Wrong. Dear Sir, I am in such a Trembling! preserve my Honour and I am all Obedience!

[*Apart to Manly.*]

Man. Sir *Francis*—my Lady is ready to receive your Commands for her Journey, whenever you please to appoint it.

Sir Fran. Ah Cousin! I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

Man. Come, come, Sir *Francis*? take it as you find it. Obedience in a Wife is a good thing, though it were never so wonderful!—And now, Sir, we have nothing to do but to dispose of this Gentleman.

Count Bas. Mr. *Manly*! Sir, I hope you won't ruin me.

Man. Did not you forge this Note for five hundred Pounds, Sir.

Count Bas. Sir—I see you know the World, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate—But it
has

216 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

has hurt no body yet, Sir! I beg you will not stigmatize me! since you have spoil'd my Fortune in one Family, I hope you won't be so cruel to a young Fellow, as to put it out of my Power, Sir, to make it in another, Sir!

Man. Look you, Sir, I have not much time to waste with you; But if you expect Mercy yourself, you must shew it to one you have been cruel to.

Count Bas. Cruel, Sir!

Man. Have you not ruin'd this young Woman?

Count Bas. I, Sir!

Man. I know you have——therefore you can't blame her, if, in the Fact you are charg'd with, she is a principal Witness against you. However, you have one, and one only Chance to get off with. Marry her this Instant——and you take off her Evidence.

Count Bas. Dear Sir!

Man. No Words, Sir; a Wife or a *Mittimus*.

Count Bas. Lord, Sir; this is the most unmerciful Mercy!

Man. A private Penance, or a public one——Constable.

Count Bas. Hold, Sir, since you are pleas'd to give me my Choice; I will not make so ill a Compliment to the Lady, as not to give her the Preference.

Man. It must be done this Minute, Sir: the Chaplain you expected is still within Call.

Count Bas. Well, Sir,——since it must be so——Come, Spouse——I am not the first of the Fraternity, that has run his Head into one Noose, to keep it out of another.

Myr. Come, Sir, don't repine: Marriage is at worst, but playing upon the Square.

Count Bas. Ay, but the worst of the Match too, is the Devil.

Man. Well, Sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it; as a Reward for her Honesty, in detecting your Practices, instead of the forged Bill, you would have put upon her, there's a real One of five hundred Pounds, to begin a new Honey-Moon with. [*Gives it to Myrtilla.*]

Count Bas. Sir, this is so generous an Act——

Man. No Compliments, dear Sir——I am not at leisure now

now to receive them: Mr. Constable, will you be so good as to wait upon this Gentleman into the next Room, and give this Lady in Marriage to him.

Const. Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

Count Bas. Well! five hundred will serve to make a handsome Push with, however.

[Exeunt Count Myr. and Constable.]

Sir Fran. And that I may be sure my Family's rid of him for ever——come, my Lady, let's even take our Children along with us, and be all Witnesses of the Ceremony. [Exeunt Sir Fran. Lady Wrong. Miss and Squire.]

Man. Now, my Lord, you may enter.

Enter Lord and Lady Townly, and Lady Grace.

Lord Town. So, Sir, I give you Joy of your Negotiation.

Man. You overheard it all, I presume?

Lady Grace. From first to last, Sir.

Lord Town. Never were Knaves and Fools better dispos'd of.

Man. A sort of Poetical Justice, my Lord, not much above the Judgment of a modern Comedy.

Lord Town. To heighten, that Resemblance, I think, Sister, there only wants your rewarding the Hero of the Fable, by naming the Day of his Happiness.

Lady Grace. This Day, to-morrow, every Hour, I hope, of Life to come, will shew I want not Inclination to complete it.

Man. Whatever I may want, Madam, you will always find Endeavours to deserve you.

Lord Town. Then all are happy.

Lady Town. Sister? I give you Joy! consummate as the happiest Pair can boast.

In you, methinks, as in a Glass, I see

The Happiness, that once advanc'd to me.

So visible the Bliss, so plain the Way,

How was it possible my Sense could stray?

But now, a Convert, to this Truth, I come,

That Married Happiness is never found from Home.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.

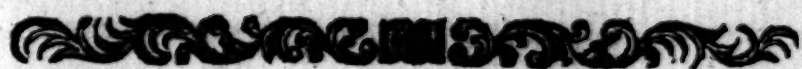
M Esbinks I hear some Powder'd Critics say ;
" Damn it ! this Wife Reform'd has spoil'd the Play !
" The Coxcomb should have drawn her more in Fashion,
" Have gratify'd her softer Inclination,
" Have tipt her a Gallant, and clinch'd the Provocation. }
But there our Bard stopt short : For 'twere uncivil
T' have made a modern Belle, all o'er a Devil !
He hop'd, in Honour of the Sex, the Age
Would bear one mended Woman——on the Stage.
From whence, you see by common Sense's Rules,
Wives might be govern'd, were not Husbands Fools.
What'er by Nature Dames are prone to do,
They seldom stray but when they govern you.
When the wild Wife perceives her Deary tame,
No wonder then she plays him all the Game.
But Men of Sense meet rarely that Disaster ;
Women take Pride where Merit is their Master :
Nay, she that with a weak Man wisely lives,
Will seem t' obey the due Commands he gives !
Happy Obedience is no more a Wonder,
When Men are Men, and keep them kindly under.
But modern Consorts are such high-bred Creatures,
They think a Husband's Power degrades their Features ;
That nothing more proclaims a reigning Beauty,
Than that she never was reproach'd with Duty :
And that the greatest Blessing Heav'n e'er sent,
Is in a Spouse, Incurious and Content.

EPILOGUE:

*To give such Dames a different Cast of Thought,
By calling home the Mind, these Scenes were wrought.
If with a Hand too rude, the Task is done,
We hope the Scheme, by Lady Grace laid down,
Will all such Freedom with the Sex atone,
That Virtue there unsoil'd, by modish Art,
Throws out Attractions for a Manly's Heart.*

*You, You, then, Ladies, whose unquestion'd Lives
Give you the foremost Fame of happy Wives,
Protect, for its Attempt, this helpless Play;
Nor leave it to the vulgar Taste a Prey;
Appear the frequent Champions of its Cause,
Direct the Crowd and give yourselves Applause.*





L O V E
IN A
R I D D L E.
A
P A S T O R A L.



THE
LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

FOR THE

MINA

REID J. E.

PASTORAL

AND THE

K 3

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

OUR Author of his Rural Muse afraid,
Calls in, To-night, plain Sonnet to his Aid.
His Scheme, I told him, might some Judgment shew,
Could he have call'd in skilful Voices too.
To that he answer'd—Let your Sounds have Sense,
Old England will with English Throats dispense,
And take what's well design'd, for Excellence.
'Tis not our nice Performance is the Thing;
Good Songs will always candid Hearers bring;
Provided—we find Airs, which they Themselves may sing.
An English Song, ill sung, will please Good-nature:
You've some Delight, to know you sing it better.
If Songs are harmless Revels of the Heart,
Why should our native Tongue not bear its Part?
Why after learned Warblers must we pine,
And doat on Airs, which only They can chaunt?
Methinks 'twere hard, if, in the chearful Spring,
Were none but Nightingales allow'd to sing!
The Lark, the Sparrow, and the plain Cuckoo,
Have all an equal Right, to Chirp, and Woo:
E'en France in that her Liberty maintains;
Her Songs, at least, are free from Foreign Chains,
And Peers and Peasants sing their native Strains.
Time was, even here, when D'Urfey vamp'd a Song,
The same the Courtier and the Cöbler sung.
What tho' our Connoisseurs may love Champaigne;
Must never English Ale go down again?
Must no Mouths drink, but what at Taverns dine?
All Pockets reach not honest Jephson's Wine.
Since then, of late, you've given our Hopes some Ground,
Since plain October has your Favour found,
Why troth! e'en mend your Draught, and let old Songs go
round.



P R O L O G U E

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Arcas</i> , a Nobleman of great Possessions in <i>Arcadia</i> ,	}	<i>Mr. Mills</i> .
<i>Ægon</i> , his Friend,		<i>Mr. Harper</i> .
<i>Amynas</i> , Son to <i>Arcas</i> , in love with <i>Pastora</i> .	}	<i>Mr. Williams</i> .
<i>Iphis</i> , Son to <i>Ægon</i> , in love with <i>Iantbe</i> ,		<i>Mrs. Thurmond</i> .
<i>Philautus</i> , a conceited <i>Corinthian</i> Courtier, pretending to <i>Pastora</i> ,	}	<i>Mr. Gibber</i> .
<i>Corydon</i> , an old Shepherd.		<i>Mr. Griffin</i> .
<i>Cimon</i> and <i>Mopsus</i> , Simple Brothers, in love with <i>Phyllida</i> ,	}	<i>Mr. Miller</i> .
<i>Damon</i> , an Inconstant.		<i>Mr. Oates</i> .
		<i>Mr. Ray</i> .

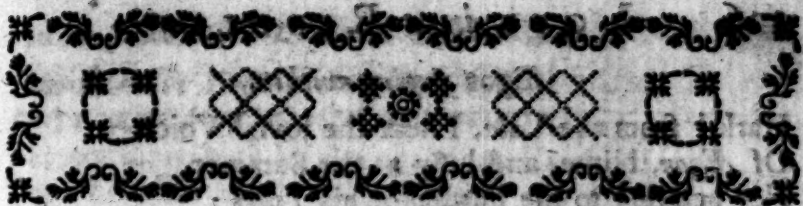
W O M E N.

<i>Iantbe</i> ,	}	Daughter to	}	<i>Arcas</i> ,	}	<i>Mrs. Cibber</i> .
<i>Pastora</i> ,				<i>Ægon</i> ,		<i>Mrs. Lindar</i> .
<i>Phyllida</i> ,				<i>Corydon</i> ,		<i>Mrs. Rastar</i> .

S C E N E, *the Arcadian Fields.*



LOVE



LOVE *in a* RIDDLE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ARCAS *alone.*

ARCAS.

HAIL! to the rising Day! Hail! waking Nature,
Ye verdant Plains, ye Hills, and fertile Valleys,
Ye lowing Herds, and fleecy bleating Flocks,
Ye warbling Groves, and murmuring Fountains, Hail!
Once yet again I see the annual Morn
That gave me Birth, and counts me into Age.
O! *Phæbus* hear! God of refulgent Skies! [Kneels.
All-glorious Ruler of revolving Light,
Author of Medicine, and Immortal Song,
Deign to receive these Thanks of Adoration!
Thanks for thy Course of rolling Years enjoy'd,
That thus have, unafflicted, borne me through
The various Periods of appointed Life!
The Spring of Infancy, Summer of Youth,
The reaping Autumn of experienc'd Man,
Down for the Winter of unaching Age.
Thanks to the Comforts of a genial Bed,
Now ripening to the Joys of Love, and Virtue.
Such are the Blessings from thy Beams receiv'd,
And these, O *Phæbus*! are the Thanks we pay thee.

Ægon singing within.

Hark ! from the Vale, I hear the jovial Voice
Of *Ægon*, blithe, and lusty as the Summer,
Nor bending to the Burden of his Years :
Jocund he comes, and chaunting to the Day,
With friendly Gratulation—*Ægon*, Hail !

Enter Ægon.

Health, and the Blessings of the Morn be thine.

Ægon. Why ay, my Lord ! this Day is blest indeed !
It gave you Life, and me the best of Friends ;
And to that Friend I owe my jovial Heart.

A I R I.

*Ye Nymphs, and Swains,
With Melody hail the Day ;
Make Holiday round the Plains,
All jolily Dance and play.
This happy, glorious Sun
Gave to your Fields a Lord,
Of all your Hopes the Crown,
And, to your Fields, the Guard.
Let the Man to all so dear
With rural Pan be sung :
To the next, and next good Year,
Here may he live blest and long.*

Arcas. Thanks to thy Love: thy jolly Voice, tho' rough
As is the Billow curling to the Beach,
Revives the Images of Pleasure past,
When Mirth and Revels were excus'd by Youth.

Ægon. Excus'd by Youth, my Lord ! You make me
Is there a stated Time, in this short Life, [smile:
That makes it Wisdom to be sad,
Or Weakness to be happy ! No :
Let Policy, or Guile, disguise their Face !
But Honesty dares hold it to the Sun !
May we have cause for Gladness, and not shew it ?
Was't not this happy Day that gave you Birth ?
Are you not Lord of these *Arcadian* Plains ?
Where, like the Substitute of Heav'nly Power,

You

LOVE in a RIDDLE.

227

You dole the Blessings you from thence receive,
And make a People, by your Bounty, happy,
Yet not more blest by Bounty, than Example:
Your Life has taught those Virtues, you reward.
And is not this a Cause for general Joy?
Are you not still the same belov'd Lord *Arcas*?
Are you not still that honest Nobleman?

Arcas. Suppose me so——

Egon.—Why then, my Lord let those
Be sad, who never wore but half that Tide!
Let our *Corinthian* Lords be Grave, and Graceless:
The privilege of Honesty is Mirth!

Arcas. Yet Charity becomes the Cheerful too:

Egon. Mine, Sir, begins, where their Court-friendship
At home: Therefore I say we're happier Men, [ends,
Yet only Happy, as we're better too:
Shall Virtue then not taste her Benefits?
Shall only Knaves and spendthrift Heirs be jovial?
The Cheerfulness of Knaves is Impudence!
Have Courts a Joy, like sound Integrity?
When they shew that, I'll own 'em wise; 'till when,
Let us be plainly pleas'd with Happiness.

Arcas. O *Egon*! were I capable of Envy,
Thy turn of Mind would tempt me to repine!
Why have not I this cheerful Taste of Life?
Why seems my Plenty less than thy small Store?
What are my Wants? where are my Wishes bounded?
And yet——

'Twere happier to be *Egon*, than be *Arcas*.

Egon. You make me triumph o'er your Learning!
You, who have all Philosophy can wish,
Have made a Man much happier than yourself,
By giving him a Tythe of your Possessions.

Arcas. Would'st thou have more?

Egon. —More than enough, Sir? No.
To crave, is Poverty; Contentment, Riches:
Your Tythe's almost too much for me.

Arcas. Thus Riches, when not wanted, lose their Name.

Egon. And when possess'd by Prodigals, their Power.
Even so it is, not Wealth, nor Wisdom, Sir,

'Tis Constitution gives us Happiness :
 Nature has made you pensive, and me sanguine :
 You think your Virtues are a wise Man's Duty,
 And therefore wear them, with a serious Brow ;
 Now, Sir, the few that I can boast, I think
 Are blessings top, therefore as such, enjoy them.

A I R II.

*He that wears a Heart,
 Knid of Art,
 Has Joys unknown
 To the greatest Men ;
 Who, Nine in Ten,
 Beneath their Greatness groan.
 Riches are fine things,
 That have Wings,
 And will away :
 But an honest Mind
 Will ever find
 Content will with it stay.*

*He, whose open Soul is clear
 From Fraud, Disguise or Guile,
 May all the Frowns of Fortune bear,
 And at her Malice smile.
 Greatness that would make us Grieve,
 Is but an empty thing :
 What more than Mirth would Mortals have ?
 The merry Man's a King.*

*But he that by Deceit,
 Dares to be meanly Great,
 Will find, in his counting up,
 What did mount him up,
 Will make him many Foes,
 Greater far than he knows,
 Whom nought will gratify,
 No Words will satisfy,
 Till he low lies again,
 Never to rise again :
 Who then will envy his Fate ?*

*But he that by Deceit, &c.
 What.*

What ! not a Note, not answer to my Ditty ?

Arcas. Excuse me, if I taste not now thy Muse,
Nor join thy Carols, with my usual Glee.

Egon. Nay then, my Lord, there's something loads
your Mind :

You wrong my Friendship, if you hide your Griefs.

Give me my Share ! Out with the worst at once.

Arcas. Griefs I have none, but I confess have Fears,
And Doubts that fill me with Anxiety.
Have we not each our Children's Happiness
In care ? The crisis of their Fate is now

Egon. And why, Sir, should you doubt their Happiness ?
Have not our Precepts grounded them in Virtue ?
Has not indulgent Nature given them Beauty ?
And our *Arcadian* Manners Innocence ?
Have they not been, from infancy, Companions ?
Their Lessons, Labours, and their Sports the same ?
Have I not watch'd them with a jealous Eye ?
Yet never found a Warning to suspect them ?
At length, their blooming Friendship pays its promise,
Obeys the Season, and matures to Love.
Whence then this anxious Doubt of their Misdoing ?

Arcas. Perhaps, dear *Egon*, I'm too diffident :
For though we've chang'd our Children, to prevent
In mine the conscious pride of Birth ; in thine,
To aid with Birth, the sentiments of Virtue :
Yet Nature still may be mis-led by Fortune :
Thus mine, believing *Egon* is their Sire,
With views of Interest may dissemble Love,
Which unsuspecting Innocence may hear ;
So thine, supposing *Arcas* is their Father,
In scorn, to mingle with inferior Blood,
May slight those Virtues, which deserve their Love :

Egon. These Apprehensions might in Courts be just :
But here, where Love, without Ambition reigns,
'Tis not high Birth, or Lands, or number'd Flocks ;
But wealth of Virtue in the Fair and Young,
That gives the Nymph her Charms, the Swain his Merit.

AIR III.

*Let Wealth and Power enslave the Great,
Where Hearts are barter'd for a Name.
Here Love alone can Love create;
And Truth supplies the lasting Flame.*

Arcas. Still, I'm inclin'd to have their Virtue prov'd:
True Love is better known, by Grief, than Joy;
As Hope is often measur'd by our Fear.
Therefore (but not without my Friend advising)
I have some thoughts of offering my Person
The noble *Philautus*'s Heir, the gay *Philautus*,
Polish'd in Courts, and skill'd in Vanities;
If then her Heart can stoop to such a Lustre—

Egon. I take your Meaning; and as just approve it:
If, when you offer to her Arms *Philautus*,
She shows a Fear, that you may force her Will,
That Fear will force her Love to own *Amintas*.
If she admit *Philautus*, *Amintas*, then,
Will well escape a Maid, below his Love,
And the proud Girl with her own Choice be punish'd:
Then, let her hence, to blaze in Courts: Vain Wives
And shallow Husbands are no Monsters there.

Arcas. Yet hope a better Consequence: The Maid
Wants no Attraction, that commends her Sex.
Nor do I name *Philautus*, that I doubt her;
But that her Virtue may have Lustre from her Choice,
And, to *Philautus*, poor *Amintas* be prefer'd. [you:

Egon. My Life then, answer, that her Choice contents
The gaudy tinsel Merit of *Philautus*
Will have a tarnish'd Hue, to your *Amintas*' Virtue.

AIR IV.

Our Nymphs on the Plains

Among Swains

Have their Joys, that no Courts ever gave;

Where the married in Chastity,

And long Trains,

Carry Sorrow, in Pomp, to their Graves.

Arcas,

Arcas. Thy Confidence, my Friend, has quell'd my
Be then, for *Amyntas*' sake; *Pastora* prov'd : [Feast.
But we have still our younger-born unfixt :
How stand we there in Hope ?—

Egon. ——— If I guess right,
A tender Passion too is kindling there :
Iantbe seems of late reserv'd to *Iphis* :
The Youth more pensive, and the Nymph more gay :
The usual Consequence of Love declar'd,
And Love with maiden Modesty approv'd.
She flies, 'tis true, but flies to be pursu'd ;
And urges the Pursuit, to found his Love.

Arcas. Let him pursue : I would not with the Maid.
Should on his Summons, yield to *Iphis*' Birth.

Egon. But see, *Amyntas* comes ; from him perhaps
More may be gather'd to assist our Measures.

Amyntas he ! whether to suit my Son ?

To them *Amyntas*.

Amyntas. *Pastora* tells me, Sir, a favourite Lamb
Is missing from her Flock. At her Request
I to the neighbouring Folds am hying.

Egon. ——— Stay ;

I have a while, my Son, to talk with thee.

You see, my Lord, even Maids in Love are
Weers.

Pastora would, but cannot, hide her Flame.

How amorously Coy ! This Hint betrays it.

A Lamb is stray'd—why his the Charge to find it ?

Her Heart, she means ; her Breast, the Fold that
lost it !

Yet he, fond Youth, in honest Fear mistakes her.

Arcas. The modest Lover recommends his Flame :
But to our other Point ———

Egon. —Come near, *Amyntas*.

Amyntas. Health and the Rays of many a smiling Morn,
Like this, prolong the Days of *Arcas*.

Arcas. *Amyntas*, I am Debtor to thy Love.

Egon. I have observ'd of late, Lord *Arcas*' Son,
Young *Iphis*, holds thee near his Heart, *Amyntas* :

Of course, his Joys and Cares are known to thee,
Now then, be just, my Boy, answer directly;
Has he yet ever told thee, that he lov'd?

Amy. Never——he never told me, that he lov'd.

Egon. *Amyntas*, thou repeat'st my Words, as thou
Would'st hold me to their literal Sense: take heed!
Evade not what I mean——

Amy.——I take your Meaning:
My Father knows, what's fit his Son should answer.

Egon. Know'st thou then ought unfitting me to ask?

Amy. Your Question then, Sir, would require no Answer.

Egon. How! so blunt! Am I not thy Father, Boy?

Amy. Such, Sir, my daily Prayer to Heaven, confess you.
Nor shall my Father sigh, that I'm his Son.

Arcas. No, generous Youth, thy Father sighs—to own
thee. [Aside.

Egon. Whence are these half Replies? be full, I say,
And tell me what thou know'st of *Iphis*' Love.

Amy. The Precepts you have taught me reach no farther,
Pardon my Doubts; for I am yet to learn,
That Duty can dispense with broken Friendship.
'Till he declares he loves; am I to accuse him?

Egon. Darest thou not make thy Father judge of what
May wrong thy Friend?——

Amy.——I dare: I've told my Fears:
If they're unjust, condemn; if not, forgive them.

Arcas. The faithful Boy! *Egon*, I must embrace him!
Believe me, Youth, thy dearest Father's Arms
Ne'er held thee to his Heart with sonder Joy.
Excuse him, Friend——

Egon.——What you applaud, my Lord,
Needs not Excuse——

Arcas.——O *Egon*! Friend indeed!
How shall I thank thy care for such a Son.— [Aside.
Thy Fear, *Amyntas*, to unfold thy Friend,
Commends thy Truth, and merits his Esteem.
However, to preserve thy Faith unblemish'd,
I give thee, with my Hand, my Word, whate'er
Thy Candour shall inform me of his Love.

My

My Boy shall never think a Wrong to him,
Nor find, from me, Occasion to reproach thee.

Amyntas. This, Sir, unties my Tongue; my inmost Thoughts,
Like a fair Volume open to your Reading.

Arcas. Thou saidst he never told thee, that he lov'd?

Amyntas. Never—

Arcas.—Yet thou believest his Grief is Love?

Amyntas. Alas, my Lord, a Youth so happy in
His Sire, so fam'd for Virtue, Birth, and Feature,
What strange Misfortune can disturb, but Love?

Arcas. Speak without Fear! Love is a venial Frailty.

Amyntas. 'Tis true, when kindled by an Object worthy:
But Nature calls not Wisdom to her Council,
And sometimes chuses with a youthful Eye.

Egon. Be brief, and name the Nymph, that has
engag'd him.

Amyntas. Let me not wrong him, Sir; I may mistake
Her Name, which yet I have declin'd to know.

Egon. What were thy Reasons to avoid that Secret?

Amyntas. Because I fear'd, if known, my Duty might
Compell me, at the risque of his Esteem,
To inform a tender Father of his Weakness.

Arcas. Thou then hast Cause to think his Passion blameful?

Amyntas. What shall I say? For you, my Lord, are twice
My Sire, a Father to my Sire, and me!

Nay more, you honour him with Friendship!

I too have a Friend, and would deserve him?

O whom shall I oblige! whom dare I offend?

Arcas. Neither, *Amyntas*; both shall be oblig'd. [me.

Amyntas. Pardon my Doubts; but since your Word supports
Take my Suspicions, as my Eyes have caught them.

Arcas. Give me the Nymph, whom thou suspect'st he
loves.

Amyntas. Since I must speak—Iantbe, Sir, my Sister,
With undesigning Charms, I fear, has seiz'd
His youthful Heart; yet shuns the glorious Prize.

Arcas. 'Tis well, *Amyntas*—I am still in Temper:
And since my Word has wrought thee to this Trust,
Darest thou yet make me farther Creditor,
And, by a more implicit Faith, oblige me?

Amyntas.

Amy. A Confidence in you, is scarce a Merit;
Favours when ask'd, by Virtue, are conferr'd,

Arcas. Thus then, *Amyntas*—when thou find'st my Son,
In friendly Converse, would disclose his Love;
Incline to hear him, and condole his Sorrows:
But when he names *Iambe*, as their Cause,
Turn to Amazement, and reprove his Weakness!
Dislike, object, discourage, blast his Hope!
Urge my Displeasure, and *Iambe's* Scorn!
Recount Examples of clandestine Love,
Whose joyless Hours have groan'd in live-long Woe.
Set all the Terrors of Distress before him,
And leave the Guidance of his Fate to me.

Amy. My Lord, you have bound me to a mournful Task:
But since I know your Nature just, and gentle,
I will believe you act like Heav'nly Power,
That strews our way to Happiness, with Thorns:
Some wondrous Secret, sure, unripe for Birth,
Tho' for a Season wrapt in low'ring Clouds,
Must break at last, and spread a golden Day.

Arcas. Time suits not now, to give thee more, *Amyntas*:
Let it suffice that *Iphis* is my Hope.
Mean-while, we leave thee to thy Charge in hand.
Be faithful to thy Trust, and serve thy Friend.

[*Exit Arcas, and Egon.*]

Amy. Ambiguous still! Yet where remains the Doubt,
When *Arcas* has declar'd I serve my Friend?
But where's the Friend can help forsake *Amyntas*?
If *Iphis*, sprung from noble Blood, despairs
Of his *Iambe*, born so far below him;
What then, *Amyntas*, is thy wretched Portion?
How must *Pastora*, should she know thy Love,
Redouble all her Scorn for thee, and on
A Brother's Heart revenge a Brother's Pain?
Yet why (since Love was never deem'd a Crime)
Should Virtue sink abandon'd in Despair?

A I R V.

Love's a Tempest, Life the Ocean,
Passions cross the Deep deform;
Rude and raging thro' the Motion,
Virtue fearless braves the Storm:

Storms

*Storms and Tempests may blow over,
And subside to gentle Gales;
So the poor despairing Lover,
When least hoping, oft prevails.
Love's a Tempest, &c.*

But see! sad *Iphis* comes! with heaving Heart,
And pensive Pace, he silent stalks along,
Lifting, with dewy Eyes, his Sighs to Heav'n!
Within this Shade, unseen, I may attend
His Mood, and farther know to serve him. [*Amyth. retires.*]

Enter Iphis.

Iphis. Why, why, fond Wretch, didst thou avow thy
Flame?

Was not her Friendship more than Love could merit?
To every Wish, that Innocence could form,
Alternate Kindness, flowing from the Heart,
Fill'd up the Measure of our social Hours.
When to some distant Hill the Sports have call'd
The smiling Fair, unknowing of her Charms,
Thought it no Boon, to trust thee with their Treasures.
But now, O fatal Avarice of Love!
To what Reverse of Fortune art thou fallen?
Now, at thy Sight, thy cold Companion flies;
Or heedless passing, with a downcast Eye,
Contracts her Beauty from thy pining Sense,
Offended at their Power to wound, or cure.
O *Iphis*! now farewell thy Joys! farewell thy Peace!
Here, to the Musick of this gurgling Brook,
Join thy faint Voice, and tell the Woods thy Woe.
The fitting Winds perhaps may catch the Sounds,
And waft them to *Ianthe's* Ear.

AIR VI.

*While my Love was a Secret, no Scolding
Was so bliss, or so favour'd, as I;
No Pastime delighted the Plain,
But *Ianthe*, with *Iphis* would play:*

When

When I outeild, or strain'd for the Race.
 Her Basom heav'd Wishes for me;
 When I won it, she blusht with such Grace.
 And Cry'd—O! the Garland's for Thee.
 But alas! since my Flame I reveal'd,
 All her Kindness is turn'd to Disdain;
 If she Eyes me, she flies o'er the Field,
 Or bids the Winds bear me complain.
 When the Nymphs, to my Sorrows more kind,
 Reproach the hard Heart of the Maid;
 From her Anger this Answer they find,
 "Fond Love—has my Friendship betray'd.

Amyntas returns.

Amyntas. I have attended, *Iphis*, to thy Sorrows,
 And now, no longer can suppress the Friend:
 Give me thy Grievs at large, and ease thy Heart.

Iphis. *Amyntas!* have I still a Friend, in thee?
 A Friend, with whom I may repose my Grief?
 A Friend, that will with Candour hear,
 And chide me with Compassion?—

Amyntas.—Yes, a Friend,
 That comes prepar'd, determin'd to assist thee.
 Name, then, the Nymph, that thus has robb'd thee of
 Thyself—

Iphis.—Need I repeat what every Grove
 Has heard, what almost every Tree records?
 Rip up my Heart, and read *Ianthe* there!

Amyntas. My Sister! is it possible! *Ianthe!*

Iphis. She, she, *Amyntas*, has resolv'd my Ruin.

Amyntas. Let me suppress my Wonder, till I hear
 Thy Tale: unfold, from first to last, the Spring,
 The Progress, and the Issue of thy Hopes.

Iphis. Hear, and lament my Fate—I will not dwell,
Amyntas, with a Lover's Fondness, on
Ianthe's Charms, tho' on that one Theme

O I could talk whole Midnight Moons to waning.

Amyntas. Proceed: my Patience shall indulge thy Fondness.

Iphis. Ere yet I was susceptible of Love,
 Or that her Charms unblown could fear the Lover,

A sympathetick Friendship join'd our Hearts,
Our Innocence inseparable pass'd our Days:
Nature, at length, with soft Maturity
Spread o'er my youthful Cheek the Manly Down:
Then, with unusual Pulses beat my Heart;
New Wishes found new Lustre in her Charms,
And, on my gazing, Sighs uncall'd would rise:
And yet, alas! so innocent my Thoughts,
I knew not, then, 'twas Love; nor till this Hour
Perhaps had known, but that a fatal Proof
(Tho' at the Time transporting) since confirm'd it.

Amyntas. Transporting! Ha! let me conceive thee, *Iphis*.

Iphis. Mistake me not; the Proof, tho' sweet, was harmless.

Amyntas. Forgive my Fear, I ought t' have thought it so.
Pursue thy Tale——

Iphis.——It happen'd, on a Day,
Pastora, fair *Iantbe*, and myself
Their Guide, returning wearied from the Chace,
Accepted, from a neighbouring Swain, Refreshment.
There as within the Honey-suckle Bower
We lay, whose waving Sweets enrich'd the Air;
A careful Bee, providing for the Hive
With busy Toil, from Flower to Flower, flew round us.
Pastora fearful of his Flight, with Blows
Mis-spent in Air, disturb'd his Diligence:
The Insect thus provok'd, with sudden Rage,
Darts on her Cheek his sharp invenom'd Sting:
The shrieking Maid, in Tears, deplor'd her Pain;
When kind *Iantbe* to her Succour flew,
And to the fiery Wound her balmy Lips
Apply'd; Then solemn to the Ear, she sung
Verses of holy and mysterious Meaning,
(A Charm bequeath'd her by the Sage *Eudocia* :)
On this the angry Tumour was dispell'd,
And to her Cheek the usual Rose return'd.

Amyntas. Happy Relief! have magick Notes such Power?
But O methinks I feel *Pastora's* Pain!

Iphis. Who would not bear the Pain, to taste the Cure?
No, *Amyntas*, I rather must believe

The

The Charm receiv'd its Virtue from *Herbs*:

For, sure! such Lips what'er they touch must heal.

Amy. But, *Iphis*, how couldst thou perceive, from
That Love had seiz'd thy Heart? ——— [thence,

Iphis. ——— Attend the Sequel.

While I stood Witness of the charming Cure,

I saw such humid Fervour on her Lips,

Such willing Fondness sparkling from her Eyes,

Heard the sweet chirping Sound of every Kiss,

With such Delight—I wish'd the wound my own.

At length so painful grew my tender Longing,

That, on a sudden bursting from the Bower,

In seeming Anguish covering with my Hand

My Face, I with'd like one in mortal Pain:

The Cause inquir'd, I to *Iambe* cry'd,

Another Bee had pierc'd my raging Lip.

She, unsuspecting of her Skill, betray'd,

Her Innocence unblushing at her Art,

With sweet Convulsion drew my healthy Lip

To hers, unknowing of the Joy I stole:

No Malady she found, but what she gave,

A thousand Stings she shot into my Heart,

Which, since confess'd, her Scorn denies to cure.

Amy. What on the Instant follow'd this Proceeding?

Iphis. As to our Home we onward took the way,

I fondly smiling own'd the happy Fraud,

Exulted on the Joy her Lips had given.

And, to excuse the Fact, impeach'd my Love!

At this, a red Confusion flush'd her Cheek;

Quick Anger darted from her flashing Eyes,

Till mute Concern disill'd a falling Tear,

Nor Prayers, Excuse, or Penitence prevail'd:

For, from that Moment, never would she speak,

Regard, converse, or, unavoided, bear

My Presence more.

A I R VII.

I once believ'd, ere she cou'd bate,

Kind Nature wou'd her Larvs undo,

That Doves wou'd with the Falcons mate,

Or Falcons to the Doves be true.

But

*But, to my Ruin, now I see,
The softest Heart is hard to me.*

Amy.———Nor can I blame her, *Iphis*;
With Grief, I own thy Story has deceiv'd me;
Were these thy tender Motives for my Pity?
Fond Youth, thy wanton Fraud was too licentious;
What less, than Scorn, could Maiden Shame return,
For injur'd Truth, and Innocence betray'd?

Iphis. O! *Amyntas*! then I am lost indeed!
Reprov'd by thee too, I myself condemn;
To merit her Disdain is Misery
Compleat———

Amy.———Nay then I still must pity thee!
Thy Resignation yet recalls the Friend,
And sooths the jealous Brother to forgive.

Iphis. O then confirm it by the dearest Proof,
And soften, to my Sighs, *Ianthe's* Heart.

Amy. No, *Iphis*; to confirm the Friend sincere,
Against thy Love I must support thy Virtue:
Thy Duty, Honour, Interest, and thy Fame,
With Force invincible, oppose thy Hopes:
Therefore, in time, fond Youth, restrain thy Passion.
Fix on some Beauty equal to thy Birth,
Preserve the Fountain of thy Blood unstain'd,
And leave *Ianthe* to inferior Hearts.

Iphis. Thy Words, *Amyntas*, like a Ponyard pierce me.

Amy. Thy present Pain secures thy future Peace.

Iphis. Can I have Peace, without *Ianthe's* Love?

Amy. Canst thou be happy with diminish'd Honour?

Iphis. Where Virtue is, the proudest Birth may bow.

Amy. Take heed, rash Youth! thou hast an high-born Sister:
How, in her Heart, wou'dst thou approve these Precepts?

Iphis. As thou wou'dst—if her Lover would applaud 'em.

Amy. As I wou'd! I mistake thee sure; explain.

Iphis. Suppose *Amyntas* for *Pastora* burn'd,
Suppose *Pastora* shou'd approve his Flame;
Then ask of Love, what wou'd *Amyntas* do?

Amy. Admit me frail——were that a Plea for *Iphis*?

He

He probes me to the Heart! sure he suspects not. } *Aside.*
 I must avoid the Subject, and retire.
Iphis, howe'er my Friendship is inclin'd,
 Compassion must not cancel Obligations;
 Thy noble Father is our House's Patron:
 To serve thy Love were to invade his Honour?
 Therefore be early warn'd, and rein thy Passion,
 Return to Duty, and abjure *Ianthe*.

AIR VIII.

Fly, when she charms thee:
Virtue alarms thee:
Oppose her Beauty,
With Fame and Duty:
Love without Honour's the Bane of our Joys:
When Beauty's blasted,
Love is soon wasted;
Honour's a Blessing
Out-lives possessing;
The Laurel of Fame no Thunder destroys.
Fly, when &c. [Ex. *Amynt.*

Iphis. Persuade the Seas in Tempests to be calm!
 Forbid the vernal Flowers to blow—their Sweets
 To smell, or Seasons to regard the Sun!
 Such is the Power of *Iphis*, to recede:
 To change, is the Relief of luke-warm Lovers;
 None can be happy, but who dare be wretched!
 Fortune may starve, but never change my Love.

AIR IX. and X.

No, no, my Heart!
Indure the Smart;
Whatever Pain
Her Eyes ordain,
My never-changing Love shall bear.
From Charms so sweet
There's no Retreat;
So just her Scorn,
I still must burn,
Tho' doom'd to sure Despair.

What

What tho' her colder Eyes may grieve me.

This Consolation still I find,

That, from my Sorrows, to relieve me,

Kinder Fancy forms her kind.

There, disarm'd of coy Disdain,

Her yielding Sighs reward my Pain.

Amyntas returns.

Amyntas. Iphis, dispel thy Fears; *Amyntas* is
With Joy return'd, to gratulate thy Love.

Iphis. What means my Friend?

Enter Arcas.

Amyntas. ——— Lord *Arcas* will inform thee.

Iphis. My Father! prostrate let me thus revere him.

Arcas. Arise, my Son! recover so thy Heart,
And prosecute thy Love: Thy Friend *Amyntas*,
By my Appointment, tempting thy Desires,
With such fair Praises has adorn'd thy Truth,
That my fond Nature earns to indulge thy Vows,
And, far as my paternal Sanction may,
With Honour, in *Iantbe* to compleat them.

Iphis. O kind *Amyntas*! Didst thou thus deceive me?

Arcas. I know the Treasures of her Mind, as thou
Her Charms; I know that Happiness, in Love,
Is not the Gift of Fortune, or of Birth.

I know that Honour is adorn'd by Virtue,
That Title is, without it, but a Name:

Therefore when Virtue prompts thy Heart to love—
For worldly Views, I give them to the Air!

Iphis. How shall my future Life deserve this Goodness!
O *Amyntas*! I breathe again! and my
Discordant Heart resumes its Harmony!

A I R XI.

Away, away, Despair!

Leave me, Fear,

Pining Care!

Of Hope a dawning Light,

Kindly bright,

Dispels my former Woes:

Life is now soft Repose;

*When Fears to Love Relief deny,
By One subdu'd, a Thousand fly:
When Hope is once in Sight,
All, all the rest is all Delight!*

Arcas. To give thee, *Iphis*, yet a farther Hope;
Ægon, her Father, knowing my Consent
Had ratify'd thy Love, with Joy receiv'd
The News, and warn'd *Ianthe* of her Conquest.
This Moment he prepares her for thy Wishes,
And brings her, blushing, to receive thy Vows.

Iphis. O sweet Relief! O unexpected Joy!

Arcas. Now good *Amynias* have I kept my Word?

Amyn. And doubly have rewarded my Obedience.

Iphis. And yet, alas, I fear. Now I may speak,
My Heart retreats, and trembles to be heard.

Arcas. Who fears t' offend, takes the first step to please.

Iphis. But I, in such high Nature have offended—

Arcas. Where the offence is Love, the coldest Maid
Seldom exacts Repentance—see she comes!
By her fond Father's Hand conducted—cheer thy Heart.

*Enter Ægon leading Ianthe, who stands some time silent:
Iphis kneeling at a Distance.*

A I R XII.

Ægon.

*A lovely Nymph, and Swain,
At once adorn'd the Plain,
For whom the rest, in vain,
In Love were sighing.*

*No Last, who saw the Youth,
But found her Heart in sooth
All over Flame and Truth.
And for him dying.*

*But Ob! the Boy
To all was coy,
For he but one desir'd;
The Nymph by all admir'd
Made him surrender.*

The

*The dainty Nymph, it seems,
Was farther, in Extreams;
For tho', 'tis true,
She could subdue
The Heart of every Swain:
Yet all pursu'd in vain;
None! none could bend her.*

Look there, my Darling——

Arcas.———Fair *Ianthe*!

Turn thy kinder Eye——

Amy.———O lend thy pitying Ear.

Ian. Methinks I stand, like a poor hunted Deer
Within the Toil, by lifted Spears surrounded.
What is my Crime? Why am I here the Point
Of public Gaze, the Mark of chiding Eyes,
And general Reproach? Whom have I wrong'd?
Not *Iphis* sure! Unless my Friendship was injurious;
That once betray'd, could I do less than end it?
His Crime (Oh that my Memory could lose it!)
I sooner shall forget, than dare to pardon.

Iphis. Ianthe, oh my Heart pines after thee!
By all our playful Hours of Infant Life,
Which almost Arm in Arm, our Innocence
Delighted, and delighting has enjoy'd,
By these my conscious Pangs of Friendship lost——

Ian. Thou hast defil'd it, *Iphis*, by Deceit!

Iphis. O yet restore, restore me to myself;
Forgive, and call me to thy Friendship Home!

Ian. 'Twas once my Pride! remember'd, 'tis my Shame.

Iphis. Alas, our Friendship was the Bloom of Love!
And Love the Promise of the Tree perform'd.
Is then the Fruit less pleasing than the Flower?

Ian. Yes—the white Hawthorn in its Bloom is flagrant,
Its Fruit neglected, or the Food of Herds.

Iphis. O yet forgive! and never shall ungovern'd Love,
In conscious Word, or Look, offend thy Virtue.

Ian. That thou hast wrong'd me once, is my Misfortune;
If I am twice deceived, the Guilt be mine.

Egon. Ianthe, stay——

[Going.

[She returns.

Iphis.

Iphis.———Are these, *Amyntas*, my
Deluded Hopes? [*He rises, and leans on Amyntas.*]

Ægon.——No, I compel thee not.
Thy Heart shall ever, in thy Love, be free.

Ian. Thus let my bending Knee be thankful!
Say but my Heart is free! I ask no more.

Ægon. Free as thy Bosom-Thought—

Arcas.———Yes, fair *Ianthe*,
Howe'er my partial Fondness may regard
A Son distress'd, I still esteem thy Virtue;
Nor, with thy Father's Power, would thwart thy Wishes.
If thou art injur'd, right thy Maiden Wrongs;
If Love wants Motives to compose thy Breast,
The Voice of Power, or Interest, shall be neuter,
And leave thee free to pardon, or resent.

Ian. If I were capable of hating *Iphis*,
This Goodness might remove it! No, my Lord,
I am not yet so blinded by Resentment,
But that I can allow his Virtues still
Diffusive to the World: Why then am I
Distinguish'd by Offence? With Grief I speak it,
Why are those Virtues only blameable
To me?——

Iphis.——Couldst thou behold thy Eyes, *Ianthe*,
Thy chiding Wonder of my Crime might cease.

Ian. Admit thy ill-plac'd Flattery were true,
Is that Excuse for Fraud, and injur'd Kindness?
For violated Faith, and sensual Insult?

Iphis. How can the Guilt of *Iphis* taint *Ianthe*?

Ian. O weak Reply! 'tis not enough, that Maids
Are innocent; they must be Thought so too,
And she, whose violated Modesty
Forgives, resents with a dissembled Anger.

A I R XIII.

No, no, to pardon, were but approving

All that the Guilt of Love has done.

Hearts that o'erlook Offences in lovings

To their own Ruin blindly run.

No, no, to pardon, &c.

Virtue relenting

At humble repenting,

LOVE in a RIDDLE. 245

Is but inviting Offence to go on:
No, no, to pardon, &c.
She that dispenses
With first Offences,
But makes with Delight the Crime all her own.
No, no, to pardon, &c.

Iphis. Lions and Tigers might be sooner tam'd,
 Than one obdurate Maid! Some pitying God
 Look down, dissolve her frozen Heart, relieve
 A Lover's Pain, and give her Eyes Compassion.

A I R XIV.

Cupid! Intreat her.

Relentless Creature!

Must I slighted yield my Breath?

Ian. No.

Iphis. Have I leave to love you?

Ian. No.

Iphis. Can my Ruin move you?

Ian. No.

Iphis. In Pity, give me Life, or Death!

Ian. No, no, no.

Iphis. O painful Station!

Hard-fated Passion!

Can Youth and Beauty, Nature defy?

Ian. If Men have Right to love, Maids have to fly.

Iphis. Cupid! intreat her, &c.

[*Iphis* turning from *Ianthe*, dejected, leans against a Tree,
 while *Amyntas* seems to talk to her apart.

Arcas. I fear me, *Egon*, we have gone too far!

Ianthe seems to triumph in the Power
 We gave, and strains it to a Crushy. [turn;

Egon. Give Nature Time! This Tide of Power may
 Virgins grow seldom old, in Cruelty.

Their Tyranny is but a poor, short-liv'd Flower;
 With Pride it blooms, but sooner fades, than Beauty.

Amyntas. 'Tis true, *Ianthe*, thou art free to chuse;
 But something seems to that Indulgence due:

Thou seest the generous *Arcas*, and thy Father,

Though they impose not, recommend at least,
And, in their Silence, chide thy Coldness.

Ian. Leave me to pause—Virtue! to thee, thus far,
Implicit have I paid Obedience! Now
Support, and cover with thy Wings my Weakness. [*Aside.*

Amyntas. If ever, *Iphis*, now resume thy Cause.

Iphis. *Ianthe*! though my Fault confess'd despairs
Of Pardon, let me hope my Punishment
At least extends not to thy rooted Hate!
Divide, if possible, the Lover from
The Friend; and to remember, that I, once,
Was unoffending *Iphis*—wear this Trifle. [*Offering his Crook.*

Ian. Accepted Presents, *Iphis*, are for Hearts
In Amity, and therefore suit not me:
Yet since, I find, the general Wish attends thee;
In Proof, at least, that I suspend Resentment,
One Gift I will receive, and only one.

Iphis. O! quick pronounce thy Pleasure, and relieve me.

Ian. Relieve thyself; on thee Relief depends!
Now, if thou canst, divine thy Life to come,
For thus our Goddess has resolv'd thy Doom!

Arcas. *Ægon*! *Amyntas*, hear—

Iphis. ———— My Soul attends thee! [*Morn*

Ian. Know then, impatient to redress my Wrongs, this
Before the Holy Shrine of chaste *Diana*
I prostrate threw me, and implored her Aid:
The Goddess smil'd propitious to my Prayers,
And to resent the Stains of *Iphis*' Love,
These Words her sacred Oracle pronounc'd.

“ That which he cannot have, shall *Iphis* give;

“ That, which Thou canst not give, or He desire:

“ That which he must not have, must thou receive, //

“ That! that's the Right thy present Wrongs require.

Iphis. What jangling Paradoxes rack my Brain!

Arcas. Can Love thro' Riddles only reach
their Hearts? } *Apart.*

Ægon. When I was young, I always found it so.

Ian. “ ’Til this, from *Iphis* I receive,

“ *Ianthe* never shall forgive.

“ When

" When *Iphis* plain this Riddle reads,
 " Then to his Wish, his Love succeeds.
 " Now turn thee, *Iphis*, to thy Art.
 " Mean-while, like Friends compell'd, we part.

Iphis. Can *Iphis* from *Ianthé* fly?

Ian. Will *Iphis*, what she asks, deny?

AIR XV.

Iphis. Thus the plaintive Exile sighs,
 Doom'd to leave his native Shore.

Ian. Thus the cheerful Merchant tries
 Seas and Winds, for golden Oar.

Iphis. Winds, and Seas, with gentle Gales
 Sometimes waft us to Repose;
 But the banish'd Lover sails,
 Wreck'd with every Wind that blows.

Ian. Danger past delights the Mind;
 Life, if always calm, would cloy;
 In our proudest Hours, we find,
 Sweet Relief is all our Joy.

Both. Sweet Relief, &c.

Iphis. Death and Absence are the same.

Ian. Absence tries a constant Flame.

Iphis. Constant Love should find Reward.

Ian. Love should all Commands regard.

Iphis. Truth and Love sometimes persuade.

Ian. Love and Fate will be obey'd.

Both. { Fate } and { Love shall } be obey'd.
 { Love } { Fate will }

[All but *Ianthé* go off.]

Ian. 'Tis done! his tender Passion is reveal'd.
 What I endure, lies here, a Load conceal'd.
 Call not for Pity, *Iphis*, of thy Pain;
 Unless thy Thoughts conceiv'd what mine sustain.
 My Love, by Pride suppress'd, was harder born
 Than all thy Anguish, from *Ianthé*'s Scorn.
 Unequal, Nature, are thy Laws ordain'd!
 By thee, we're taught to love, by thee, restrain'd:
 While lordly Man no sooner feels thy Fire,
 Than he, unblam'd, avows the soft Desire,

Melts with complaining Sighs our Hearts away,
Till what, with Pain, we hide, our conscious Eyes betray.
[Exit.]



ACT II. SCENE. I.

ARCAS and ÆGON.

ARCAS.

O Ægon! how shall I requite thy Love?
Much for *Amyntas'* Virtue is thy Due;
But for *Ianthe* more! A Female Mind,
So greatly rais'd above her humble Fortune,
So justly jealous of her Maiden Fame,
So warm, yet graceful, in her firm Resentment;
So fearful to forgive, so sweetly loath
To punish, where paternal Pity pleaded!
A Heart so finish'd in the Mold of Virtue
Raises my Wonder high as my Content!
These, Ægon, these are Blessings, from thy Care
Deriv'd, which *Arcas* never can repay.

Ægon. Has not your equal Care of my *Pastora*
More than repay'd the Debt of your *Ianthe*?
And does not *Iphis* ballance your *Amyntas*?
Talk not of Obligations then, unless
You would inquire, what Ægon owes to *Arcas*!

Arcas. Let them be mutual then: what Virtue gives
Is always so: When Friends, on Friends, confer,
To give, or to receive, is equal Pleasure.
Now tell me, Ægon, speak thy real Thoughts,
What must we judge of cold *Ianthe's* Conduct?

Ægon. That Education has assisted Nature,
And given her Prudence to conceal her Love.

Arcas. Her Love! why was the Riddle then impos'd?
For, if she loves, her Hopes are there in Hazard:
If *Iphis* never should have Skill to solve it,
On her own Heart her Cruelty recoils.

Ægon.

Egon. 'Tis true: but Nature is, in female Hearts,
So shy, they sometimes, will endure more Pain
To hide, than to accomplish their Desires.
But here, alas! the Danger's soon remov'd.
'Tis but her whispering some Bosom-friend,
Who kindly may betray the Trust to *Iphis*.

Arcas. Suppose she never make that Trust! —

Egon. ———— Know then,
That I, myself, already have unty'd it.

Arcas. 'Tis more than I can reach: explain it —

Egon. ———— No.
Your Heart's too tender to conceal it long.
You, on the first Distress of *Iphis*, would assist him.

Arcas. Well! take thy own Course, till proper time de-
Now, *Egon*, turn we to our other Care. [mand it.

Philautus is this Day arriv'd from *Corinth*
In gorgeous Pomp, to make his Conquest sure;
The Fame, he tells me, of my Daughter's Charms,
Hath drawn him from the Crowd of Courtly Beauties,
Whose Rival Hearts, in vain, have sigh'd to hold him,
To lay his Fortunes at *Pastora*'s Feet.

Egon. This Froth and Vanity must yield us Sport.

Arcas. I leave his Follies, *Egon*, to thy Charge;
Thy Jovial Tongue will play upon his Pride,
And better sound the Shallows of his Heart.
But I must, as befits his Birth, receive him:
Nor, for his Father's sake, must slight his Weakness.

Pastora shall be inform'd of his Arrival:
Bring thou *Amyntas* to their Interview:
Where, when he sees, in form, the high *Philautus*
By my own Hand presented to *Pastora*,
Then shall we prove, how far his secret Flame
Can bear a Rival, or deserve a Mistress.

Egon. First, let me trespass on your gentle Patience:
This Way I see old *Corydon* advancing:
He comes, by my Appointment, to complain
Of some Abuse, that's offer'd to his Daughter;
And hopes, that your Authority will right him.

Arcas. 'Tis true! somewhat of this *Pastora* told me.

Egon. He's here, with all the Parties, to attend you.

Enter Corydon, Phillida, Cimon, Mopsus, Damon, and other Shepherds.

Cor. May all our Gods preserve the noble *Arcas*,
Lord of our Lands, and Flocks.—

Arcas.——— Good Neighbours, welcome!
What seems amiss, that may concern your Welfare?

Cor. Ah! my good Lord, I have no Skill to speech it,
But Grief at Heart will always find a Tongue.
My Lord, this home-bred Maid I call my Daughter,
She's all I have, and all my Hope; now I
Would gladly see her well dispos'd in Marriage,
And that she might not die a Maid, unask'd,
I have declar'd one half of what I have
Her Dow'r, in present; at my Death, the rest.
'Tis true, 'tis little; but still, the Half is Half!
Now here, so please you, I have found her out
A pair of wholesome Youths, to take her Choice of:
Brothers they be, Sons of my Neighbour *Dorus*,
This is call'd *Cimon*, and the younger *Mopsus*!
Their Means, and Manners, suit her Breeding well,
And both profess their Hearts are set upon her.

Cim. Yes, and please you, both cruelly in Love.

[*Half crying.*]

Cor. Nay pr'ythee, *Cimon*, let me tell my Story.

Arcas. A little Patience, Friend——

Mop.——— Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh!

That Fool my Brother's always in the wrong!

Cor. Fy! fy! *Mopsus*! now thou art worse than he.

Arcas. On with thy Tale——

Cor.——— Now, Sir, these Lads, I say,
Were nothing in the way to cross their Courtship,
Might one or t'other make her a good Husband.
But here, here, an't please you, lies our Grief!
The wilful Girl is scornful to them both.
And why? because, forsooth! she loves another!
But how! how is her Love dispos'd? Why thus!
This pranking gamesome Boy, this *Damon* here!
With Songs, and Gambols, has I think bewitch'd her,

His

His Pipe, it seems, has play'd her sweeter Sounds,
And all the idle Day they toy and sing together.

Cim. Ay so they do, and please you——

Cor. ————Nay, nay, *Cimon*!

Cim. Well, well! I've done: but I'm sure it's true tho'—

Cor. So nothing now will down with her but *Damon*.

And what will *Damon* do? Why, ruin her!

The Lamb that's in the hungry Fox's Mouth,

Has little Hope to scape being made his Breakfast:

For he declares he ne'er intends to marry,

And openly defies my Power to force him.

A hard Defiance to a tender Father!

Now, good my Lord! 'tis true you're not our King,

And therefore none are bound, by Law, to obey you.

But you've a stronger Tye o'er us, our Hearts.

The Man were branded here, that scorn'd your Pleasure.

And the great good you do us every Day,

Will make your Word go farther, than a Law:

So if your Pity think my Case is hard,

I leave the Manner how, to your great Wisdom;

And hope your Goodness will prevent a Father's Sorrow.

Arcas. O *Egon*! how affecting is the Tongue

Of plain Simplicity—The honest Wretch!

He moves me more with Nature's Eloquence,

Than all the Points of our *Athenian* Orators.

Thy Grief, good *Corydon*, I take to Heart,

And, to my poor extent of Power, will serve thee.

But hear we now, what others may reply.

Damon, thou'st heard this good old Man's Complaint;

Why hast thou dallied with this Maid's Affection?

Dam. My Lord, I mean the Lads no harm, not I:

'Tis true, I like her Lip, and so I do.

Some twenty others, and twenty others may

Have all the same Demand to marry me!

But, 'las-a-day! tho' Kissing goes by Favour,

A Man can't marry every Girl he kisses!

Were that a Claim, then she, that first was kiss'd,

Should first be married; so I hope my Lord,

I shall not be bound to do one right, in wrong

To Hundreds, that should come, in turn, before her.

Egon.

Egon. Sirrah! thou mak'st thy Perjuries a Sport,
And think'st thy Wit excuses Wickedness.

Dam. Not so hard, good Master; for Maids sometimes
Are slippery Bits, as well as we; and he
That has but one poor String to his Bow, if that
Should fly, will find but sorry Sport a Shooting.

Egon. Knave! thou'rt a Nuisance; all thy Neighbours
note thee

For a Poacher; When Nuts are ripe, he cracks
You half the Apron-strings, around the Country.

Arcas. Gently, *Egon*; let us suspend Reproof,
That we may hear, without Disguise, his Thoughts.
Well *Daman*, what Amends to *Corydon*?

What shall I say I've done to right his Daughter?

Dam. Why let the Damsel please herself, my Lord;
If she's dispos'd to marry, there's her Choice.

If to make Life a Frolic—Here's her Man.

There's no great Hardship, where the Will is free:

As she must first consent, before she kisses,

I hope she'll first have mine, before I marry.

For though some Men have hang'd themselves for Maids,
Yet, I have known my Betters think a Wife

The worst of Halts; so whate'er betide me,

I hope you won't make Marriage, Sir, my Sentence!

Arcas. Think'st thou a virtuous Bride, a Punishment?

Dam. A Halter made of Silk's a Halter still.

And as the Song wisely says, my Lord,

A I R I.

The Man, for Life,

That takes a Wife,

Is like a thousand dismal Things:

A Fox in Trap,

Or worse, mayhap;

An Owl, in Cage, that never sings.

Dull, from Morn to Night

He bates her Sight,

Yet he, poor Soul! must endure it.

Bed of Thorns!

Head of Horns!

Such

*Such a Life!
Rope, or Knife,
Can only cure it.*

II.

*A Bull at Stake,
To merry make,
He roars aloud, and the Laugh is strong!
Like Dog, and Cat,
Or Puss, and Rat,
He fights for Life, and it lasts as long.
But the Man that's free,
Is like the Bee,
While every Flower he's tasting.
Never cloy,
With his Joys:
Day or Night,
New Delight
Is only lasting.*

Cor. You see, Sir, I have not accus'd him falsely;
He owns himself more wicked, than I spoke him.

Arcas. 'Tis true, as such we shall consider him.
Well, my good Friends, I hope what you propose
[To Cimon and Mopsus.

Will shew your Hearts are of an honest Mould.
There stands the Maid; if you have ought to urge,
That may prefer your Hopes to *Damon's*,
Take this Occasion to avow your Love:
You have her Father's Wish, and my Protection.

Cim. Ah! Sir, an' like you, I've no Heart to speak;
She flouts, and glows, at me, from Morn to Night.
See how she looks now! 'cause she can't avoid me. [ness.

Arcas. Take Courage, Man; 'tis but her maiden Shy-

Cim. D'ye think so, Sir? Why then I will take Heart!
If an old Song will do the Thing, have at her.

A I R II.

*There's not a Swain,
On the Plain,
Would be blest as I,*

O could you but, could you but, on me smile:

But you appear

So severe,

That trembling with Fear,

My Heart goes pit a pat! pit a pat! all the while!

When I cry,

Must I die?

You make no Reply,

But look sly,

And with a scornful Eye,

Kill me with your Cruelty:

How can you be, can you be,

How can you be, so hard to me?

Ah! poor Cimon, thou art ne'er the nearer!

Not all thy Sighs, nor Songs, nor Sobs can move her!

[Crying.

Cor. You see, my Lord, the Lad tho' fearful, in
His Heart is honestly dispos'd however.

Arcas. Perhaps she may be more inclin'd to Mopsus.

Ægon. Come, Mopsus, now for thee, thy Heart seems
chearful.

Mop. Ay! 'twas always so: I love to laugh,
Let things go how they will: Why let her frown!
As long as Cimon's us'd as ill as I,
It gives ones Mind a little Ease however!
Happen as 'twill, I shall have him to laugh at!
So, as he's for fingering an old Song sadly,
'Twill be but sad, to try a new one merrily.

A I R III.

When Phillida milks her Cow,

How have I stood smirking?

Ob! the pretty Stream would flow,

With a Jerk, and a Jerk in!

Thy whiter Bosom too so beav'd,

Half out, and half in!

That of my Breath I was bereav'd,

With a Fit of laughing!

I could not hold from lau—ghing!

Half out, and half in!

Ob!

Ob! to see them fall, and rise,
I laugh'd, till I lost my Eyes:
Half out, and half in!
And it was the purest Sight,
E'er gave Delight,
From Morn to Night,
I could ha' died, with laughing.
With laugh—ing.

Agon. Well said, *Mopsus*! Thou sing'st it from thy
And 'tis a merry one ————— [Heart,

Mop. ————— Better than crying.

Cor. Ah! Sir, we poor Swains have but homely Words,
To speak our Minds; but what we say, we stand to.

Arcas. An honest Principle: Now, my good Friend;
Let us inquire into thy Daughter's Heart:
For that must guide us —————

Cor. ————— *Phyllida*, come near!

Arcas. Well, my fair Maid! is there, within my Power,
Ought, that may contribute to thy Happiness?
Of all these Youths, for thou art free to chuse,
Which is the Swain comes nearest to thy Heart?

Phil. Since I am forc'd to speak the Truth, my Lord,
I own my Heart has play'd a simple Game;
I know my Father's Kindness means me well,
And I could wish I had the Power to please him;
But I am loath to lead a Savage Life:
And sure! these Lads were woeful Company.

Cimon. O scornful Maid! my Heart will burst with
Grief! [Cries.

Mop. Hoh! hoh! poor *Cimon*'s in a bitter taking!

[Laughs.

Phil. 'Twere hard to chuse, from such extremes of
Damon, with all his Infidelities, [Folly!

Seems not to me, Sir, half so terrible!

And I am more, than much afraid, I love him!

'Tis true, I know him fickle, false, and faithless!

And I have try'd a thousand, thousand times,

To shut him from my Thoughts, but 'twill not do!

When e'er my Heart is open, in he comes!

Again

Again submits, and is again forgiven !
 Again I love, and am again forsaken !
 Yet still he fools me on ; and when he's absent,
 With Sighs, and Songs, I thus relieve my Folly.

A I R IV.

*What Woman could do, I have try'd, to be free ;
 Yet do all I can,
 I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
 Still, still he's the Man.
 They tell me at once, he to twenty will swear :
 When Vows are so sweet, who the Falshood can fear ?
 So, when you have said all you can,
 Still—still he's the Man.*

II.

*I caught him once making Love to a Maid,
 When to him I ran,
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who could upbraid
 So civil a Man ?
 The next Day I found to a Third he was kind,
 I rated him soundly, he swore, I was blind ;
 So, let me do what I can,
 Still—still he's the Man.*

III.

*All the World bids me beware of his Art :
 I do what I can ;
 But he has taken such hold of my Heart,
 I doubt he's the Man !
 So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind,
 He may have his Faults, but if I none can find,
 Who can do more than they can ;
 He—still is the Man.*

*Arcas. Take Comfort, Corydon ; all yet may mend :
 Thy Daughter's frank Confession of her Love
 Persuades me, of her guarded Innocence !
 And though licentious Damon may deserve
 Severe Reproof ; yet for the Maiden's sake
 (For what he suffers, her fond Heart will feel)*

We

We will not harden him, by Punishment,
But rather tempt him by Reward, to Virtue.
Of this bad Matter make we then the best.
If therefore *Damon*, thou, or any Swain,
By Suit or Service of his Love, can woe,
And win this gentle Maid, to be his Bride,
The Dow'r, which her kind Father has declar'd,
Myself will double, on her Marriage-day,
And give him, with her Hand, my farther Favour.

Cor. May all the Gods preserve the bounteous *Arcas*.
A double Portion! Now, my honest Lads,
There's brave Encouragement to warm your Hearts!
Now shew your Skill, and who's the featest Fellow!
Now sing, and dance her down to your Desires!
Now, *Phyllida*, let faithless *Damon* see
What Love, and Honesty have gain'd by Truth;
And what his Pranks have lost by Wickedness.

Phil. Dishonesty shall never gain on me.

Mop. A double Dowry, *Cimon*; now's our Time!

Cim. Ay, but I'm tender-hearted; my poor Hopes
Will never blossom, while she looks so frosty!

Cor. Learn of thy Brother, Lad; thou see'st he knows
No Fear, nor Grief: Up with thy Heart, and at her.

Cim. Well then, since you encourage me, I will.

Cor. Well said, my Boy! Ah! this joyful Day
Has set my Heart upon the merry Pin!
When I was young, 'twas thus I play'd the Sweetheart.

A I R V.

When I follow'd a Lass, that was froward, and shy,

O! I stuck to her Stuff, till I made her comply!

O! I took her so lovingly round the Waist,

And I smack'd her Lips, and I held her fast!

When hugg'd, and ball'd,

She squeal'd, and squall'd;

And tho' she vow'd, all I did was in vain!

Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again!

Yet I pleas'd, &c.

Then boity toity!

Whisking, frisking,

258 LOVE in a RIDDLE.

*Green was her Gown upon the Grass;
O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days!
O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days!*

Arcas. Well done, my merry Heart! Come, *Corydon*,
Now let us leave these Lovers free to woe,
And he that first subduing, and subdued,
Comes Hand in Hand, to ask her Bridal Dow'r,
In farther Token of my Love, myself
Will crown him with a Chaplet, worth his wearing.

Ægon. Now for the Garland!—

Mop. ————— Live the noble *Arcas*!

Arcas. *Ægon*! bring thou *Amyntas* to the Grove
Of Citrons, there *Paffora* shall receive

Philautus. [Exeunt *Arcas* and *Ægon* severally.

Cor. ————— Let me but live to see that Knave,
That graceless *Damon* bobb'd! let him but wear
The Willow! I'll jump into my Grave
With Joy— [Exit *Corydon*.

Dam. ————— So! now have I probably
All my whole Work to do over again!
This double Dow'r, no doubt, will turn her Brain, } *Aside.*
And set the Wind-mill of her Sex a going,

Mop. Now! *Cimon*, now!

Cim. ————— I'd rather you'd speak first.

Mop. No, you are the Elder—

Cim. ————— But my Heart misgives me.

Phil. Still silent! no kind Offer yet from *Damon*?
Has Fortune no effect upon his Heart? [Aside.

Cim. No, no, I tell you, I shall never hit
The Tune alone—

Mop. ————— Well then, be sure you back me.

A I R VI.

*Tell me Philly, tell me roundly,
When you will your Heart surrender?*

Cim. Faith, and Troth! I love thee woundly,
And I was the first Pretender.

Mop. Of us Boys,

Cim. Take thy Choice:

Mop.

Mop. *Here's a Heart——*

Cim. *——And here's a Hand too.*

Mop. *His, or mine.*

Cim. *All is thine.*

Both: *—Body and Goods at thy Command too.*

Phil. How harsh and tedious is the Voice
Of Love, from any but the Voice desir'd!

A I R VII.

While you both pretend a Passion,

'T would be cruel to chuse either;

To preserve your Inclination,

I must kindly fix on neither.

To be just,

I now must

Make yours, and yours be equal Cases:

Therefore pray,

From this Day,

I never may behold your Faces.

Now be silent; if Damon is inclin'd
To speak, his turn is next, you've had your Answer.

Mop. Well! let him speak! mayhap your Face
May get as little good from him, as ours
From you; 'tisn't every Man will marry you;
Don't cry, Cimon; it only makes her prouder.

Cim. She has given me such a kick o' the Heart,
I shall never recover it——

Phil. Hark thee, Cimon!

I like thee better than thy Brother, far.

Cim. O! the Gracious! do you truly, and truly?

Phil. I'll give thee Proof this Instant! take him hence,
And keep him from my sight, an Hour at least.
And when thou seest me next, come thou without him.

Cim. Give me thy Hand on't——

Phil. ——Hush! not now, they'll see us.

Away with him——

Cim. A Word's enough—I'll do't.

Come, Mopius, come away—for I have a thing
And such a thing to tell thee, Boy——

Mop.

260 LOVE in a RIDDLE.

Mop. ————What ails
The Fool! Thou'rt mad!

Cim. ————Mad! Ay, and so would you
Be too, were my Case yours; but come away.

Mop. Nay, not so fast, good Cimon——

Cim. ————Faster, Mopsus, faster.

[Cimon hurries off Mopsus.

Dam. My charming Creature! this was kindly done!
Never was Favour, to a Fool, so well
Dissembled!——

Phil. ————Yes, I have learn'd, from you, Dissembling.
And you'll again dissemble, to reward me.

Dam. Why so suspicious, Phillida? Don't I love thee?
Why all this Bustle at my Heart, when thus
I touch thy Hand, or gaze upon thy Eyes!
Give me thy Lips, and see how thou'rt mistaken.

Phil. No, Damon; Lips are but liquorish Proofs
Of Love, and thine too often have deceiv'd me.

A I R VIII.

Dam. ————Away with Suspicion,

That Bane to Desire;

The Heart that loves truly, all Danger defies:

The Rules of Discretion

But stifle the Fire;

On its Merit alone, true Beauty relies.

What Folly to tremble,

Left the Lover dissemble

His Fire?

Turtles that woo,

Bill and Coo:

While we enjoy

We must be true!

And to repeat it, is all,

All, we can desire.

Phil. 'Tis thus thou always hast decoy'd my Heart!
Thou know'st I love, and therefore would'st undo me.

Dam. I know thou lovest, and therefore would secure
thee.

A I R

AIR IX.

Phil. While you pursue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure Ruin lies in all you say.
To bring your toying,
Up to enjoying,
Call first the Priest, and name the Day;
Then, then name the Day.
Lasses are willing
As Lads, for billing,
When Marriage Vows are kindly prest.
Let holy Father
Tye us together,
Then bill your Fill, and bill your best;
Then, then bill your best.

Dam. What, not a Hand, a Lip, for old Acquaintance?
Not one poor Sample of the Grain, my Dear,
Unless I make a Purchase of the whole?

Phil. No, *Damon*; now 'tis time to end our Fooling.
Consent to wed me, or forbear to love.

Dam. What! dost thou think to starve me into Marriage?

Phil. I'll starve myself, but I'll avoid thy Falshood!
Graze where thou wilt, I'll feed no ranging Lovers.

Dam. No—nor I won't be pounded, while I can leap
A Hedge: So keep your Grass for Calves to graze on.
I need not go a Mile for Pasture, Dame,
And good as any Meal that you can make me.

Phil. Do, leave me, do, and prove thyself a Traytor!
Faithless, inhuman *Damon*! ———

Dam. ——— Mightily well!

This double Dow'r, I find, has turn'd thy Brain!
And thou would'st make me madder than thyself!
A Husband! Death! a Mill-horse! what, to grind,
And grind, in one poor hopeless Round of Life!
To-day, to-morrow, and to-morrow, still
To plod the Path, I trod the Day before!
O! methinks I feel the Collar on my Shoulders!

Phil. Abandon'd *Damon*! now I begin to hate thee.

Dam. I'm glad, my Mistress, that you'll speak your
Mind!

Some

262 . LOVE in a RIDDLE.

Some Girls will fool you on till one's Heart aches.
But since I know your Play, Forsooth, hang lag,
Say I, and so farewell, fair *Phillida*.

A I R X.

Dam. *I'll range the World, where Freedom reigns,
And scatter Love around the Plains.*

Phil. *I'll starve my Love, and rather part,
Than yield my Hand, to fool my Heart.*

Dam. *The Frowns of This, I ne'er take ill:
Where One denies; there's Two that will.*

Phil. *Since Maids by Kindness are undone;
Adieu, Mankind; I'll sigh for none.*

Dam. *No frozen Lash shall hold me long.*

Phil. *No Swain, that's false, my Love shall wrong.*

Dam. *Farewel! farewell—'tis time to part.*

Phil. *Thus from thy Hold, I tear my Heart.*

Both. *Farewel! farewell, &c.*

The SCENE changes to a pleasant Garden adjoining to the House of Arcas.

Enter Arcas, conducting Philautus, with Ægon and Amyntas.

Arcas. Once more you're welcome, to our Cottage, Sir;
And what is wanting in Magnificence,
Shall be supply'd in Will, and Wishes, to delight you.

Phil. Your civiliz'd Deportment still retains
The Courtier—that suffices—You are polite.
You know my Birth, and what my Rank requires.
And tho' my Life has always stream'd with Pleasures,
I love sometimes t' unbend from crowded Courts,
And snuff the Rural Air—Your Hounds are good?

Arcas. Of the old *Spartan* Breed: All staunch as Truth,
High-mettled on the Scent, and in full Cry
The jolly Chorus thunders in the Vale.
A sporting Stag will better speak their Virtue.

Phil. We'll find an early Day. And now, my Lord,
Nothing seems wanting to compleat my Welcome,
But fair *Pastora*, and the Field before me!
A started Beauty strains me into Speed,

And

And like the Greyhound Sweeps me to the Quarry.

Arcas. Courtiers have Arts to make their Conquests easy;
But where the Skillful, and the Graceful join,
Our Rural Virgins must on fight surrender.

Phil. She will not find it easy to escape me.

Egon. Sure, she will not find it difficult to try! [*Aside.*

Phil. In Court, our Dames have prov'd me to their Cost,

Arcas. She gains a Conquest, that's by you subdued!

Phil. Polite, and Courtly! finely turn'd, my Lord!

She gains a Conquest, that's by you subdued!

She does indeed! for I'm not easily pleas'd.

Egon. She is, I'm sure, that can be pleas'd with thee,
[*Aside.*

Phil. I, sometimes, have been Nice to Cruelty.

Egon. If Modesty can charm, she's lost indeed!

Arcas. But we delay my Daughter's Happiness:

Your Leave a Moment, to conduct her. [*Exit Arcas.*

Amya. What sudden Terrors have o'ercast my Heart?

Egon. Well, Sir, we now shall see your Courtly Skill!
But let me tell you, that our homebred Nymphs,
However easy to the humble Lover,

Can to the Heart, that comes assur'd of Conquest,

Assume a Pride, regardless as the Wind,

When on the Mountain's Head it bends the Cedar.

Phil. The Rural Bluntness, *Egon*, much delights me:
We sometimes have, in Court, a Droll, like thee.

And when the Oddness of a Creature's pleasant,

We join the Laugh, and give their Humours way.

Egon. Just as we sometimes treat a Coxcomb here.

For now and then they come to steal our Daughters:

Though I ne'er heard their Sighs have much prevail'd.

Phil. But, honest *Egon*, thou shalt find, we Courtiers
Have sharper Darts, than simple Sighs, to shoot with.

The Skillful do not ask, but give Relief. [*Secret.*

Egon. Our simple Swains would thank you for that
For they are always humble, till the Nymph
Is kind; and then they're simply grateful too.

Phil. O Rustick Notions! No, dear *Egon*, no.

A Woman's Pride is pamper'd by our Fear:

He only can reduce that dares provoke it.

Egon.

Egon. A Courage so determin'd must be sure
Of Conquest, Sir,—But see! your fair Defiance.

Enter Arcas with Pastora.

Arcas. This, my *Pastora*, is the Noble Youth,
Whom my Approvement offers to thy Choice :
High is his Lineage, his Appointments equal :
But my weak Praise would wrong his full Deservings ;
Thou art thyself to judge of his Perfections,
For nothing is impos'd upon thy Will :
The brave *Philautus* scorns Advantages,
And leaves his Cause to Love, that thy free Heart
May rather soften, to his own Persuasions,
Than yield reluctant, with a cold Obedience.

Phil. Yes, lovely Maid! compell'd Affection stains
The Lover's Glory, and degrades his Conquest !
The generous Heart disclaims all Aids, but Love !
Yet be compos'd, I'll use a gentle Power :
I know the Terrors that invade your Sex,
When Love first makes his Onset of Desire ;
Your Beauties tremble! and your Charms retreat!
I therefore shall a while suspend my Vows,
'Till your own secret Wishes sigh to hear them.
All I, in present, shall propose, is first,
That with an Eye impartial you survey me ;
Hear with Attention, willing to admire ;
Then when you are inclin'd to speak—speak free !
Nor let your Virgin Coyness veil your Heart.

Past. Sir, I must own you have already cur'd
My Fears, those Fears, that ere you spoke, oppress'd me.
At one short View, I read your Mind, and Person !
Which equally have given Surprise, and Wonder !
And since so generously you use your Power,
As not t' enforce it, with a Father's Will ;
The least I can in Gratitude return,
Is not alone to hear ; but, on the Place,
To answer what I hear ; You may proceed.
There seems no Terror in a Courtier's Love !

Phil. A Heart so dauntless stirs my Emulation !
But let me tell you Fair One, you have now

Before

Before your Eyes no common moulded Lover ;
 A Man less us'd to ask, than to refuse
 Your Sexes Favours ! Beauty may have Eyes,
 Yet Men have Arts to give alternate Wounds.
 Thousands may hope, but few have equal Charms
 To fix a curious Heart—and yet, methinks
 Your Eye, my Fair, darts an unusual—something—
 That calls for farther gazing——
*[After a long Pause, his Looks rising gradually to a gracious
 Approbation, he proceeds.]*

———Virgin ! You
 Have Beauty—I confess it ; to be just,
 I own your Charms are worthy of my Thought ;
 On your own Conduct, now, depends your Happiness !
Pasto. A Heart, that to our Sex has been so fatal,
 Deters the Passion which it's Worth wou'd raise,
 Or leads th' Unwary to avoidless Ruin :
 And, to be free, I dare not trust you with Esteem.

Phil. Agreeable Suspicion ! but I'll ease
 Your Fears, and make your Hopes, at once,
 Your Sexes Envy, and your Swains Despair.
 Come, come, I read your Soul ! such tender Scruples
 Never arise, but from the Heart inclining ;
 The Lover scorn'd is never tax'd with Falshood.
 You see, my Fair, I know the Depths of Love,
 And all your coy Meanders of the Heart.

Pasto. How can you triumph where you've won so little ?

Phil. This Modesty alone were worth my Conquest.

Pasto. I find, Sir, I dispute your Happiness in vain.
 And since I can't persuade you to Despair,
 Thus let me warn our Sexes Vanity :

A I R XI.

*No more, vain Virgins, boast your Power ;
 For Nature is inverted :
 To be blest, you must adore,
 Or be by Swains deserted.
 Sweet Lovers now, at Sight, surprize,
 And give such wondrous Pleasure,
 That when the Nymph, despairing, dies,
 The Swain will deign to ease her.*

Phil. Engaging Creature! what remains, is now
The Means to make your Conqueror, your Captive,
An easy Task—but I'll explain the Secret.

A I R XII.

*Tho' you, perhaps, my lovely Fair,
Have Charms that greatly move me;
Yet all your future Pains, and Care,
Must be, to make me love you.
Your Fate alone depends on me,
You are but what I make you;
Divinely blest, if I prove true,
Undone, if I forsake you.* [*Phil. turns to Ægon.*]

Pasfo. Nay then, 'tis time to undeceive his
But it repays the Pain, to find *Amyntas* [*Folly!*]
Has been the Witness of our Interview :
Sure the Contempt this Trifler has receiv'd,
Will justify my Heart, and still preserve
That soft Esteem, which he has ever shewn me.

} *Aside.*

Arcas. Well, good *Amyntas*, tell me, and in Friendship,
What are thy Thoughts of this *Corinthian Noble*?
Would'st thou not wish *Pastora* to receive him,
And give her Charms, th' Improvement of a Court?

[*Apart.*]

Amyn. Your Wisdom, doubtless, had resolv'd before
Pastora saw him, Sir——— [*Apart.*]

Arcas. ———— Suppose it so,
Yet I would gladly know how far thy Sense
May recommend, or disapprove, this Union. [*Apart.*]

Amyn. Since you descend, to ask a young Man's Counsel,
That mine, Sir, may be better justified,
Permit me to recite, what you yourself
Have oft commended as the Virgin's Lesson.
Tho' much, I fear, my Skill will marr the Music.

Ægon. No matter; thou at least, wilt give it Meaning.

Amyn. That, Sir, were worthy of *Pastora's* Ear.

A I R XIII.

*Virgins, beware how you fix on a Lover!
Beds of Flowers, may harbour a Snake;*

Gold

Gold and Silver gaily may cover
 Heads that wander, and Hearts that forsake,
 Courtly Rovers,
 When bound for Life,
 Seldom Lovers
 Prove to the Wife.

But on the Plains poor Swains are true;
 Nor love themselves, but die for You.

Phil. Poor Swains! some slighted Lover, I presume!

Ægon. A Lover favour'd, or my Eyes deceive me.

[Aside.]
Arcas. 'Tis well apply'd, *Amyntas*——follow me.

I have of Moment something for thy Ear,
 A Lover, Sir, like you, that knows the Coast, [*To Phil.*
 Needs not a Pilot, when so near the Shore:
 I therefore leave you to compleat your Conquest.

Phil. Your Complaisance has made *Arcadia*, *Corinth*.

Arcas. Daughter, with Joy, I have beheld thy Conduct!
 I see thou know'st to value Men by Merit.
 And that thy Heart may act more open to
 Thy Wishes, I retire———maintain thy Virtue.

[*Exeunt Arcas and Amyntas. Ægon following, is detain'd by Philautus.*

Pasto. What can this mean? Is then my Father pleas'd
 With the Contempt I have thrown upon this Stranger,
 Whom he himself presented? Can it be?
 'Twas by his Leave too, that *Amyntas* sung,
 Encourag'd to address his Strains to me.
 Take heed, fond Heart, nor flatter thy Desires.
 Let Time, that undertakes thy Fate, confirm it. [*Apart.*

Phil. Believe me, *Ægon*, I desire thy Presence
 Without a Friend, a Mistress loses half
 Her Charms. I love a Witness of my Power.
 For what's a Triumph, where there's no Spectator?
 All my Successes with the Fair are public.

Ægon. Well, Sir, I'll stay, in hopes that your fair
 May, in her turn, have Cause to triumph too. [*Mistress*

Phil. 'Tis true, my Friend; my Favour is her Triumph;
 Thou seest, we Courtiers know a shorter way
 Than sighing to the Heart———

Ægon. ——— 'Tis most indeed!
For I perceive not yet, you've said one Word,
So much to raise her Merit, as your own.

Phil. Why—no—not but I slightly own'd her Charms
Had Power, and that's enough! The Art of Love
Is not to praise your Fair One to a Goddess,
But to dissolve her Pride, with Admiration,
And be yourself the Object of Desire.

Ægon. Ay! there! you have, beyond Belief, succeeded.

Phil. But I have farther Subject for her Wonder.
Now, my fair Nymph! not that my Heart is vain,
But yet to shew the value of your Conquest;
Permit me, to inform you of the Fate
Of a fam'd *Roman* Beauty, who at *Corinth*
Hearing of my intended Marriage, took
A mortal Draught, which ended, with her Hopes
Of me, her Life; and in her latest Pangs,
Turning her faint complaining Eyes upon me,
Farewel, vain faithless World, the cry'd! I die
A Victim to *Papilio's* Cruelty!

Pastor. *Papilio!*

Phil. ——— The Name her Fondness gave me.

Ægon. *Papilio!*

Phil. ——— Yes; a *Roman* Appellation.
Observe its melting Softness—O! *Papilio!*
Sure, 'twas the gentlest Creature!—But however,
To give her, even in Death, her due Revenge,
And to immortalize her Passion, I
Compos'd an Ode, which the fam'd *Sappho* might
With Pride have own'd, and not have wrong'd her Genius.

Past. May we intreat the Favour, Sir, to hear it?

Phil. My Voice, I doubt, will ill commend the Lines;
But what that wants, Expression shall supply.

A I R XIV.

*Cruel Creature,
Must I languish!
Savage Nature!
See my Anguish;
Doom'd to love, and love in vain!*

O Papilio!

Can you fly me?

Can you, will you

Still deny me?

O Papilio!

One kind Look, to sooth my Pain!

Cruel Creature,

See my Anguish!

Hear a dying Maid complain!

Egon. This is indeed a doleful Ditty, Sir.

Past. How could you let so soft a Creature perish?

Phil. Love, like Ambition, rashly seeks its Ruin.

Her Fondness set no Bounds to her Desire.

She grasp'd at more than was her Beauty's Due.

Was mine a Heart to be ingross'd by One,

Where a whole Court had equal Claim to Favour?

Past. Ye Powers! are these your Principles avow'd?

Are then the Laws of Honour, Nature, thus

Regarded? —

Egon. — So! his Vanity, at last,

Recoils upon himself, and gives her Scorn

The fair Excuse of Honour, to renounce him.

Phil. And why, my Fair, so suddenly transported?

Past. Could you then think, a Heart, like yours, so stain'd
In Cruelty, could find Reception here?

Phil. I thought a Heart so eminently graced
With Conquests, only could deserve *Pastora*.

Past. No! to the *Manes* of your Roman Mistress,

That wretched Martyr of your cruel Nature,

My vengeful Hate shall make your Love the Victim.

A I R XV.

How, inhuman faithless Creature!

Could'st thou wrong such tender Youth?

How, against all Sense of Nature,

Kill such Innocence, and Truth?

While thou sing'st her mournful Ditty,

Base, remorseless, false Ingrate!

Her Distresses move my Pity,

And for thee, my mortal Hate.

Phil. What new Extravagance of Love, my Fair,
Has chang'd thy Gentleness to Jealousy?
Can a dead Rival's Charms disturb thee?—

Past.———Yes!

The Charms that had so well deserv'd thy Heart,
Finding such cruel Treatment from thy Power,
Confirm, what Charms inferior must expect,
And warn the Wary to detest thy Love!

Phi. Nay now, thy Tenderness refines to Folly. [thee.

Past. Hence! from my Sight, lest worse than Scorn attend

Ægon. I doubt, Sir, here our Triumph has been pusht
Too far——

Phi.—'Tis true! the Tender in her Heart,
Prevails, and therefore, with the Tender, still
Must be recall'd, and softned to her Wishes.

A I R XVI.

Must I despair?

Kill me, but kill me here!

Here, at your Feet I'll dye,

But, from your Sight to fly,

Is more than Love, or Life, can bear!

Still cold and cruel be,

Dart from your Eyes Disdain;

Yet while those Eyes I see

Some Pleasure still relieves the Pain.

Kill me, but &c.

Past. How, *Ægon*, shall I rid me of this Folly?
The more his Love's abus'd, the more his Pride
Perverts my Meaning, and evades the Scorn, } *Apart.*

Ægon. Give him a hearty farewell, and retire.

Past. He has, indeed, reduc'd me to explain.

Phil. 'Tis done, my Friend; again her softning Eyes
Incline to pardon, and resume Desire!
And to pursue my Conquest——thus——

Past.———Forbear!

Since, Sir, I find your high Opinion of
Yourself can take Aversion, for Esteem;
Enjoy your Happiness, but molest not mine.
Admire yourself, and shew a manly Spirit!

Despise

Despise my Frowns, and give me Scorn for Scorn,
Fly to some nobler Heart that tastes your Merit,
And leave *Pastora* to bemoan her Folly.

Ægon. Troth, Sir, I think 'twould be a fair
Revenge.

Phi. *Ægon*, I know what Measures will be-
come me.

} *Apart*.

A I R XVII.

Past. How happy's the Man, that like you, Sir,
His pretty dear Person admires!

Who, when with the Fair it won't do, Sir,
Content to his Idol retires.

He turns to his Glasse,
Where, in his sweet Face,
Such ravishing Beauties disclose;
His Heart on fire,
Is sure his Desire

No Rival will ever oppose.

But when to a Nymph a Pretender,

Poor Mortal, he splits on a Shelf!

How little a Thing will defend her

From one, that makes Love to himself!

While nice in Dress,

And sure of success,

He thinks she can never get free;

With smiling Eyes,

She rallies, and flies,

And laughs at his Merit like me. [*Exit Pastora*.]

Ægon. Was ever such a strange Relapse!

Phil. ————— Surprizing!

Ægon, I fear Disorder in her Brain!

Didst thou observe, how incoherently

She sung, and wander'd from her soft Deportment?

Ægon. 'Tis plain, she is not what we thought her—

Phil. ————— No!

It must be Frensy! Love has strange Effects!

This is the strongest Arrow, that I ever drew!

Ægon. So strong, I doubt, we have over-shot the Mark!

At least, I see, you have not touch'd her Wings!

AIR XVIII.

Phil. O! let her go!
 Pooh! let her go!
 Maids like wounded Doves will fly:
 The pretty thing,
 Tho' on the Wing,
 Down must fall, and sure to dye!
 In her Heart,
 The Dart
 She flies with,
 Has fixt her sure;
 Now! now!
 She's panting for the Cure!

No, *Ægon*, no! 'tis now too late to fly me.
 I know I've touch'd her, and my Shafts are fatal!
 In the next neighbouring Grove, she drops of course!
 There I shall find her helpless, in her Wounds,
 And tame to my Desire: But I must follow,
 And, like a skilful Woodman, save my Game.
 Thy Presence, *Ægon*, frightned her away!
 'Twas too far carried, to have others see
 The soft Confusion of her yielding Heart;
 Which, if alone, had been with Joy disclos'd.
Ægon. Of what strange Stuff are Courtiers Heads
 compos'd! [Exit.

The SCENE changes to an outward Part of a
 Grove.

Enter Arcas and Amyntas.

Arcas. Amyntas, I have weigh'd thy best Excuses,
 And find thy Modesty, that makes them, but
 A stronger Motive to my Trust propos'd:
 If thou would'st keep thy Place within my Heart,
 Comply with my Desires——

Amyntas. ——— My noble Lord,
 Since Diffidence no longer can dissuade,

My

My due Obedience with your Will complies;
To my poor Power, I will discharge this Trust.

Arcas. Now thou has gain'd upon my Love, *Amyntas*.
The present Hour employs thee: Here, within
This Grove, awhile amuse thee, 'till I send her:
There, in an instant, shall *Pastora* find thee. [*Exit Arcas.*]

Amyntas. What will my Fate do with me! O *Pastora*!
Is lost *Amyntas*, then, the chosen Wretch,
To point thee out a Lover worthy of
Thy Heart? Where shall this worthless World produce him?
And by the generous *Arcas* too, my Patron,
Is this high Task impos'd! What Power can save thee?
Must I, if true to Love, be false to him?
Or true to *Arcas*, must I lose *Pastora*?
Nay, what would Falseness, if pursued, avail?
'Twere terrible, tho' guiltless, to avow my Love!
To meet her Scorn (for Scorn must sure attend it!)
Were sharper Pain, if possible, than to
Behold her, happy, in a Rival's Arms;
Which Way so'er I turn, Despair surrounds me!
Like the poor Pilot, while his Vessel burns,
I pause, to perish in the Flames, or Waves!

A I R XIX.

*Was ever, than mine, a Fate more severe;
To perish in Silence, or dye by Despair?
Despairing, I languish a Lover conceal'd,
Yet the Cause of my Anguish gives Death, if reveal'd:
While her Birth is so high, my Fortune so low,
By her Frown I must dye, if I tell her my Woe.
Was ever, than mine, a Fate more severe,
To perish in Silence, or dye by Despair?* [*Exit.*]

Enter Pastora.

Past. Sure, 'twas *Amyntas*' Voice, and Love that tun'd it.
A Sound ill-boding to the lost *Pastora*!
I fear some Nymph unknown has seiz'd his Heart.
It must be so! all but too well agrees
With what my Father, knowing, has enjoin'd.
Yet why is mine this Task? He could not, sure,

Suppose *Amyntas* sigh'd for me! Ah, no,
 He would not then have sent me to relieve him!
 For often has he warn'd me to regard
 My Birth, and shun the humbler Swains beneath me:
 Which, to this Hour, I have observ'd, with Sorrow.
 How far this sweet Occasion, to reveal
 My Pain, I may resist—I dare not think on!
 Yet sure no Pain exceeds conceal'd Desire.

A I R XX.

*While Groves alone bear me complain,
 Like the Lilly, when drooping I pine,
 If silent, I languish in Pain,
 How can his Heart ever be mine?
 O Cupid! assuage what I feel,
 Since my Fault is but loving too well:
 O! let my Distress to conceal,
 Be less than the Pain is to tell.*

Amyntas returns.

Amyntas. Thus, while the warbling *Philomel* complains,
 The list'ning Swain partakes her tuneful Sorrow.

Past. My Griefs, *Amyntas*, sympathize with thine.
 Thy plaintive Strains have given my pensive Heart
 Distress unselt before——

Amyntas.———Are then our Griefs
 So equally severe, as to deserve
 Our mutual Pity? Sure a social Balm,
 So sweetly healing, might assuage the Pain.

Past. Or may increase it, from the Cause mistaken.

Amyntas. Why are those Causes then conceal'd, since on
 Our Cure, our future Happiness depends?

Past. That Question, thou, *Amyntas*, must resolve!
 For, to that Purpose, has my Father sent me,
 To search thy Griefs, and by Advice to heal them.

Amyntas. The same Injunction has he laid on me,
 That I should give due Praises, to thy easy Scorn
 Of vain *Philautus'* Love, and to thy Heart
 Commend a Swain, whose Virtues might deserve thee.

But

But say, *Pastora*, did he tell thee, that
He knew, *Amyntas* lov'd ?

Past. ————— Thy Strains confess'd it.

Amynt. If that were Proof, thy Strains confess'd the same.

Past. We often sing of Sorrows not our own.

Amynt. Of such, *Pastora*, might *Amyntas* sing.

Pasto. May we then hope, that neither of us love ?

Amynt. If both could love with Hope, 'twere happier still !

Pasto. But that, alas ! for ever is deny'd to me !

Compell'd by frowning Honour to despair !

Amynt. The same stern Brow affrights *Amyntas*' Hope.

Pasto. Do'st thou then love below thy Birth, *Amyntas* ?

Amynt. Were that my Fate, I might declare my Flame.

But Fears like mine can never reach *Pastora*,

For, in *Arcadia*, she has no Superior.

Pasto. And therefore is she doom'd to hide her Heart.

Amynt. O Love ! how equal are our Woes, and yet
How opposite their Cause ?

Pasto. ————— Our Woes so like,
May in the same complaining Strains be told.

A I R XXI.

Tho' my Grief is severe, it relieves me to see,

That the Swain who inflicts it, conceives not 'tis he.

The Swain that subdues me, I dare not reveal ;

That I'm won e'er he woes me I tremble to tell :

Tho' my Ruin it prove, no Weakness I'll show ;

'Tis enough that I love, and too much he should know ;

Tho' my Grief is severe, it relieves me to see,

That the Swain who inflicts it conceives not 'tis he.

Amynt. And yet *Pastora*, sure, might trust a Friend,
A Friend appointed to receive the Secret !

Pasto. Is not my Charge the same on thee, *Amyntas* ?

Amynt. What Evil can attend thy first declaring ?

Pasto. 'Till I first know *Amyntas*' Heart, my Flame
For ever stifled, in my Breast shall die.

A I R XXII.

Amynt. Cupid, help a Swain's Despair !
Teach his Tongue to lose his Fear !

Pasto.

Pasfo. Cupid! grant the Swain I love,
May for me my Anguish prove!

Amyn. Must I drag this hopeless Chain?

Pasfo. Must I ever sigh in vain?

Both. Love conceal'd is endless Pain!

Amyn. Cupid, help a Swain's Despair!

Pasfo. Cure my Love, or kill my Fear!

Both. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Grant, O! grant, the} \\ \text{Nymph} \\ \text{Swain} \end{array} \right\} \text{I love,}$
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{May for me my Anguish prove.} \end{array} \right\}$

Pasfo. *Amyntas*, as thou would'st preserve my Peace,
Tell me the Nymph, that gives me Pains for thee.

Amyn. How dreadful is the Precipice I stand on!
But yet remember, O! too curious Maid!
When I lie dash'd and dead with my Despair,
'Twas not my own Presumption, but thy Will
That forc'd me on my Fate! and to confess,
My tear'd Heart——has long ador'd *Pastora*!

Pasfo. What have I heard, *Amyntas*?

Amyn. ———— O cruel Maid!

Why would'st thou drive me to this dreadful Fall?

Pasfo. That these kind Arms might save thee, O *Amyntas*!
Our Happiness, our Ruin, from this Hour,
Is one! And if *Pastora*'s yielded Heart
Can pay the Pains thou hast endur'd for me,
Let thy own Wishes form thy own Reward!
The Joys I give *Amyntas*, I receive.

Amyn. Immortal Pow'rs! may I believe my Sense?
What hast thou utter'd? O *Pastora*! sure
I dream! This heavenly Vision is too much
For waking Life to bear! Amazement, Love,
Tumultuous Joy, and Transport, swell my Heart,
I fear, beyond the Limits of my poor Deservings.

Pasfo. No, *Amyntas*! that sweet Humility,
That distant Awe of unavow'd Desire,
Has more prevail'd upon my yielding Heart
Than all the Flatteries of protesting Love.

Amyn. O! let me gaze, and languish on thy Softness!
While

While Sighs on Sighs invoke thy Charms confess'd,
And fault'ring Speech can only sound *Pastora*.

Learn hence, ye Nymphs your Lovers to surprize,
Nor boast the trivial Conquest of your Eyes :
The Vows your Charms inspire, with Charms will break,
And teach the fated Lover to forsake :
But when with Virtue aided, you subdue,
Long will your Swains adore, and long be true !
Then like *Pastora*'s, may your Flames be own'd,
And each *Amyntas* in your Hearts be crown'd.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Arcas and Ægon in the Garden.

Arcas. YES, *Ægon*, I over-heard it all ! conceal'd
Within a Bower, which scarce the Sun or
Winds

Could pierce, my Ears were witness of their Love ;
I heard the equal Conflict of their Hearts,
Which while unknowing that their Flames were mutual,
Alternate Duty labour'd to conceal :
Such Innocence and Virtue gave me Pain,
To see the dread Suspence of their Desires !
But when, to their Amazement, they discover'd,
How long, in Heart, for Heart, their Hopes had lain-
Their tender Transports even recall'd my Youth, [guish'd,
And gave my Eyes the Softness of a Lover.

Ægon. Here, we perceive how Blood sustains the Mind.
Pastora's humble Passions with her Birth subside,
Her Heart is charm'd by Merit, in its Weeds ;
While cold *Iambe*, unsubdu'd by Fortune,
Maintains the native Station of her Race,
Nor bends her Merit to superior Birth.

Arcas. Her Coldness shews, at least, the honest Pride

Of

Of Virtue knows its Worth, and will be wooed.

Ægon. Thus *Iphis* too, unheedful of her Fortune,
Shews he thinks Virtue is the noblest Dower.

Arcas. All, all, my Friend, advances to our Wishes;
And let me say the Merit of their Love
Were lost, had not these Tryals prov'd their Virtue!
And yet—the strongest, *Ægon*, is to come,
The long-hid Secret of their Birth! How that
Discover'd may affect their Constancy—

Ægon. My Lord, you nourish Fears, which I alone
Should feel; If alter'd Birth could change their Passions,
Yours might, indeed, despise the Race of *Ægon*.
Lost *Iphis* and *Pastora* may be wretched;

Amyntas and *Ianthe* chuse their Fate. [firm?]

Arcas. But dost thou think, their Hearts will still be

Ægon. Suspicion cannot form a Fear against them!
Or if, at most, I grant, *Ianthe* may

A while for Form, retard the Hopes of *Iphis*,
That's the worst Consequence that can befall us.

Arcas. Thy sanguine Temper, *Ægon*, always cheers me!
Be *Iphis* then our next immediate Care.
Is he yet Master of *Ianthe's* Riddle?

Ægon. That's my least Thought! mere female Shyness,
To give her feign'd Resentment time to cool;
And save th' Appearance of offended Virtue.

Arcas. Where is *Ianthe* now? —

Ægon. ——— In yonder Grove
I left her, skilfully collecting Herbs
Of sanative and virtual Power, which she
In Charity sometimes administers
To helpless Swains, when Sickness, or Mischance,
Confines them to their Cots, unfit for Labour.
But where has *Iphis* pass'd his lonely-Hours?

Arcas. This Morn I was inform'd he had been seen
Before the Dawn upon the southern Cliff
Whose lofty Head looks down upon the Sea:
There pensive and alone, in studious plight
He lay, and warn'd the passing Swains to leave him.

Ægon. Love and the Riddle give him full Employ-
ment.

Arcas.

Arcas. Perhaps too much : I therefore have sent forth
Old *Corydon*, with others, to observe
His Purposes, and warn him homeward !—See!
Already he's return'd—Now, *Corydon*.

Enter Corydon.

What News of *Iphis* ? hast thou found him ?

Coryd. ——— Found him !

Ay, my good Lord, he's found ; but I much fear
He has lost himself—Oh ! he has blown me bravely !

Arcas. Explain ! be brief, good *Corydon*—

Coryd. ——— Nay, nay,

I have not Breath to make long-winded Speeches.

Ægon. Speak, Man—

Coryd. —Why then, in short—since short's my Breath,
He's mad.

Ægon. ——— Mad !——

Arcas. ——— What mean'st thou——

Coryd. ——— Even as I say :

He's not himself, that's certain : for his Wits
Have neither Sense nor Purpose ! all his Talk
Is like a broken Instrument, untun'd ;
Notes without Harmony.——

Arcas. —Where was he found ?

Coryd. Beneath the Hill, where you directed us,
Runs a small Brook, that winds along the Vale :
There he sat weaving simple Wreaths of Willow ;
One on his Brow he wore : at sight of us
He made dumb Signs that we should sit beside him ;
We did so, and not a Word was said to cross him :
(For by his Eyes we saw his Head was wrong.)
Then he gave Garlands round to every Swain ;
And sigh'd, and heav'd, as if his Heart were bursting !
Anon he drew some Papers from his Scrip ;
On which he por'd, and purs'd his studious Brow !
Then gave out Copies of the same, and cry'd,
Read ! read ! Expound, and be an Oracle !

Arcas. The Riddle, *Ægon*——

Coryd. ——— Ay, a Riddle penn'd
In Verse, but past our Skill (poor Souls) t'untye !

And

280 LOVE in a RIDDLE.

And then he laugh'd and sung light Madrigalls,
And talk'd as many mournful moving Things.
He drew my Heart into my Eyes, tho' scarce
A Word of what he utter'd, was Intelligible.
Yonder he comes, and all the Swains about him.

Arcas. *Ægon!* this Sight for ever will reproach us.

*Enter Iphis musing on a Paper, follow'd by Climon, Mop-
sus, and other Shepherds all crown'd with Willow.*

Iphis. 'Tis done! I've found it!—'tis the Rainbow!
Pour,

Pour down, ye pitying Clouds, your gentle Showers
While, with his radiant Pencil, *Phœbus* paints
The glorious Arch upon your gaudy Bosom!

Coryd. Look you there now—you see I told you true.

Arcas. I see it, and with Sorrow—give him way.

Iphis. O heav'nly Sight! Happy auspicious Omen!
It comes! it forms! delightful to the Eye!
Behold where mounted *Iris* sits aloft,
And offers me a Seat upon her Throne!
See! see! above her Head, *Tanthe* fixt,
Like a bright Evening Star, with Beams unborrow'd,
Adorns the Sky, and calls for Adoration!

Dost thou not see her—there—— [To Corydon.

Coryd. ——— Not I, in troth! [her!

Iphis. Why there! look there! the Moon turns pale at

Coryd. Yes, yes, the Moon is pale indeed!—alas!

Poor Soul, his Words are like a Ditty in
A Foreign Tongue to me—Music without Meaning.

Iphis. Now let us catch the Rainbow, and demand her
From the Skies——ah! me! she frowns! she flies me!
Down! down! ye gentle Virgins, and assist
A Swain's Despair! melt her obdurate Heart,
And bend the Goddesses to a human Pity!

A I R I.

O gentle Orpheus! tune harmonious,
To my Song, thy Lyre!

Kneeling.] Teach me, Goddess! to adore thee!
Help a Lover void of Art.

Let

*Let his streaming Tears implore thee,
To relieve a bleeding Heart.*

*O remit thy dreadful Sentence
On a Crime, that call'd thee Fair !
If that Sin requires Repentance,
Death is kinder than Despair.*

*If, for Love, my Doom is dying,
Tender Pity let me crave ;
If a Tear should fall complying,
Gently drop it on my Grave.*

[He sinks into the Arms of Arcas.]

Arcas. O piteous Youth ! O *Egon* ! where is now
Our Foresight ? Our paternal Care ? Our Hope ?
All lost, and ruin'd by too resolute a Prudence !

Egon. Do not think so ! this Malady may pass,
And *Iphis* yet recover to our Comfort.

Arcas. 'Tis now no time to hesitate on Forms,
When Life's in doubt, Extreams must be apply'd ;
Ianthe must be found ; on her alone
Depends the Ruin or Relief of *Iphis*.

Egon. While you, Sir, lead him to Repose,
Myself and these our Friends will search the Groves,
And bring her, with relenting Tears to save him.

[Exit Egon, with others.]

Arcas. Ha ! he revives ! assist me, *Corydon* !

[They raise him.]

Iphis. *Ianthe* ! where ! O my deluded Sense !
She's fled ! she's lost ! the mould'ring Clouds disperse,
And the gay liquid Phantome is no more !
Such are the visionary Smiles of Woman !
A Silver Morn——a Shower——a transeient Sun !
A driving Storm——a Tempest of Despair.

[Exit Arcas and Corydon, leading Iphis.]

The SCENE changes to a Grove.

*Enter Iantbe with a Servant bearing the Greens, &c.
they have been gathering.*

Iantbe. These, *Chloe*, may suffice for present use;
Now hie thee Home, and sort them as directed.
I shall but rest a while, and follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*
At length I am alone, and my free Thoughts,
Uncensur'd now, may send a Sigh to *Iphis*.
Yes, lovely Youth, with Sorrow I conceive
Thy Pains for me; yet thine give thee no View
Of those *Iantbe* on herself imposes!
For sure to bear Disdain unmerited,
Is less Compunction to the generous Mind,
Than to disguise, with Scorn, a yielding Heart.
Thy Pains, tho' grievous, yet implore Relief
Even of the Wretch, that wants the Beggar's Pity.

A I R II.

*No more, ye happy Swains, upbraid,
Or of our Sexes Scorn complain;
One Conflict of the love-sick Maid,
Is far, than yours, severer Pain!*

*The Wounds we give, your Tongues may tell,
No Self-Reproach attends the Shame;
But Oh! what Torture must we feel,
Who burn, and yet conceal the Flame?*

But soft! some Swain advances through the Grove:
The waving Boughs so break upon the View,
I scarce discern—it is not *Iphis*—no—
This is some Stranger—by his stately Port,
It must be the great *Corinthian* Courtier,
The new-appointed Lover of *Pastora*!
What can have drawn him hither, thus alone!
But be his Purpose as it may, it must
Be mine to avoid his Sight—but where—or how?
This way I meet him—here—behind these Alders
Conceal'd a while, perhaps he may o'erpass me. [*Retires.*
Enter

Enter Philautus.

Phil. This way the sorrow-sounding Voice directed :
It can be only she, the sad *Pastora* !
Soothing with Melody her fond Desire !
I knew her Female Coyness was too faint,
To breathe intended Scorn—my amorous Arrows,
When ever drawn, are punctual to the Mark !
The gentle Fondling !—how her Sighs enchant me !
Methinks I see her, on some flow'ry Bank
Repos'd and languishing with Love conceal'd !
Her lilly Hand supports her pensive Head,
Her drooping Eyes, as conscious of my Conquest,
Refuse the Light, that gazes on her Shame !
Now with Desire her downy Bosom heaves,
While Sighs diffused embalm the ambient Air.
And yet I see her not—she cannot far
Be hence——perhaps a soft condoling Strain
May raise her from her Woes, to wakeful Joy.

A I R III.

*Lovely Turtle ! once more Cooe !
Call thy Mate, and find him true !
Gently murmur to my Ear !
Tell me, Charming,
Tell ! Ob ! tell me, where
Love may find, and kill thy Care.
O call me !*

*With thy mournful Strains allure,
Cooe, and call me to thy Cure.*

O call me !

*Cooe, and call me, Cooe, and call me
To thy Cure.*

Call me to thy Cure.

And yet she answers not ! where ? where, *Pastora* ?
It must be so——Her conscious Solitude,
At my Approach, collects her Virgin Blushes,
And Love lies silent, fearful to encounter !
Now Fortune guide me—Ha ! transporting Vision !
She's found ! she's found !—

Ianthe

Ianthe comes forward.

Ian. ——— Sir, I am not *Pastora*.

Phil. By all my Hopes, a Beauty far more charming.

Ian. If you would find *Pastora*, Sir, from hence
A Bow-shot westward, lies a Rivulet;
There with my Brother, in the flow'ry Mead,
I left her listening to his Melody.

Phil. And who, fair Nymph, may be the happy Swain
That calls thee Sister? —

Ian. ——— Sir, the Son of *Ægon*,
Young *Amyntas* ———

Phil. ——— Is *Ægon* then, thy Father?

Ian. That I'm his Daughter is my Happiness.

Phil. And what too cruel Care, my lovely Maid,
Has drawn thee to this Solitude? For by
Thy plaintive Sound, I know thou art unhappy.

Ian. My slight Sorrows are of my own creating.

Phil. Can Love, in all his Tyranny, find Cause
Of Sorrow, for such blooming Beauty? Say
What fullen Swain, insensible of Joy,
Has wrong'd thy Innocence: If Love's thy Grief,
Behold this Champion-Arm, this kinder Heart,
Prompt to revenge or to relieve thy Wilhes.

Ian. Your generous Offers, Sir, are lost on me,
I have no Thoughts like those to gratify:
Permit me to retire. ——— This fruitless Tale
Intrudes upon those Hours you owe *Pastora*.
This way directs you ———

Phil. ——— Yet you must not pass.
These amorous Shades, my Fair, were form'd for Love!
And soft Desire, resistless as thy Charms,
Compels me thus to seize the fair Occasion!

Ian. If you are Noble, as Appearance speaks you,
You can't but know these guilty Sounds
Are Insult to a helpless Maiden's Ear.

But now you offer'd to revenge my Wrongs:
Make good your Word, and be your own Reprover;
Revenge upon your self, what Innocence
O'erborn wants Strength, to punish, or avoid.

Phil. Can Love be Insult, when so gently offer'd?

Ian.

Ian. Constraint and Gentleness but ill agree :
If you are gentle you'll permit me pass,
And free my Virtue from a needless Terror.

A I R IV.

Phil. *Why so cold, so coy, my Fair ?*
Ian. *Nature teaches Maids their Fear.*
Phil. *Tender Love thy Fear shall chase.*
Ian. *Name not Love—*
Phil. *—One soft Embrace !*
Ian. *No, no, no ! you press my Heart in vain :*
Can you be pleas'd, while you give me Pain ?
Phil. *Yet hear me—nay, weep not—*
Ian. *O, Sir, you are born above me !*
Phil. *Pretty Maid, I'll make thee great.*
Ian. *Leave me to my lowly Fate.*
Phil. *—What can move you ?*
Pretty Maid, I'll make thee great.
Ian. *Leave me to my lowly Fate,*
If you love me !

Phil. By Heav'n, a Beauty even of Nature's
forming !

If Gold, or golden Promises can woo,
From hence to Corinth, will I tempt her Virtue,
And leave *Passora* to repent her Coyness.
Why, my fair Virgin, thus o'ercast with Sorrow ?
Look up, and meet thy Happiness in Smiles !
In me, kind Fortune waits upon thy Wishes :
To raise thee from these humble Plains to Affluence,
To Pomp, to Pleasures, and luxurious Life !

} *Apart.*

A I R V.

Ian. *Bright Gold may be too dearly bought :*
Ab ! then how vain the Show !
Content and Virtue be my Lot,
Tho' ne'er so low.

**Phil.* Mistaken Maid, thy rural Life obscur'd
Has shewn thee nothing of the greater World !
Our Palaces of Joys unknown to Groves !
One circling Round of Splendor and Delight

Fills

Fills up the dalliant Measure of our Hours !
 The menial Sun himself attends our Pleasures,
 With bright Meridian Beams begins our Morn ;
 And when, with Night, our dusky Noon comes on,
 Tapers resplendent blaze another Day !
 Till sated with the various Midnight Revel,
 Uprising *Phœbus* lights us to Repose !
 Then folded in the happy Lover's Arms,
 Each amorous Dame hides from excluded Light
 Her glowing Blushes, 'till the Noon-tide Morn.
 Such are the Joys, fair Nymph, reserv'd for thee.
 Fly then these abject Plains, and seize thy Fortune.

Ian. What shall I say ? how answer, or avoid him ?

[*Aside.*

Phil. Think well, my Fair, who, and what *Grandeur*
 courts thee.

Ian. To tell him how my Heart detests his Love, }

May irritate his Pride to Insolence !

Better to tempt his Pity, than his Anger.

[*Aside.*

Phil. Hast thou no Heart, or is it form'd of Marble ?

A I R VI.

Ian. *My simple Heart is fled away,
 Nor was it made of Stone :
 You come too late, alas the Day !
 Too late by One.*

Phil. What bold presuming Swain shall dare
 To stand the Rival of my Flames avow'd ?
 Away ; this artful Story is but feign'd,
 To stir my yielding Heart to Jealousy,
 That with a softer Fondness it may woo thee ?

A I R VII.

Ian. *Alas ! I own with weeping Eye,
 Your softest Vows are vain !
 The more you sigh, the more must I
 In Tears complain.*

Phil. Impossible ! thou dost not know thy Heart !
 To fly, and tell me, 'tis thy Grief to fly,

Implies

Implies thy fearful Wishes would relieve me,
 Could I but find Excuses for thy Kindness:
 Here then, behold them, sparkling as thy Eyes!

[Offering Jewels.

While these, my Fair, adorn thy radiant Charms,
 Reproach will, cringing, gratulate thy Fortune;
 And envious Censure rival thy Desires.

A I R VIII.

*Fly, fond Nymph, these rural Plains;
 Thou wert born, in Courts to shine:
 Waste not then thy Charms on Swains,
 To a nobler Love incline.*

A I R IX.

Ian. *In Pity, O! my Pain relieve!
 Nor press a Heart, not mine, to give!
 Should I, for you, inconstant prove,
 Too soon might Scorn succeed your Love.
 How could you bear a Maid untrue?
 Whose wavering Heart
 From Truth must part,
 And first be false, ere kind to you?*

Phil. Has Cupid, then, no Sway among your Plains?
 Or, are you all to Vestal Flames devoted,
 That Dignity and Merit thus are slighted!
 Shall I return to Corinth a rejected Lover;
 Without one ruin'd Heart to mourn my Parting?
 Have I, in Courts, been sated with Success,
 And here, must, like a low-born Shepherd, pine,
 In want of what were honour'd by Acceptance?

Ian. O! then be conscious of your Worth, and scorn me!

Phil. No, froward Maid; I know your Sexes Wiles!
 These painted Terrors would excite Compassion,
 And sooth my Fervour into lingering Hope;
 But I'll cut short those cold Formalities
 Of Love, and force thee to immediate Joy.

Ian. What mean you, Sir?—

Phil. ——— To give you what your Pride

And

And Coyneſs, in your warmeſt Hours, expect;
The kind Excuse of Violence, to hide
Your Bluſhes in a feign'd Reſiſtance——

Ian. ————— Help!

Ye guardian Powers of Innocence protect me!

[Iphis ruſhes in, preſenting his Spear to Philautus.]

Iphis. Hold! Ravisher! forego the frighted Maid,
Or, to thy Traitor's Heart, receive my Vengeance!

Phil. Confuſion! am I by a Stripling brav'd?

Ian. Hold, *Iphis*, I conjure thee! O! expoſe not,
To his unequal Strength, thy precious Life!
Since his foul Purpose is prevented, leave
To the avenging Gods his Punishment.

Iphis. The Gods by me demand it——

Phil. ————— Hold! raſh Boy!

Thou art ſome ſighing Lover, whom her Scorn,
Perhaps, has held a Vaſſal to her Pride:
As ſuch, I give thy Fate Compaſſion——There!
Take and deſerve her by thy ſeeming Service!
If after what theſe conſcious Groves may tell thee,
I have poſſeſs'd, thy groſs contented Heart
Can feaſt on thy Superior's Waſte of Riot;
Enjoy thy Wiſh, and rid me of Satiety!

Iphis. Thou lyeſt, infernal Traitor——

Phil. ————— Ha! ſo brave!

Iphis. More impotent in Malice than Pretenſion!
Her ſpotleſs Fame deſies thy ſland'rous Tongue;
I heard her ſhrieking in thy horrid Gripe!
I ſaw Averſion ſparkling from her Eyes,
And pale Abhorrence ſhuddering at thy Touch,
As if ſome writhing Serpent had embrac'd her.

Phil. 'Tis well, fond Youth! then be it ſo! ſhe ſtill
Is chaſte——Me ſhe avoided——right! believe ſo!
I only boaſted to inſult thy Love!
Her Virtue ſtill reſerves her Heart for thee!

Iphis. Inſinuating Slave! wouldeſt thou, to gain
Belief, confeſs thyſelf a Villain? No!
That ſhe reſerves for me her Heart requires
Almoſt thy Vanity to hope: But this
I know, Whoever may deſerve her Favour,

Thy

Thy Russian Insult, on her Sex and Fame,
Deserve my Boar-Spear quivering in thy Heart.
But Cowardice, like thine, would shame Resentment;
To kill thee, were to hide thy Infamy!
To let thee live abhorr'd, is nobler Vengeance!

Phil. Bold Minion! thou shalt hear of this severely!

Iphis. Away! thou Vaunter of thy own Dishonour!
Hence! with thy Safety! let my Scorn forget thee!

Phil. Such Insolence——no Temper can support.

[Exit Philautus.

Iphis. O fair *Ianthe*! do I once more meet
Thy Eyes, and unoffended, at my gazing?

Ian. That I have Eyes to see, or Tongue to speak,
Is owing, *Iphis*, to thy timely Virtue!
Had not thy Arm, from worse than Death, preserv'd me,
Ianthe had, ere this, been seen no more!
Even yet I tremble at the instant Horror!
And scarce have Life to breathe my Gratitude.

O *Iphis*, how! how shall my Heart repay thee?

Iphis. Be but to thy own Injunction constant,
Comply with what thy Vows have sworn,
And make thy *Iphis* blest, by Heaven's Decree.

Ian. What means thy Transport?——

Iphis. ———— Mark! mark well thy Words!

“ When *Iphis* plain this Riddle reads,

“ Then, to his Wish, his Love succeeds!

Ian. Hast thou then solv'd it, *Iphis*?

Iphis. ———— Hear my Fortune.

Ian. My Hopes, my Heart attends thee——

Iphis. ———— O, *Ianthe*!

Were I to tell thee, how my tortur'd Brain
Had labour'd, ev'n to Madness, for the Sense
Of thy obscur'd Decree upon my Love,
Thy Tenderness would pity my Despair.

Ian. As *Iphis* would the Sorrows of *Ianthe*,
Had he conceiv'd their Cause——

Iphis. ———— Saidst thou, their Cause!

Ian. Nay, those are Thoughts for future Hours——
proceed.

Iphis. Let it suffice then, that my Father's Care

Soon brought my wandering Senses to Reflection,
 When hopeless still, and, to my Fate resign'd,
 Like thee, to chaste *Diana's* Shrine I flew,
 Implo'ring Succour to my Heart's Distress,
 When, from her awful *Tripod*, thus the Goddess,
 Inverting her Decree, explain'd my Fate.

" That which she cannot *Have*, the Fair shall *Give*.

" That which thou canst not *Give*, or she *Desire*.

" That which she *must* not have, shalt thou receive.

" That, that's the Cure thy present Woes require.

Ian. Hasten to expound, and ease my Heart's Impatience.

Iphis. " O then repay my Woes, with happier Life,

" And give me what thou canst not have—a *Wife* :

" And in Return, *which thou canst never Give*,

" *Ianthe's* Heart a *Husband* shall receive !

Ian. O never was a Heart so justly given !

This, *Iphis*, is a Marriage made by Heaven !

Canst thou forget my Sexes coy Regard ?

Iphis. Can Love look back from such a sweet Reward ?

The fond and easy Maid is kind in vain ;

Faint is the Bliss, that never pass'd thro' Pain.

Beauty, by Nature, timorously coy,

By Grievs impos'd, refines the Lover's Joy :

Thus blooming Roses have their native Power,

To wound the Hand that pulls the fragrant Flower.

[*Exeunt*.

Damon Enters alone.

Dam. How ! *Iphis*, and *Ianthe*, hand in hand ?

'Twas but this Hour, I heard he had lost his Wits

For Love ! Nay, *Egon* now is in the Woods

Seeking his Daughter too— Ah ! ha ! my Mistress !

You've found yourself, it seems, the way to cure him !

Your dainty Coyness is come down at last,

And Love, on second Thoughts, is not so frightful !

But why do I pretend to laugh at her,

When *Phyllida* has made a greater Fool of me,

Than ever held the Sexes Power in Scorn ?

AIR

AIR X.

*Dam. Around the Plains, my Heart has roov'd:
The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd:
The Pert, the Proud, by Turns have lov'd;
And kindly fill'd my Arms.*

*I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd;
While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,
And ere the Kind, with Kindness cloy'd,
The Coy resign'd her Charms.*

*But now, alas! those Days are done:
The Wrong'd are all reveng'd, by one,
Who, like a frighted Bird, is flown,
Yet leaves her Image here.*

*O! could I, yet, her Heart recal,
Before her Feet my Pride would fall,
And, for her Sake, forsaking all,
Would fix for ever there.*

Could I have ever thought to have seen this Day!
That I should fold my Arms, and sigh for one!
Nay one that in her turn has sigh'd for me!
And only could subdue me by her Parting!
How could the Gypsy muster such a Spirit?
The Pertness of her Pride has so provok'd me,
I shall never rest in my Bed, 'till she
Lies by me—Here she comes, and with her—ha—
Her Father! soft—I'm out of Favour there!
Lie close a while, and mark what Nail's a driving.
[Retires.]

Enter Corydon, with Phillida.

Cor. And I say, think no more of him——

Phil. ——— That's hard!

Is't not enough I see him not?

Cor. ——— I say,

*Avoid him as the wildest Beast of Prey!
He uses Girls like Carrion: Not the Wolf
In a Sheepfold, or hungry Fox on Poultry,
Can make more Havock, than that wicked Rogue
Among the Wenches Hearts——*

Dam. ————— That must be me! [*Behind.*
But what says *Phillida*?

Phil. ————— Suppose this true!
Yet could he, still, be wrought to marry me!

Cor. My Patience! has he not refus'd to marry?

Phil. And therefore I have declar'd against his Love.

Cor. Ay, ay; but still he lurks within your Heart!
And 'till you drive him thence——

Phil. ————— I strive to do it;
And if you knew the Pain, you'd pity me.

A I R XI.

*A thousand Ways, to wean my Heart,
I've try'd, yet can't remove him.
And tho' for Life, I've sworn to part,
For Life, I find I love him.
Still should the dear false Man return,
And with new Vows pursue me,
His flatt'ring Tongue would kill my Scorn,
And still, I fear, undo me.*

Cor. Consider, *Philly*, if thou'rt fairly married,
(And thou hast choice of *Cimon*, or of *Mopsus*.)
How happy will thy double Dowry make thee?

Phil. I do consider, *Father*; so should you!
As a low Fortune with the Man I love,
Can't make me rich; so Riches with the Man
I hate, can't make me happy——

Dam. ————— Gallant Girl! } [*Behind.*
O! I could eat thy very Lips that spoke it.

Cor. See! yonder's *Cimon* coming! for my Sake,
Dear *Phillida*, give him at least a Smile;
A little Love endur'd, may teach the Boy
In time to please thee——

Phil. ————— Well! since you desire it.
But *Mopsus* has the same Pretensions too.
Send him to make his equal Claim,
And, 'till he's found, I'll hear what *Cimon* says.

Cor. Ah! *Phillida*, thou gain'st my Heart, I'll send him. [*Exit Corydon.*

Dam. Now shall I measure, by their Hopes, my own.
To

To her Cimon singing.

A I R XII.

Cim. Behold, and see thy wounded Lover!
 Whose Truth from thee will ne'er depart!
 O let my Tears, at length, discover
 One gentle Smile, to heal my Heart!

Phil. Were in the World, no Man but Cimon,
 None of the Female Kind but I,
 With me should end the Name of Woman,
 With thee the Race of Man should die.

Cim. O cruel Sound! false-hearted Phillida!
 Didst thou not say, thou lovedst me better than
 My Brother Mopsus?

Phil. ————— Yes, but 'twas
 As of two Evils, I would chuse the least;
 Stay, 'till I'm bound to chuse, and then reproach me.
 Thy Crying makes me laugh, his Laughing makes
 Me sleep—There's all the hopeful difference.

A I R XIII.

Cim. O what a Plague is Love!
 I cannot bear it!
 What Life so curst can prove,
 Or Pain come near is!
 When I would tell my Mind,
 My Heart misdoubts me;
 Or when I speak, I find
 With Scorn she routs me.
 In vain is all I say,
 Her Answer still is Nay:
 O dismal, doleful Day!
 Phillida flouts me.

Enter Mopsus singing.

A I R XIV.

Mop. Ah! poor Cimon! Dost thou cry?
 Well-a-day! wipe an Eye! O fy, Phillida!

To treat him so scornfully,
Shamefully, mournfully!

Phillida, fy!

Phil. No, no, no, Sir Pert, and Dull!
Simpleton, Paperskull! I fore ver shall
Think thee far the greater Fool;
Therefore will give thee Cause
With him to cry.

Cim. Toll! loll! loll! doll!—Now I pray,
Who has Cause most to cry, ah! well-a-day?

Mop. What care I! why let her scoff.
I can laugh; play her off, better than you.

Cim. Ah! poor Mopius, thou'rt a Fool!

Mop. I say, you're a greater Owl.

Cim. Nay, now I'm sure that's a Lye.

Mop. What's a Lye?—

Cim. ————That's a Lye!

Mop. I say, 'tis true.

A I R XV. [The A I R changes.

Phil. Give over your Love, you great Loobies,
I hate you both, you Sir, and you too:
Did ever a brace of such Boobies
The Lads that detests them, pursue?

Mop. How!—

Phil. ————Go!—

Cim. ————Oh! I'm ready to faint!
How are you?

[To Mopius.

Mop. Why truly, she treats us but so, so.
For my part, I think she's a Devil.
A Woman would scorn for to do so.

Cim. O fy! fy! such Words are uncivil.

Phil. Prepare then, to hear my last Sentence.
Before I'd wed either, much rather
I'd stand on the Stool of Repentance,
And wait for my Bantling a Father.
Go!—

Cim. ————Oh! Woe! I'm ready to faint;

Mop. And I too.

Was

Was ever a Slut so tribumun!

Odszooks! let us take down her Mettle!

Cim. *I dare not——*

Mop. *———Let me come! pshaw warw, Man.*

She only has water'd a Nerile.

In short, this won't do, Mrs. Vixen!

For one of us Two you must now chuse.

Phil. *Then you are the Man that I fix on;*

And you——are the Fool I refuse.

[Strikes each a Box on the Ear.

Cim. *Wounds!*

Cim. and Mop. *Go! The Devil would fly such a Spouse.*

Phil. *If there's a Joy comes near recovering those
We love, sure 'tis to silence those we hate.*

*When Cimon and Mopsus are gone, Damon presents
himself to Phillida, singing.*

A I R XVI.

Dam.

See! behold and see!

With an Eye kind, and relenting,

Damon, now repenting,

Only true to thee;

Content to love, and love for Life!

Phil.

If you, now sincere,

With an honest Declaration

Mean to prove your Passion,

To the Purpose swear,

And make at once, a Maid a Wife.

Dam.

Thus for Life, I take thee,

Never to forsake thee,

Soon, or late,

I find our Fate,

To Hearts astray,

Directs the Way,

And bring to lasting Joys the Rover home.

Phil.

Ever kind and tender,

Conquer'd, I surrender:

*Prove but true,
As I, to you,
Each kindling Kiss
Shall yield a Bliss,
That only from the constant Lip can come.*

AIR XVII.

*Dam. To the Priest away, to bind our Vows,
With our Hands and Hearts united.*

*Phil. To reduce the Rover to lawful Spouse,
Is a Triumph my Heart has delighted.*

*Dam. If I never could fix,
'Twas the Fault of the Sex,*

Who easily yielding, were easy to cloy.

*Both. { But in Love we still find,
When the Heart's well inclin'd,
In one, only one is the Joy.
But in Love, &c.*

The SCENE opens to the House of Arcas.

*Arcas and Ægon come forward, and at some Distance stand
Iphis with Ianthe, and Amyntas with Pastora.*

*Ægon. Now, Sir, applaud my Foresight, and confess
That what I promis'd has not fail'd our Hopes.*

*Amyntas and Pastora own their Love;
And Iphis has at length deserv'd Ianthe.*

*Arcas. Yes, Ægon, now I see the secret Care
Of Providence, that forms our Happiness,
By Measures unforeseen to human Eyes.
Had not Philautus prov'd an impious Ruffian,
Iphis might never have produc'd his Virtue.
Nor fair Pastora, but by Scorn of him,
Have shewn a Spirit worthy of her Birth.
But where shall my Indulgence find Excuse,
To ratify thy Flame profess'd, Amyntas?
Or thine, Ianthe, for the Son of Arcas?
How may I answer to the World my Conduct,
In mixing such unequal Blood, and Fortune?*

Amyntas. My Lord, if private Happiness must rank

With

With what is practis'd in the sensual World,
My Hopes are blasted; and I stand condemn'd,
Even by my own Confession of a Crime
Might lay an Imputation on your Pardon.

But if (as I have often heard you say)
Man only has his Value from his Virtue,
And that where Food and Raiment are provided,
Health and Integrity of Heart is all
That's needful to compleat our Happiness:
Then, Sir, my pleading Love has this Excuse;
That tho' beyond a Life of Innocence,
I boast no Virtues, to support my Claim;
Yet by your own Prescription, I may say
Pastora chose me; therefore I deserve her.

Ægon. An Answer worthy of thy Father's Son!
Fear not, *Amyntas*, I'll support thy Love.

Arcas. *Ægon*! Thou more than Father to my Boy!
[*Aside to Ægon*.

'Tis well, *Amyntas*: When *Ianthe* has
Reply'd, at once on both I shall determine.

Ian. My noble Lord! the Time has been, when you
Yourself reproach'd my cold Regard of *Iphis*;
And, like a tender Father, gave him to my Pity.
Was it no Merit that my bleeding Heart
Refus'd to gratify its own Desires,
And starve my Love, to feed a just Resentment?
If that Resentment since has been appeas'd
By Obligations greater, that even Life
Preserv'd, can you reproach my Gratitude?
If then a Heart, so tempted, seems aspiring,
Let this Reflection, Sir, excuse my Love;
That *Iphis*, tho' adorn'd with every Grace
That might deserve and charm the proudest Beauty;
Though my Superior far in high-born Blood;
And of a Fortune boundless as your Bounty,
Yet all these Gifts from Heaven and Nature's Hand
Were Charms too weak to reach *Ianthe's* Heart,
Till Truth, and Love, had more than once deserv'd her.

Arcas. O! *Ægon*! *Ægon*! my Contentment grows
Too strong to be conceal'd! I thirst, I burn

To clasp my blessed Children in my Arms,
And pour out all the Fondness of a Father.

Amyntas. Whence this affecting Passion?

Egon. ————— From a Cause
Will raise you Wonder equal to your Virtues.
Nor from the sweet Rewards he now intends
Your Love, can spring a Transport more sublime,
Than what a tender Father feels to find
His Children have deserv'd them ———

Amyntas. ————— Ha!

Ianthe. ————— His Children!

Egon. What then remains, my Lord, but that you call
Their Merit from obscure Adoption forth,
And let *Amyntas* and *Ianthe* know,
What noble Blood now claims and crowns their Virtues.

Arcas. Hear then, ye happy Lovers, and attend
The Story of your strange inverted Fortunes.
You often have been told that *Egon*, and
Myself, whose Friendship from our Youth grew up,
In one same Year (such was the Will of Heaven)
Buried the Bosom-Partners of our Hearts.
Our mutual Grief soon drew us from the gay
And tasteless Pleasures of a Court, to pass
In rural Solitude our future Days,
Accountable to Sense, and Nature's Law.
It happen'd, in our Course of friendly Talk,
One Day reflecting on the anxious Cares
That tender Parents feel for infant Children;
Observing too how seldom high-born Blood
And Riches add to real Happiness;
How often head-strong Youth, depending on
Hereditary Rank, have sunk their Virtues in
Excess, and from elated Pride have mock'd
Those Morals that should grace Nobility:
Those Fears, I say, revolving in my Breast,
To *Egon* I propos'd this strange Precaution:
That mutually our Infants should exchange
Their Father; and having no Mother's Fondness,
That might oppose our Scheme, we thence agreed
That thou *Amyntas*, and *Ianthe* thou,

As *Egon's* Son and Daughter should be train'd :
That, to your seeming humble Birth and Fortune,
Your Hopes restrain'd, might level your Desires ;
While *Ipbis*, and *Pastora*, to my Care
Assign'd, might from imaginary Birth
Imbibe the higher Sentiments of Honour.
Now mark ! how happily the Consequence
Succeeds !—let your Amazement still be mute,
While my paternal Care prevents your Wishes,
And doles you out the Blessings you deserve :

Egon. Now, Children, form your Wishes and receive them.

Arcas. *Amyntas*, to reward his Love conceal'd,
Now enters on a Fortune, which expected
Had lost the sweeter Relish of Possession :
And to exert his Gratitude to *Egon*,
Whose Precepts taught him to deserve *Pastora*,
He lays that Fortune at his Daughter's Feet.

[*Amyntas and Pastora kneel to Egon*.

While *Ipbis* of *Ianthe's* Heart possess'd,
Receives the Fortune which his Love bestow'd,
And by Alliance makes me twice his Father.

[*Ipbis and Ianthe kneel to Arcas, &c.*

Amyntas. O where shall Duty, Gratitude and Joy
Find Words to utter what our Hearts conceive !

Ipbis. Amazement, Praise, and Admiration, fill
The Soul with Transports too sublime for Speech !

Arcas. Continue, by your Virtues, to deserve your
Fortune ;

You give me then not only Praise, but Triumph !

Ipbis. *Amyntas* !

Amyntas. ————— *Ipbis* !

Ipbis. ————— Friend !

Amyntas. ————— My Brother now.

Past. O kind *Ianthe* !

Ian. ————— O *Pastora* ! How !

How shall I thank thee, for *Amyntas*' Joy ?

Past. Excel me, if thou can'st, in Love
to *Ipbis* ?

} Embracing.

} Embracing.

Amyntas.

300 LOVE in a RIDDLE.

Amyntas. Do that, *Ianthe*, and *Amyntas*' Truth
Shall emulate thy Kindness to *Pastora*.

Iphis. Do that, *Amyntas*, then shall *Iphis*' Love
Redouble thy Endearments on *Ianthe*.

A I R XVIII.

Ian. Thus we to Virtue give
All that we thence receive.

Iphis to Amyntas. Be to *Pastora* kind,
Amyntas here shall find
What there he gives,
Ianthe here receives.

Amyntas to Iphis. Be to *Ianthe* kind,
Kind *Iphis* here shall find
What there he gives,
Pastora here receives.

Past. to Ianthe. Be to thy *Iphis* kind,
Ianthe here shall find
What there she gives
Amyntas here receives.

Ianthe. Thus all receive
The blended Joys we give.
Now say the Nymph is cold:

Iphis. Who calls the Lover bold?

Past. and Amyntas. While kind, and true?

Ianthe. Now every killing Care,

Past. Of Jealousy, or Fear,

Ianthe and Past. Adieu, adieu!

Omnes. Adieu, adieu!

[End with the first Part.

Ægon. Why, ay, my Lord, here Love appears in
Triumph!

Speaks from the Heart, and flames with Innocence!

Where shall we find, in pompous Courts, or Cities,

Desires so Cordial, so refin'd by Virtue?

Arcas. Where ever Pride, Deceit, or sordid Views

Are banish'd, *Ægon*, we shall always find them.

Let us not think our Children only bless'd,

Because

Because the general World makes light of Virtue ;
Could Millions taste the same exalted Bliss,
It rather then might heighten our Contentment.

Egon. Why be it so, my Lord : But since Mankind
Shew, by their sensual Practice, their Mistake,
Let not us grieve because we can't reform them.
Let us exult upon our Choice, and leave
Vain glorious Greatness to its gilded Wishes.
This Day, at least, we'll dedicate to Mirth,
And give our rural Swains a Jubilee.

Arcas. A Day like this, indeed, demands our Joy !
Hast thou provided, *Egon*, for th' Occasion ?

Egon. A Moment's Patience, Sir, you'll find I've not
Been idle——— [Exit *Egon*.]

Arcas. —Soft ! what Swains are here advancing ?

To them Corydon, Damon and Phillida.

Cor. Long live the ever-noble House of *Arcas* !
May his high Race, from endless Heirs to Heirs,
Make many more such Holidays as this.

Arcas. We thank thee, *Corydon*———

Cor.———Nay, my good Lord,
The Joy's not all your own : For I myself
At last have found a Father's Comfort too :
Your kind Benevolence has done the Deed.
Your double Dowry has reduc'd the Rover,
And *Damon* now is dubb'd a downright Husband.

Arcas. And *Phillida* his Bride ?———

Cor.———Even so, my Lord.
I saw the Priest this Moment join their Hands.
As for their Hearts, why Troth ! they e'en must do
Like other honest Folks, and take their Chance.

Arcas. In earnest of my Promise, *Damon*, wear
This Ring ; and be a Partner of our Joy.

Egon returns laughing.

Egon. Ha ! ha !
I'd like to 'ave brought you here, a Guest, my Lord !
'That might have added to our Pastime——

Arcas.———Whom ?

Egon.

Egon. Philautus: but his Modesty, it seems,
Thought it became him better to decamp.
I met him mounted, with his tawdry Train,
All on their Palfries prancing Post to *Corinth*:
And when I ask'd th' Occasion of his Haste,
He scornfully reply'd—Our Women, here,
Had neither Sense of Merit, or of Love.
So spurr'd his Horse, and staid not for his Farewel.

Arcas. In Courts, perhaps, he may have better Fortune.

Egon. With all my Heart! There he'll find Beauties that
Deserve such Husbands—But now to our Pastime.
I've brought you, Sir, a Troop of jolly Swains,
Who promise all their Skill to please: Let us
Sit down, and take Well-meaning for their Merit.

[A Dance, and Chorus of Shepherds, &c.]

Arcas. Now, *Egon*, nought remains, but nuptial Rites
To consecrate our Childrens Happiness.
In theirs, methinks, our spring of Youth returns:
While Transport flows in Veins, almost our own,
We share the Harvest which our Cares have sown.



EPILOGUE,

Sung by Ægon.

SINCE Songs, to Plays, are now-a-days,
Like to your Meals, a Sallad;
Permit us then, kind Gentlemen,
To try our Skill by Ballad:
While you, to grace our Native Lays,
As France has done before us,
Belle, Beau, and Cit, from Box and Pit,
All join the jolly Chorus.

Chorus. While You, to grace, &c.

Poor English Mouths, for twenty Years,
Have been shut up from Music;
But, thank our Stars, Outlandish Airs
At last have made all Ton—sick.
When warbling Dames were all in Flames,
And for Precedence wrangled,
One English Play-cut short the Fray,
And home again they dangled.

Chorus. Then, Free-born Boys, all make a Noise,
As France has done before us:
With English Hearts, all bear your Parts,
And join the Jolly Chorus.

Sweet Sound on languid Sense bestow'd,
Is like a Beauty married
To empty Fop, who talks aloud,
While all her Charms are Buried.
But late Experience plainly shews,
That common Sense, and Ditty,
Have ravish'd all the Belles, and Beaux,
And charm'd the chaunting City.

Chorus. Then, Free-born Boys, &c.

With

EPILOGUE.

With New Delight, we've try'd To-night

Our utmost Skill to win ye ;

Our only Pray'r, is that you'd spare

Poor Signior CIBBERINI.

If what h' has done can warm the Town

To set up English Ditty,

You'll all confesse, h' has not done less,

Than had his Muse been Witty.

Chorus. Then, Free-born Boy, &c.





PAPAL TYRANNY

In the REIGN of

KING JOHN.

A

TRAGEDY.

Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum. LUCRETIVS.





PAPAL TYRANNY

in the REIGN of

KING JOHN.

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by the Author of the "Pope's Progress."



To the Right Honourable

P H I L I P,

Earl of CHESTERFIELD,

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c. &c. &c.

*His Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary
to the States-General, and Knight of
the most Noble Order of the Garter.*

My LORD,

THIS Play, which throws itself at Your Lordship's Feet, without any previous Permission to approach You, begs for no farther Protection than Your impartial Judgment would afford it, 'though the Author had not the Honour to be known to You. The favourable Reception it has met with on the Theatre, 'tis true, demands my grateful Acknowledgments; but I must restrain my Vanity from taking any Advantage of this Success, till Your Lordship's farther Approbation has pass'd those Favours into a legal Act of Grace. All I can say in excuse of my Presumption is, that, if I could

D E D I C A T I O N.

could have found a Judge more learned in the Dramatic Laws, your Lordship had not been troubled with this Appeal; and though I offer it at a Time when your Attention to Causes of a quite different Nature will scarce leave You Leisure to look upon more than the Title-page; yet am I not so impatient for Fame, as to conclude I can have any Right to it, till Your Lordship's Opinion has decreed it me. Or, if, at worst, it should fall short of that Honour, even Your Dispraises have so uncommon a Charm in them, that if my Vanity could be quiet, I am not sure I should not chuse, even in so tender a Point, to deserve them: Your Gallery on my Errors has sometimes given me more Pleasure than the daintiest Compliments of a flat Civility. But as the Public is not bound to indulge me in so extravagant an Excuse for my Defects, I must allow they have a Right to be as severe upon them as they please; reserving to myself the Resolution to be still contented, if your Lordship should be favourable to me.

I shall not trouble your Lordship with a critical Examen, or Comparison between this Play, and the *King John* of *Shakespear*, any farther than just to mention the principal Motive that first set me to work upon it.

In all the historical Plays of *Shakespear* there is scarce any Fact that might better have employed his Genius than the flaming Contest between his insolent *Holinefs* and *King John*. This is so remarkable a Passage in our Histories, that it seems surprizing our *Shakespear* should have taken no more Fire at it; especially when we find from how much less a Spark of Contention in his first Act of *Harry the Fourth*, he has thrown his *Hotspur* into a more naturally fomented Rage, than ever ancient or modern

D E D I C A T I O N.

modern Author has come up to, and has maintain'd that Character throughout the Play with the same inimitable Spirit. How then shall we account for his being so cold upon a so much higher Provocation? Shall we suppose, that in those Days, almost in the Infancy of the Reformation, when *Shakespear* wrote, when the Influence of the Papal Power had a stronger Party left, than we have reason to believe is now subsisting among us; that this, I say, might make him cautious of offending? Or shall we go so far for an Excuse, as to conclude that *Shakespear* was himself a Catholic? This some Critics have imagin'd to be true, from the solemn Description of Purgatory given us by his Ghost in *Hamlet*; yet here, I doubt, the Conjecture is too strong; that Description being rather to be consider'd simply, as a poetical Beauty, and critically proper to a Catholic Character, than offer'd as a real Point or Declaration of his own Faith. Had *Shakespear* been a *Romanist*, he would scarce have let his King *John* have taken the following Liberty with his Holiness, where he contemns the Credulity of *Philip* the French King that can submit to----

*Purchase corrupted Pardon of a Man,
Who, in that Sale, jells Pardon from himself.*

This is too sharp a Truth to be suppos'd could come from the Pen of a *Roman Catholic*. If then he was under no Restraint from his Religion, it will require a nicer Criticism than I am master of to excuse his being so cold upon so warm an Occasion.

It was this Coldness then, my Lord, that first incited me to inspirit his King *John* with a Resentment that justly might become an *English* Monarch, and to paint the intoxicated Tyranny of *Rome* in

its

D E D I C A T I O N

its proper Colours. And so far, at least, my Labour has succeeded, that the additional Sentiments which King *John* throws out upon so flagrant a Provocation, were receiv'd with those honest cordial Applauses, which *English* Auditors I foresaw would be naturally warm'd to. My Success in this Point, which I had chiefly at heart, makes me almost unconcern'd for what may be judged of the farther Mechanism of the Play: I have endeavour'd to make it more like a Play than what I found it in *Shakespear*, and if your Lordship should find it so, my Ambition has no farther Views.

Your Taste in Poetry, my Lord, tho' naturally candid, wants not the quickest Eye to Imperfections; and tho' no Man's playful Muse has more Beauties than Your own, yet is not Your Fondness for them so strong as to be cool in Your Praises, when another makes a Flight that comes near you. A poetical Rival (if he could be found) might excite you to excel, but never enough disturb You to dispraise him. This being Your natural Disposition, from whom could I hope for equal Justice or Favour?

I now, my Lord, take my leave without the labour'd Compliments of a modern Dedicator. Your many great Qualities are too well known to the World to want a poetical Herald to proclaim them. It is to the private Man of Quality then I only make this Address: and 'tis an uncommon Pleasure to one of my advanced Age to have been thrown into a Habitude, that so frequently has permitted me to have an occasional Share in the Delight of Your unbending Hours. But since Your lately acquired Honours, which are honour'd by Your wearing them, have lifted You so far above the reach of my former Approaches, all I can at this distance

DEDICATION

distance aspire to, is to throw my cordial Wishes after You. May Your elevated Station never lead You beyond the Bounds of rational Happiness! That when You think fit to resign it, You may return to the private World, as You left it, the most agreeable Gentleman that ever brought Gladness into sensible Society. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most oblig'd,

and obedient humble Servant,

Feb. 25, 1744-5.

COLLEY CIBBER.

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by the *Author*.

THE *hardy Wretch, that gives the Stage a Play,*
Sails in a Cock-boat on a tumbling Sea!
Shakespear, whose Works no Play-wright could excel,
Has lanch'd us Fleets of Plays, and built them well:
Strength, Beauty, Greatness, were his constant Care;
And all his Tragedies were Men of War!
Such tow'ring Barks the rage of Seas defy'd,
The Storms of Critics, adverse Winds, or Tide!
Yet Fame, nor Favour ever deign'd to say,
King John was station'd as a first-rate Play;
Though strong and sound the Hulk, yet every Part
Reach'd not the Merit of his usual Art!
To cure what seem'd amiss—a Modern Muse,
Warm'd by the Subject, lets his Rashness loose;
Takes on himself the Errors of to Day,
And, thus resisted, trusts it to the Sea!
The Purpose of his Voyage this—to shew,
How England groan'd—five hundred Years ago!
When, veil'd with Sanctity, the Papal Sway
To wolfish Pastors made our Folds a Prey!
When Roman Prelates here, like Princes reign'd,
Yet scarce e'er visited the Land they drain'd!
And while the Bigot's Neck this Yoke endures,
Our Souls were sav'd by foreign Sine-cures!
Thus while each Pontiff, like the Sun, from hence
Exhal'd the Vapours——of his Peter-Pence;
Their lock'd-up Heav'n they promis'd (such the Grace is!)
That Popes, like Box-keepers, secur'd you Places:
But not as here, their Laws more firm were made,
None were admitted there, before they paid.
As if the Rights divine of Roman Pow'r,
Were first to blind their Flocks, and then devour!

This

PROLOGUE.

*This carnal Discipline the fiery John,
 Determin'd to suppress, asserts his Throne!
 Defiance to the lordly Pontiff flings,
 And spurns his Legates that would cope with Kings!
 Hence! roar'd the holy Thunder through the Land!
 Aghast! the People hear the dread Command!
 Terror, Confusion, Rage and civil War,
 At once the Bowels of the Nation tear;
 'Till the lost Monarch vanquish'd and alone,
 His Subjects to regain resigns his Throne;
 With vassal Homage at her Feet lays down,
 To hold from Rome, his Tributary Crown!
 These dire Disasters, this religious Rage,
 That shames our Annals, may become the Stage:
 Where the wild Passions, which these Contests raise,
 If well presented, may deserve your Praise;
 At least this Pleasure from the View may flow,
 That long! long distant were those Scenes of Woe!
 And as such Chains no more these Realms anncey,
 Applaud the Liberty you now enjoy.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

KING JOHN,	Mr. Quin.
Arthur, <i>his Nephew, Duke of Bretagne,</i>	Miss J. Cibber.
Salisbury,	Mr. Ridout,
Pembroke,	Mr. Rosco.
Arundel,	Mr. Anderson,
Falconbridge,	Mr. Ryan.
Hubert,	Mr. Bridgewater.

King Philip	}	of France,	{	Mr. Hale.
Lewis the Dauphin				Mr. Gibber, Jun.
Melun, a Nobleman				Mr. Casbell.
Pandulph, Legate from Pope Innocent,				Mr. Cibber, Sen.
Abbot	}	of Algiers,	{	Mr. Gibson.
Governor				Mr. Carr.

W O M E N.

Lady Constance, <i>Mother to Arthur,</i>	Mrs. Pritchard.
Blanch, <i>Niece to King John, and</i>	}
Daughter to Alphonso, King of	
Castile,	

The SCENE, three Acts in France, the two last in England.

P A P A L



PAPAL TYRANNY

In the REIGN of
KING JOHN.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A CAMP near ANGIERS.

*Enter King Philip, the Dauphin, Arthur, with Lady
Constance attended.*

King PHILIP.

NOW, royal *Arthur*, injur'd Heir of *England*!
Behold yon formidable Swarm of War;
That shines, in plum'd Array, to vindicate
Thy Cause, and give Rebuke to Usurpation,
O! never, never to their native Homes,
Dispers'd in Peace, shall those brave Bands return,
Till this bold Town of *Angiers* stile thee Sov'reign,
Till conquer'd *Normandy* prepare thy way,
And *England* to thy royal Right recal thee.

Arth. O! God-like *Philip*! now my more than Father!
That I have Life, was Nature's Gift; from you
A greater, nobler Blessing I receive!

That Life, with princely Dignity supported !
 But, if hereafter gracious Heav'n ordain,
 Your Arms shall seat me on fair *England's* Throne,
 Then shall my Thanks be worthy your Acceptance ;
 An annual Tribute shall confess the Tenure.

K. Philip. Alast thy youthful heart melts to Concessions,
 Which, though 'twere laudable in thee to form,
 Becomes not elder Honour to receive.

Const. Then, *Philip*, give a riper Parent leave to speak,
 A widow'd Mother, and an injur'd Princess :
 For this Relief, this God-like Aid of Arms,
 Receive a Tribute Heav'n itself accepts ;
 These Tears of Joy, that stream to *Philip's* Praise,
 And Tears, that flow from high-born Hearts oblig'd,
 Are Bribes, which the most glorious Kings may take.

K. Phil. Fair, hapless Relict of renown'd *Plantagenet* !
 Compose thy Heart, and rest thy Cares with us ;
 Thy Wrongs are ours, and as our own will we
 Resent them : for thy Infant Son, our Son
 The *Dauphin*, shall assist his Youth ! at once
 His Guard, and his Example in the Field ;
 And teach him, as in sport, the Arts of War !
 Embrace him, Boy, and plant him in thy Bosom ! [him !

Dauph. Thus with a Brother's Love my Breast receives
Arth. So sweet a Master, Sir, will make me learn
 The hardest Task of Danger with Delight.

Dauph. Young Prince, if you advance as fast in War,
 As you are forward in your School of Honour,
 I sooner shall be found your Pupil than your Tutor.

K. Phil. Here, break we off the Greetings of our Love.
 For see ! where brave *Melun* from *England* comes !
 From his Advices must we form our Measures.

Enter Melun.

Now, say *Melun*, to the Demands of *France*,
 Is Peace, or is Defiance *England's* Answer ?

Melun. In full Discharge of our Commission, Sir,
 In Royal *Philip's* Name and *Arthur's* Right,
 Roundly we warn'd him to resign, in Peace,
 Fair *England's* Crown with all its just Dominions :
 That Crown, which Faction, favour'd by Success,
 From lineal Blood had forcibly withheld ;

To

KING JOHN.

317.

To this King *John*, after some pause of Scorn,
Reply'd, what follows, on this Claim refus'd?
War! we rejoind the just Controll of War!
To chase Rebellion from the Realms of Right,
And bind Allegiance to its lawful Lord.
On this he kindled to such fiery Mood,
As might have well become a better Cause,
" Bear my Defence to your Master's Teeth,
" He cry'd! The War's begun! nor are you here.
" In Safety. Hence make all your speed to *Philip*,
" Lest our loud Trumpet's March should reach his Ear
" Before you. ————— [Drums.

K. Philip. — Trumpets to Trumpets then, and Drums to
Reply, while blazing War, through Fields and Forts,
Shall sweep her Train of Desolation!

Melun. Turn then your Forces from this paltry Siege,
And form them to confront a mightier Foe!
For know, King *John* is landed on our Coast.

K. Philip. Say it thou, *Melun*!

Melun. — My Liege, too true it is:
I saw him disembark'd, and in review
Adjug'd his Bodies thrice ten thousand strong.

K. Philip. Present them in their best Advantage! what!
Well chosen? Veterans, or undisciplin'd?

Melun. I dare not, Sir, deceive you by a Feint;
Or false Dispraise of what my Eyes were witness:
An Army more compleat, more martially
Prepar'd, yet never trod this northern Herbage!
Their eager March comes onward strait to *Angiers*;
All flusht and confident, in Strength and Spirit;
Not form'd of Mercenaries, Hinds compell'd,
But Voluntiers, that sport with War, that come
Like crested Champions to a Tournament;
Jocund as Huntsmen at their Sun-rise Meeting,
Or playful Shepherds piping o'er the Lawns,
That having tir'd the Course of idle Pleasures,
Now turn bright Honour into Modes more noble!
With these along a Troop of Beauties pass,
Who form the Court of Lady *Blanch* of Spain;
And those by martial Lovers are surrounded,
All plum'd and gorgeous, wanton Sons of Fame,

Who having fell'd their Grandfres Oaks at Home,
Carry whole mortgag'd Manors on their Backs,
To make a Venture of new Fortunes here:
In brief a braver Choice of dauntless Spirits
Than *English* Bottoms, now have wasted o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling Tide,
To violate the maiden Peace of *Europe*!

K. Philip. So swift an Expedition is amazing!

But thou describ'st a Rout of Revellers!

Men that would rather bravely feast than fight—

But be it as it may: we'll find them Entertainment.

Dauph. Hark! from yon distant northern Hill I hear
The murmuring Drum give signal to the March.

[*One whispers Melun.*

Melun. My Liege, a Pursuivant at Arms assures us,
King *John* is now in View, and would have Parley.

K. Philip. Be our Reply—Content and royal Welcome,
Now, Madam, shall you prove our Friendship?

Const. In that alas! tho' confident my Hope,
Yet, Sir, permit me to retire; the Sight
Of Royal Treatment, paid my mortal Foe,
Is more than my afflicted Heart can bear.

[*France*

K. Philip. Prince *Dauphin*, you conduct the Lady Con-
To our Pavilion: *Arthur* may assist us.

[*Exeunt Dauph. and Constance.*

But see! he comes! and with a martial Port,
As well befits the Front of Majesty.

Enter King John attended.

K. John. Forms are the Trappings of deputed Pow'r;
The Speech of Kings should, like the Voice of Heavens,
Be plain: Equality destroys Degree,
And servile Bendings mark inferior Men:
Thus, by our Treaties personal, we wave
Those outside, thin Disguises of the Heart,
And shew, at once, the naked Terms of Honour.

K. Philip. Such be our Parley; brief and artless.

K. John. Thus then—If *France* shall peaceably permit,
That *England* take possession of her own,
Our Norman Towns, and chiefly this of *Angiers*;
Then come we, as a Friend, to *France* in Peace;
If not, bleed *France*, and frighted Peace ascend
To Heaven—

K. Philip.

K. *Philip*. — Defiance to Defiance first!
Then thus to thy Demand: Those *Norman* Towns
Thou speak'st of, *France* in *England's* Right has seiz'd.

K. *John*. In *England's* Right? a Seizure made by *France*!
Hast thou, from *England*, ought to authorize
This busy meddling in thy Neighbour's Suit?
Officious in a Cause concerns thee not;
Whence is thy Motive to a Part so gracious?
Say, from what Law, what Treaties, or Pretence?

K. *Philip*. Must we produce our Voucher then? Behold
it here! [Taking Arthur by the Hand,
Read in this Face thy elder Brother's Feature!
These Eyes, this Aspect molded out of his!
In this fair copy'd Volume is contain'd
The growing Abstract of thy Brother's Virtues!
As *Geoffrey* stood, in lineal Rank, direct
Presumptive Heir to *Cæurdalion's* Crown;
So stands his Son, to thwart thy crooked Claim:
Then, in the Name of high-offended Heav'n,
How comes it that Earl *John* is call'd a King,
When living Blood is beating in these Veins
Of elder Right, to wear the Crown before thee?

K. *John*. And whence hast thou this high Commission,
To judge the Right of Crowns and summon Kings,
Like Criminals impeach'd to thy Tribunal?

K. *Philip*. From that eternal Judge, who rules on high,
Whose righteous Deputies, on Earth, are Kings!
From him have I receiv'd Authority,
To look into the Blots and Stains of Right:
That Judge appoints me Guardian to this Infant;
By his Commission is thy Claim before me,
And I am bound by Office to reject it. [Right,

K. *John*. Presumptuous Man! talk'st thou of injur'd
Who would'st thyself usurp the Pow'r of Heav'n?
And, like fantastic *Rome*, Dispose of Empires?
But since that lordly Pontiff has been gracious,
Since his Indulgence deigns to stile me King;
Must *John* have *Philip's* Sanction to his Title? [Arthur?

K. *Philip*. What Crime alledg'd has set aside young
Can Treason, Lunacy, or tainted Blood,
Be once pretended in this Youth's Disfavour?

K. *John*. Prevaricating Claim is *Cœurdelion's* Will,
That gave his Crown to us, of no Validity?
Are we not there his Successor approv'd?
Adopted? by the general States confirm'd?
And is a Nation's Act responsible to thee?
Did not our *Norman William* claim by Conquest?
And, by his Will, a younger Son succeeded?
Our second *William*, nay our first *Henry* too;
Both to their elder Brother *Robert's* Claim prefer'd?
Wants then our Right a Precedent, or whence
Had *Cœurdelion* left a Pow'r to make one? — [mockery;

K. *Philip*. Where kingdoms are bequeath'd such Wills are
But this mere impious Fraud! thy spleeny Mother's Project,
Who, to secure Succession of her Power,
Seduc'd thy Brother to prefer her Minion,
That, under thee, the Creature of her Pride,
Her Passions still might lord it o'er a People! — [Hence!

K. *John*. No more! thy Insults tempt my Patience!
Forth to the field! dispute our Title there!
While grappling War, the Eloquence of Kings,
Shall prove the Victor has his Right from Heav'n!

K. *Philip*. Then Heav'n for us! and *Angiers* be the Um-
Sound our immediate Summons to this Town! — [pire!
A Trumpet ho! for *Arthur*! *France* demands it.

[Trumpet sounds on the French side.

K. *John*. Now sound on our Side! blow an *English* Blast!
And let them see their King that will defend them!

[Trumpet on the Part of England.

Enter Governor and Soldiers on the Ramparts.

Gov. Whence, and from whom, these Trumpets at our
Walls! — [Right,

K. *Philip*. The one from *France*, who here in *England's*
Demands Possession of your Citadel.

K. *John*. *England* for *England* speaks, defying *France*!
And here, in Person, stands with *English* Pow'rs
To enter and defend your Walls from Violence!

K. *Philip*. Right had no need to bring along such Pow'rs.

Gov. Whence, then, this other Army at our Gates?

K. *Philip*. Are you not Subjects all to *Cœurdelion's* Heir?

Gov. To his Successor, doubtless, are we subject:
But, if in Terms confus'd of Heir and King,

You

You now command; now interdict Obedience,
Where shall obedience find her Safety? —

K. John. ————— Here!

Be not deluded, warlike Hearts of *Angiers*,
This Pow'r of *France*, that claims in *Arthur's* Right,
Like the fierce Falcon, clad in Turtle-plumes,
Would tempt you, from your Dove-coat Safety forth;
Then gorge Ambition with your Liberties.

Gov. How answers *France* this Allegation?

K. Philip. Behold this royal Youth, your lawful Lord:
In whose just Cause offensive War, constrain'd
By hospitable Zeal and royal Honour,
Now drags her cumbersome Engines to your Walls!
Be therefore early warn'd; for if you still
Dare set at nought the Terror of our Arms,
'Tis not this Girdle of your mould'ring Ramparts
Shall hide your rebel Heads from Chastisement!
Say then, will you set wide your Gates in Peace,
Or must we stalk in Blood to our Possession?

K. John. When *England* shall have spoke, determine:
Whence are yon murderous Ensigns, for a Siege,
And merciless Proceeding now before you?
Has not the Hunger of these *Frenchmen* brought them,
These meagre Wolves, that prowl in Troops by Night,
Taking th' Advantage of your Owners Absence,
To leap your Fence, and fill your Folds with Slaughter.
Now! at their Peril, let them thrill cry but Halloo!
And I have here a set of *English* Mastiffs

Shall worry 'em, like Currs, that bark at what
They fear—Now, know your Safety and your King,
Open your Gates, and give your Friends Refreshment.

Gov. Princes, with Patience have we heard your Contest;
Which, in the ballance of our Judgment, weighs but this:
France came, in *Arthur's* Right, to seize this Town;
And *England*, by a speedy March, prevents it.
Yet both alike have summon'd us as Vassals;
So that to either yielding, we to one are Rebels:
Therefore, on Hazards, will we yield to neither!
Let in yon Field your Troops decide the King;
Then to our King, as Subjects, will we bow:
But, till your Swords or Treaties fix that Right,

Our stubborn Gates are barr'd against the World.

K. *John*. Philip, to thee we owe this Disobedience!

K. *Philip*. Here, in the Field of *Angiers*, let Obedience
Her Lord, and *English* Liege-men bow to *Arthur*! [know

K. *John*. This, at the gates of *Paris*, shall thou answer!

K. *Philip*. Answer thyself, thy Crime of injur'd Right,
Thyself a Subject to the crown thou wear'st!

K. *John*. O! thou hast rous'd the Lion in my Heart,
And all my Brother's Spirit burns to chase thee!

Take to thy Arms! —

K. *Philip*. — Mount, Chevaliers! to horse!

K. *John*. To Prayers! for Pardon to those Souls of *France*,
Whose unrepented Sins this Night shall come,
Through *England*'s Vengeance, to eternal Doom.

[*Exeunt French and English severally. Trumpets sound
on each side to horse.*]

Constance enters, from the Tent of Philip.

Now hangs the Crown of *England* on a Moment!

Decisive War anon demands it fix'd

Upon the Brow of Right, or Usurpation!

How desp'rate, how tremendous is the Stake,

Depending on this instant Cast of Battle!

The Victor, the Defeated — Slave or Monarch!

The regal Sceptre, and the purple Robe

Against the cockled Pilgrim's Rug and Staff!

A Prince in Glory, or a high-born Beggar!

O! miserable, wide Distinction, hark!

[*Alarms and at great Distances.*]

The wafting Winds, in audible Perception,

Set all the Terrors of the Field before me!

This Jar of Drums! the lofty Trumpets Ardour!

The vaunting echoes of the neighing Steed!

This Clang of Armour! these sky-rending Shouts

Of charging Squadrons speak the Battle raging!

Yet, from the wild Confusion, no kind Sound

Distinguishes where Victory inclines;

These sharp Vicissitudes of Hopes and Fears,

Tear me with Torture insupportable!

Conquest suspended is Captivity!

O dreadful, agonizing Interval! —

Hear, Heav'n, my Pray'r! if thy dread Will decrees,

Our

Our House must fall, let not my riper Sins
 On Hapless *Arthur's* Head be visited!
 O! spare, protect his youthful Innocence!
 That Life prolong'd may propagate his Virtues!
 This sudden Silence, in the vacant Air,
 Seems as if breathless Conquest sought Repose:
 Now is our Cause successful, or abandon'd!
 Hark! a Retreat is sounded! O! for News,
 To quell this Conflict of Uncertainty!
 But see! where One 'fore-spent with Toil and Haste,
 This way conducts a Youth in Form, my *Arthur*!
 My Pray'rs are heard! 'tis he himself preserv'd,
 And living, from the Battle!—O my Life!

Enter Melun with Arthur.

O! welcome! to thy Mother's painful Longings!
 To fold thee thus! is more Content than Empire!
 Crowns are not worth the anxious Coils they cost us!
 O say, my Boy! how could thy tender Limbs
 Support the Onsets of this dreadful Day?

Arth. O 'twas a gallant Horse I rode! train'd up
 To War! had I known Fear he wou'd have sham'd me!
 He curl'd his Crest, and proudly paw'd the Ground,
 And from his vocal Nostrils neigh'd such Fire!
 To mount him seem'd the Transport of a Throne!

Const. My little Soldier! how thy Spirit charms me!

Arth. But still my Life to this brave Lord we owe:
 For when a huge broad Falchion at my Head
 Was rais'd, he threw his Body in between,
 Warded the Blow, and clove th' Assailant down!
 And then—our Horses trampled him to Death!

Const. Words are too poor, to give such Deeds their Due;
 But say, my Lord, what have our Arms decided?

Melun. Never was Field with greater Bravery fought;
 Never did *Frenchmen* better bear their Spirits,
 Nor *English* Courage more approve their Pasture!
 While War, like Justice, weigh'd out Life for Life,
 Pale Conquest hover'd in the Air amaz'd,
 Nor knew on whom to drop her Chaplet down;
 Whether to grace the Brow of *France* or *England*:
 And though their fainting Spirits equally
 Desist, unable to renew the Charge;

Yet

Yet each dispute what neither has deserv'd,
Nor Triumph, nor Defeat; nor Chains, nor Victory.

Const. What Miseries are mine, that neither War
Decies, nor long Endurance can assuage?

Melum. Have better hopes, for as I left the Field,
A Trumpet from the Town of *Angiers* came,
To ask an Interview for Terms of Peace. [admit,

Const. Said'st thou of Peace! what Peace can *France*
But on the lost, the ruin'd Rights of *Arthur*?
O yet return, and bring me better News!
Back to this fatal Interview, while I
Pensive retire, and sigh my Grievs to Heav'n!

Melum. Madam, these peaceful Pow'rs are now at hand.
Your Presence may perhaps assist your Cause,
Which private Sorrow would but ill defend.

Const. You counsel well; nor will I tamely lose it!
Enter King John, leading Lady Blanch, Falconbridge, &c.
attended. Trumpets.

K. John. Now, fairest *Blanch*, thy Terrors, from the Field,
Shall cease, and frowning War no more dismay thee:
This happy Interview shall heal our Wounds;
Thy smiling Hours henceforth be lost in Pleasure;
To rude Alarms succeed the midnight Revel,
And thou, as Queen, in *Normandy* shall reign.

Blanch. Alas! what Happiness might Kings enjoy,
Could Honour mark the Bounds of their Ambition!

K. John. Be Honour, then, our Umpire——*France*
approaches.

Enter on the opposite Side King Philip and Dauphin attended.
After them, from the Gates of Angiers, enter the Abbot,
with Priests and Citizens.

K. Philip. Now restless *England*! are thy Troops content,
Or would they more of us?——

K. John.——Would *France* have more?
Have not these men of *Angiers*, from their Walls,
Stood Witness of the Havock we have made?

K. Philip. Or have they not, with equal eyes, beheld
The Swords of *France* stain'd in the Blood of *England*?

Abbot. Princes, with equal Sorrow have we seen
The fatal Waste of your contending Powers:
Since then your Loss is mutual in the Field,

Let

Let in the Cabinet your Counsels conquer.

Kings most are Kings, where Peace protects the Subject.

K. Philip. Less of your Morals, and of Purpose more.

Abbot. As *Angiers*, then, can but one Lord obey,
Let to the other one resign that Title,
Contented with a due Equivalent,
Which to your royal Option we shall name;
Then, on such Compact, shall our wide-thrown gates
Fly from their Hinges to receive their Master.
But if in hostile Enmity's persisting—

K. Philip. Dar'st thou again defy us? Hence—

K. John. ———— Speak on!

Abbot. Glory, though deaf to dying Groans in War,
May lend a pitying Ear to Peace unsoil'd,

Const. Kings, by your Leave! and e'er this Raven's Voice
Presume, again, to croak his bold Rebellion;
Hear once a Woman's nobler sense of Glory!
If my free Speech on either Part sound partial,
Then both to my abandon'd Fortunes leave me,
How dare these Vassals, lying at your Mercy,
Audaciously set Bounds to royal Right;
And Traitors, as they are, give Laws to Monarchs!
If you are Kings, resent this Insolence!
Nor let them, in one Day, twice defy you:
Both play your Engines on their crumbling Walls,
Till an unhous'd and fenceless Desolation
Sweep them as level, as the Seas becalm'd:
Then to your separate Banners each return,
And Front to Front decide the Right of Empire!
Thus your coy Mistress Fortune, charm'd by Conquest,
Shall from the dreadful Battle chuse her Minion,
And kiss him with a glorious Victory! [Heads!]

K. Philip. Now, by yon Sky, that hangs above our
'Tis nobly thought: These Insolents deserve
This Chastisement: Say, then, will *England* join
To vindicate the Cause of regal Honour,
And bury *Angiers* in immediate Ruin? [Charges!]

K. John. Well hast thou offer'd *France*! Each to his
Which Front lies fairest to our *English* Vengeance?

K. Philip. If *England* so approve, *France* from the
Shall thunder— [South]

K. John.

K. John.—*England from the North shall echo!*

Abbot. O! hear us! hear, you royal Potentates!
 Stop this impatient Rigour of your Arms,
 And God-like hearken to the Cries of Peace!
 Be Heav'n's Vicegerents, and protect your Subjects!
 Let us but know our King, and we obey him;
 Then name his Foe, and we oppose him;
 But let not this Resource of Female Spleen
 Mislead you to an Act of Cruelty!
 She, like the childless Mother fam'd in Story,
 Yielding the Infant to be carv'd and mangled,
 Betrays the Secret of her spurious Claim.

K. John. 'Tis true! the Inference yet asks Attention.

Const. How wild are the Expedients of Despair!
 But who, in Injurice like mine, is temp'rate?
 Rather let *Angiers* know a lawless Lord,
 Than to the Rightful be their Lives a Sacrifice. [*Apert.*
Princes, I wave my Plea, and now to France appeal;
In whose sun Honour is my only Hope.

K. Philip. Madam, you there with Safety may repose it.

Const. What Heav'n will be done; but I fear the Issue!
 These royal Parleys bode no good to me.
 Hence to some holy Cell, I will retire,
 And meditate, resign'd, the Ills that wait me.
 Thus, while these Eagles hover in the Air,
 The trembling Turtle, with her only Young,
 Shrinks in her Nest, and dreads impending Wrong.

[*Exit Constance with Arthur.*

K. John. Lord *Abbot*, now proceed: we pause to hear thee.

Abbot. Then, briefly, for the gen'ral Welfare, thus.
 Among the Wonders of your princely Trains,
 Your Garden, if I see a royal Pair,
 In Birth, in blooming Age, in Virtues equal,
 (O! be the Sight prophetic to our Hopes)
 The lovely *Blanch* is near in blood to *England*,
Lewis, the royal *Dauphin*, Heir to *France*.
 If courtly Love in search of Beauty goes,
 Where could he find it fairer than in *Blanch*?
 If virtuous Love in search of Virtue goes,
 Where shall he find it purer than in *Blanch*?

If proud Ambition seeks a Bride of Birth,
 What purple Fountain runs through nobler Veins?
 Who then to such transcendent Maiden Charms
 Can lay a Claim superior to this *Daphnia*?
 What Youth can equal him, what Virgin here
 Yet, as they are, are each but half themselves:
 O! two such fair divided Excellencies,
 Join'd in one Love, might heal, with happier Peace,
 The Wounds of War, and make up full Perfection!

Dauph. Had I a Hermit's Blood, a Cause so pleaded,
 A Virgin so adorn'd, with holy Praise,
 Had fir'd my Heart, and preach'd it into Love. [*Peace!*]

Abbot. Turn then, great Pow'rs, your hostile Rage to
 Bind up your Fends in these soft Bonds of Union;
 And, like indulgent Hear'n, from low'ring Clouds,
 Pour down your Blessings on your joyous People!

Dauph. My royal Father, take this holy Counsel;
 Give Peace to *England*, and Repose to me!
 For never will my Heart know rest, 'till there
 A passive Smile permits me to complain. [*England!*]

K. Philip. Those Smiles, my Son, are in the Gift of

Dauph. Thus then to *England* for the general Weal,
 Suppliant I bend my Knee, and beg for Peace:
 This Knee, which never could to Int'rest bow,
 Compell'd by Love, may bend with Honour.

K. John. Spoke, like a royal Woer, and if *France*
 Approve this Sally of thy youthful Heart,
 As she, in Beauty, Education, Blood,
 Holds Hands with any Princess of the World,
 Her Dowry shall weigh equal with the proudest,

K. Philip. Let *England* ratify his Word, and *France*
 With royal Sanction shall confirm this Treaty.

K. John. Far, as our Pow'r may warrant the Consent
 Of Virgin Modesty, which Love must conquer,
 We here approve this holy Father's Counsel;
 And, for the Dowry of this high-born Maid,
 Yield we the Provinces of *Anjou*, *Main*,
Eureux, and all those Towns, that to the Sea,
 From hence, by due Inheritance we claim:
 With thrice ten thousand Marks of *English* Gold
 To grace her bridal Bed, and seal this Peace.

K. Philip.

K. Philip. A royal Dowry, consonant to Honour,
And be the Virgin free, our Love accepts it:
Now England—

Dauph.—Pardon, royal Sir, my Transport!
For now, methinks, what farther might be said,
Seems due to Beauty from the Lover's Tongue,
O! beauteous Maid! vouchsafe a patient Ear!
If as a Prince I sue, short is my Plea:
These royal Advocates have strongly urg'd it:
If, as a Lover, how shall I approach thee?
How in one Moment can I ask for Hope,
Or how shall Nations wait till I deserve thee?
O! that thy Form had sprung from humble Race:
That, then, I might have given my panting Heart
Th' Advantage of Degree, and ev'n on Sight possess'd thee.

Blanch. Prince, to my Birth you all Advantage owe;
Where I, like private Virgins, free to love,
Then Modesty our Sex's Guard and Grace,
With Coldness had receiv'd your tenderest Vows,
And for your Sighs, the wafting Winds had caught them:
But Princes, born to Passions not their own,
Are Slaves in Love, where happier Subjects reign:
The Hearts of royal Maids, like publick Treasure,
Are to the Exigents of State assign'd,
While private Comfort is referr'd to Virtue.
Of this had I been train'd in Ignorance,
Then yielding thus my Hand had dy'd these Cheeks
With Shame; but conscious what I owe the Publick,
With the same joyful Pride I seal this Peace,
As counter-signing Ministers attest it.

Dauph. From Heaven this Joy descends.

K. John. England and France are one.

*King John and King Philip embrace, then join the Hands
of Blanch and Dauphin.*

Blanch. Love must from Love—

Dauph.—Love shall of Love be born.

K. Philip. Your Office, holy Father, shall we next
Intreat, for at St. Mary's Altar straight
This royal Marriage will we solemnize.
You, Lord Melun, to Lady Constance haste,
With whom this Peace, alas! will sort but ill;

Bid

Bid her have Cheer, and tempt her to this Festival.

K. John. You, Cousin, on the Part of *England* greet her.

[*Falconbridge*]
Tell her these Times shall cure her sickly Fortunes;
All shall be heal'd: *Arthur*, her Infant son,
In Honour to this Peace shall shine in Dignities:
This Day we Duke of *Bretagne* will salute him,
Of *Richmond* Earl, say such our Word creates him.
Now to our solemnity——

Dauph.——Now lovely *Blanch*!

Never had *Angiers* such a welcome Guest;

Thus when, of old, the Dove was sent to explore

The long-wish'd Blessings of a rising Shore:

At length a distant springing Grove she pier,

Crops the first Branch, a sure credential Prize;

Then to the happy Ark resumes her Wings,

And to the World preserv'd the peaceful Olive brings.

[*They all enter the Town with Trumpets sounding,
Acclamations, &c.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Constance, Arthur, Melun, Falconbridge.

CONSTANCE.

A PEACE with *England*, and by *France* concluded!

Affanc'd too! *Blanch* to the *Dauphin* married!

And *Arthur*'s Ruin made her pompous dowry!

Thou dost abuse my Ear; it cannot be!

I have a Monarch's Oath to right my Cause,

And 'twere to wrong thy Master, to believe thee!

Mel. Madam, these Words are yours, but what before,

In plain and honest Terms, I told, was true;

'Twas his Command I should at large

Inform you of this Peace, and cheer your Hopes.

Const. My Hopes! bid the lost Wretch with broken limbs,

Extended on the wheel, to hope for Mercy!

Hopes I have none!——

Arth.——Since 'tis the Will of Heaven,

I do

I do beseech you, Madam, be content.

Const. Content! to thy vile Wrongs be patient! no;
Were thou, in temper wayward, foul in Feature,
Deform'd, that ev'n thy Birth disgrac'd thy Mother!
Yet, as my Child, my Heart would feel thy Usage!
But as thou art the Pride and Triumph of my Bed,
As thou art fair, and at thy Birth, dear Boy,
Nature and Fortune both conspir'd to grace thee;
For not the Rose or Lilly, from the Hand of Nature,
Can boast their Beauties more compleat or fair!
Nor has, among the Realms of *Europe*, Fortune
Bequeath'd a Crown to Blood or Birth superior!
As such when I behold thee, and behold
Thee wrong'd, betray'd, abandon'd to the World;
Then, then, to be content were criminal!
An Indolence that Virtue would disclaim;
No, no, my Child! cruel, obdurate Souls,
They only, who could do these Wrongs, might
Bear them:

But human Hearts, a helpless Mother's Heart,
Must yield to Nature, and deplore thy Fortune!

Fal. These plaintive Transports, Madam, cannot help,
But may impair your State: Consider well,
How may our potent Masters be offended,
That thus you slight their royal Invitation?
Yielding to neither you lose both your Friends;
We must not, Madam, dare not part without you.

Const. You must! you dare! you shall! I will not go!
Tell them, They've taught my Sorrow to be proud;
There is a Dignity in suffering wrong,
Which mean-soul'd Perfidy can never reach!
Here, on this humble Earth, build we our Throne;
Here shall Calamity in Judgment sit,
And call Oppression to her sad Tribunal.
Now let injurious *France* and *England* see,
How we are rais'd in Majesty above them!
This is the Throne, to which, or first or last,
The greatest Kings must bow—*Philip*, I thank thee;
These are thy Favours!—Such the Faith of Princes!

Enter King Philip attended. Melun and Falconbridge having observ'd to him the State of Constance: He, approaching, raises her.

K. Philip. What means the mournful *Constance* on the Dispel thy Griefs, and let the Honours of [Earth?] Thy Infant-Son now blend the gen'ral Joy.

Const. Philip, I fear my Presence is offensive.

K. Philip. Why should thy Fortunes warrant such a Fear?

Const. Perhaps I fancy'd my sad Looks reproach'd thee; And to the noble Mind Reproach is painful. [have you—

K. Phil. Reproach should follow Wrongs: What Cause

Const. What Cause! This Object, *Philip*, may inform thee: Behold this royal Beggar— [Pointing to Arthur.

K. Philip. — Yet his Fortune Deserves not this Complaint: His high Promotions, New Honours, and Appointments are most noble.

Const. Shall Honour then compound? Has royal Right A Fellowship? Is he, who loses half,

Not robb'd, because a Moiety is left him?

Is *Arthur* known the lineal Heir of *Cæurdellion*?

And shall he basely stoop to vassal Dignities?

Is *Bretany*, that poor dependent Dukedom,

That Gew-gaw Feather, on his Infant Crest,

Of equal Weight for *England's* Diadem?

K. Philip. Your Grief's conclude, as if Events were ours. Have not our Arms, in *Arthur's* royal Right, Expos'd our Crown to Hazards in the Field? While, in the bloody Contest, Thousands fell, The slaughter'd Victims of our Faith to thee?

Const. And to deface that glorious Act of Honour, Thou hast betray'd the Right of *Arthur* to his Foe.

K. Philip. Betray'd! Now judge for me! Had you been, What Answer might this Treatment have deserv'd? [*Philip,*

Const. Then *Philip*, never had deserv'd this Treatment, Had I been *Philip*; *Philip* injur'd *Constance*,

Then hadst thou seen a *Philip* firm to Virtue!

A Prince that had preferr'd the Cause of Honour

To all the temporal Int'rests on Earth!

But Pow'r, I see, howe'er adorn'd with Purple,

Shews, in the Monarch, but a worldly Man;

And Faith is but the Merchandise of Empire!

K. Philip.

K. Philip. Temper, I see, is lost upon Impatience:
When you have worn a Crown, you'll better judge
How far a Monarch may extend his Virtue.

Const. When I have worn a Crown? Injurious Man;
Dost thou insult the wretch thou hast undone?

Philip, farewell: And, if thou canst, enjoy
The Peace which my Calamities have bought.

If Kingdoms we on broken Vows must found,
Oh! never may thy guilty Brows be crown'd!

Mayst thou, with taintless Honour, brave thy Fate;
Nor ever dare to be ignobly great.

In conscious Virtue mayst thou empire find,
And reign the happier Monarch of thy Mind.

[*Exit with Arthur.*]

K. Philip. *Melun*, attend her, and observe her Passions:
Revenge may prompt her to commute her Fortune,

And her Submission to the Pow'r of *England*

Might sow, between our Realms, new Seeds of Discord.

[*Exit Melun.*]

Enter Dauphin and Blanch.

Dauph. My royal Father, our fair Dauphiness,
Press'd by her Sex's Fear, intreats your Favour.

K. Philip. So fair, so gentle a Petitioner
Needs but to name her Wishes, to command them.

Blanch. Not so, my Lord; but our Desire is this:
My royal Uncle having from *England*

Advice, that presses his Departure hence,

Alarms my Heart with Fears 'till now unknown:

When he's away, and I left here a Stranger,

Young, unexperienc'd, liable to Failures,

How may Simplicity, tho' well inclin'd,

Mistake the Duties of a Bride or Daughter?

Without his Guidance to direct my Steps,

How may my Errors wander from your Favour? [*seizes?*]

K. Phil. How canst thou lose what even thy Fear se-

Blanch. Let him not yet depart; you, Sir, might stay

Dauph. Grant her Desires! ——— [*him.*]

K. Philip. ——— When fit Occasion offers,

For his fair Niece's sake we will intreat him.

But see! he comes! with Business on his Brow:

Depend upon our Love, and calm thy Cares.

[*Exeunt Blanch and Dauphine.*]

Enter K. John with letters, &c.

K. John. Brother of *France*, we grieve that our Affairs
In *England*, on the Spur, demand our Presence;
But 'tis our Glory that we part in peace.

K. Philip. What unforeseen Occasion thus breaks in
Upon the Revels of our Amity?

K. John. Our Letters thence inform us that our Subjects,
Stirr'd by the restless Policy of *Rome*,
Meet in Cabals, t'assert the Papal Pow'r:
Faction and Tumult, in the open Day,
Stalk through the Streets with Folly at their Heels,
And make religious Cries against Allegiance;
Warm'd by this spirit too, at *Canterbury*,
The lordly Monks dispute our regal Pow'r;
Reject our Prelate to that See preferr'd,
And by a second Choice appeal to *Rome*:
These growing Ills must in their Shell be crush'd,
And by the injur'd Majesty of Kings,
These ghostly Traitors shall abjure their Choice,
Though at the Hazard of our Kingdom we abide it.

Enter Falconbridge.

Fal. So please your Majesty his Eminence
Of *Milan*, *Pandulph*, the great Cardinal,
And Legate, from the holy See full charg'd
With apostolick Pow'rs, demands his Audience.

K. John. *Pandulph*! but be it so; Cousin, conduct him:
And Sir, my Brother, tho' his holy Errand
Reach but ourself in Form, yet is his View,
By our Example, to make others bow,
And hold, in equal Chains, the Kings of *Europe*:
France, from this Juncture, may be early warn'd;
Yourself a Witness better will advise you.

Enter Pandulph attended.

Pand. Hail you anointed Deputies of Heaven!
Peace, Health and Benedictions crown your Days!
To thee, King *John*, our high Commission speaks,
From our most holy Father *Innocent*,
Servant of Servants, and the Lord of Kings,
I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milan* Cardinal,
And Legate from the sacred Chair, demand,
Why, against his apostolick Power,

Thou

Thou stubbornly dost spurn, and with unhallow'd Force
 Keep *Stephen Langton*, now of *Canterbury*
 Archbishop duly chosen, from the Lands
 Consign'd and sacred to that holy See?
 What may these rash Extremities portend?
 Why are the Waters of Religion troubled?
 What impious Counsels have seduc'd thy Love
 From the maternal Bosom of our Church?
 Whence are these wilful Marks of Disobedience?
 Such is the Contumacy thou art charg'd with,
 And this the Time appointed thee to answer.

K. John. Is this Assertion of our kingly Right
 Term'd impious, stubborn, wilful, disobedient!
 This the proud Stile of *Rome* to sovereign Princes!
 Are these the meek Examples of her Doctrine?
 I tell thee, Legate, as to *Langton's* Right,
 One Pope's enough for *England* to endure!
 But Vice-roys there we never will receive,
 For such are all whom *Rome* appoints our Pastors!
 Created from abroad, they know no Lord at home;
 But, when their Duty's question'd, answer *Rome*!
Rome shall support them; for their King's her Vassal!
 But, Cardinal, from hence imperious *Rome*!
 Shall know, in *England* we will reign!
 Nor shall, while we have Life, *Italian* Priests
 Have Tithe or Toll in our Dominions!
 No, not a native Brow shall there be mitred,
 That thinks not due Obedience to his Prince,
 Consistent with his other Christian Duties!

Pand. Are Subjects to their Prince more bound in Duty,
 Than is that Prince in Duty bound to Heav'n? [Sense?

K. John. Has Heav'n depriv'd all Christian Kings of
 Or have they Eyes, and yet no Right to use them?
 Shall free-born Kings not chuse their native Pastors?
 The Lands thou speak'st of are the Soil of *England*;
 And who shall plant a crossi'd Tenant there,
 That owes not to our Crown his holy Tenure?

Pand. Dominion o'er the Vassals on those Lands,
 Is not deny'd thy Right; but on their Lords Demise
 The Right of Heav'n resumes the vacant Cure,
 And to that Cure, as Heav'n's Vicegerent here,

KING JOHN.

335

Our holy Sire appoints the Successor!

K. John. Blast your evasive School-distinctions,
That prove at once, I am and am not King!
Suppose an Enemy invade those Lands,
Who shall protect them? Is't not our Expence?
Our Arms, our Subjects, that must face the Danger?
Will your Anathemas, your Fulminations,
Drive from our Fields the Ravage of a War?
Shall *Rome* then say, Those Lands are ours in Fee,
And you, for our sole Uses, shall defend them!
Insatiate Pride! by Heav'n! it mocks our Senses!
No, Sir, our *English* Pastors shall be *English* Subjects;
Not Aliens, independent on our Crown;
Who call the Fleece of their Flocks to *Rome*,
And when their holy Avarice is curb'd,
Then drive them at their Pleasure from Allegiance.
But let thy Master know, we hold our Crown
By Right, as high as he his priestly Diadem;
And, where our Realms extend, will be our self supreme.

Pand. O! impious, O prophane, apostate Rage!
My Christian Ears are tortur'd with the Sound!

K. Phil. Brother of *England*, this avow'd Contempt
Of sacred Pow'r, but ill accords that Faith
Implicit, which her royal Sons profess:
Since you have made me party to this Audience,
Let me in friendly Confidence assure you
France would not, trampling on the Rights of *Rome*,
Provoke the holy Censures of her Chair,
Though the Attempt might double our Dominions!

K. John. Though you, and all the Kings of *Christendom*,
Should bow your Necks for this proud Pope to tread on,
Crawl to his Throne, and like a God adore him;
Or rather fear, as *Indians* do the Devil,
Not for the good, but Mischief he may do you!
Shaking your Purse empty in his Lap,
To purchase impious Pardon of a Man,
Who, in that Sale, sells Pardon from himself!
Though you and all the World like Columns stand,
To form triumphal Arches to his Pride;
Yet *England* shall alone himself oppose
This subdolous, this priestly Usurpation!

Pand.

Pand. Hear then, high Heav'n and Earth! ye Saints
 And Men below! Christians and Angels, hear! [above,
 Hear the tremendous Doom, our holy Church
 On this accurst, apostate Head denounces!
 Drive him, ye mighty Kings, and Potentates,
 From Realm to Realm a lost abandon'd Exile!
 All Bonds of Peace, Defence, Alliance, Commerce,
 Broken! absolv'd! annul'd! O sweep him forth,
 Like the first bloody Cain, detestable!
 This sacrilegious Parricide! whose Arm,
 Against the sacred Bosom of our Mother,
 Has drawn the impious Sword of Disobedience!
 From this immediate Moment be his Crown
 The Spoil, the Right, the just Reward of him,
 Whose happier Hand shall rend it from his Brow!
 Be all his Subjects from Allegiance free,
 From Duty, Converse, all Benevolence,
 Support, or Correspondence interdicted!
 On Pains eternal to the Soul offending!
 And meritorious shall the meanest Soul
 Be deem'd rever'd to Ages canoniz'd,
 Who shall by Violence or Stratagem,
 For these his Crimes, deprive him of his Life!

K. John. Stay! thou imperious Legate! hear a King's
 Defiance echo to your holy Thunder!
 First, for your impious Arrogance of Pow'r,
 We blow it mousing to the Winds contemn'd!
 But as its Vanity deserves Rebuke,
 We, in substantial Vengeance, will repay it
 On thy rebellious Brethrens Heads accumulated!

K. Phil. What may this Rashness mean! be yet advis'd!
 Nor tempt the Chastisement of holy Pow'r. [drawn!

K. John. Unman me not with Fear: The Sword is
 Rome now shall know the Pow'r of England! Ho!
 Cornhill and De Cantie you, our valiant Knights,
 Chuse like yourselves a Band of Men determin'd!
 Conduct them with the utmost speed to England:
 There, from their Hive of Canterbury,
 With military Force of Fire and Sword,
 Exterminate these trait'rous Monks, that have,
 In this Election of their Prelate, dar'd

To send the Question of our Right to *Rome* :
 Seize on their Goods, their Moveables, and Treasure !
 Confiscate to the Publick ! Then proclaim it Death
 To give them Shelter through our whole Dominions !
 Without Remorse, Inquiry, or Delay,
 See this our Will, with rigour, be obey'd !

[*Exeunt Cornhill and De Cantie.*

Now Legate, as thou lik'st this Work, proceed !
 We yet have Hecatombs of Drones, thy Victims ;
 For each Anathema, a Diocese !
 Let Popes confine to Points of Faith their Sway,
 And none shall more implicitly obey :
 But when they strain that Sway to temp'ral Pow'r,
 And would the inborn Rights of Kings devour ;
 Then, by our Arms, from Usurpation hurl'd,
 We'll treat them as the Tyrants of the World ! *Exit.*

Pand. Thus then to thee, to thee ! O filial *France* !
 Our holy Church commits her bleeding Cause !
 O ! stop the homeward Passage of this Heretick !
 Rouze all the Warrior in thy righteous Heart,
 To stem this wild Apostate's Persecution,
 Think how may sad Reproach afflict thy Soul,
 When Fame shall say that *France* in Arms stood by,
 And tamely saw the impious Devastation ! [ment :

K. Philip. Alas ! my Lord ! *France* needs not this Incite-
 We see, with Grief, this frantick Disobedience ;
 Feel too, with equal Pain, our arms confin'd :
 For how may solemn Oaths of Amity
 And Peace be broken ? Such have we sworn to *England* !
 Can we, through Wrongs, cut short our Way to Justice ?
 Do certain Evils for uncertain Good,
 And offer up our Perjuries to Heav'n ?

Pand. Can Faith to Man abjure our holy Duties ?
 What Pow'r can bind the Soul against itself ?
 What Oaths absolve thee from thy Vows to Heav'n ?
 As Heav'n has a Claim superior then,
 'Tis Perjury to keep thy Oath with Hereticks !
 Or if thy Conscience yet retains a Scruple,
 Thus, from our heav'nly Pow'r, to bind or loose,
 Thy cancell'd Oath receives its Absolution !

K. Philip. Ay, now, my Father, is my Soul at large !

Free and inspir'd! our Arms are sanctified!
To be the chosen Champion in a Cause
So heavenly just——

Pand.———shall add more Glory to
Thy Sword, than Wreaths of universal Empire!

K. Philip. Melun! this Instant let our Troops be form'd!
Then at their Head will we demand of *England*,
That these his impious Orders he recal,
And yield to *Rome* the Right of his Obedience:
Which, if refus'd, then be the Signal given
For dire Control, and Chastisement of War!

Pand. Myriads of Saints, and Angels rang'd on high,
Shall clap their sacred Wings, and 'plaud thy Piety.

[*Exeunt.*

Trumpets. Enter Dauphin with Blanch.

Blanch. O fatal Day! are these thy Promises?
Is then that sacred Peace, which smiling Love
And hush'd Ambition hand in hand have sworn,
Like a wreck'd Vessel, in a Moment lost!
Become the Sacrifice to ruthless War!

All the dear Triumphs of my duteous Heart,
Defac'd, forbidden! sunk to Sounds of Sorrow!

Dauph. Can Sorrow have a place in Hearts like thine?
Whose Views are bounded with Regards to Glory?
The tenderest Love must yield its Dues to Honour!
Our Troops have Order for immediate March;
Hard is our parting, but inevitable!
Love yet will have his Hour.——

Blanch.———Is this to love,
To have our nuptial Feast serv'd in by Slaughter?
Shall braying Trumpets and loud churlish Drums
Drown the soft Melody of bridal Songs?
O! my lov'd Lord! my Husband! that dear Name!
Methinks so early on my Tongue might move thee:
Thus hanging on thy Heart, for *England's* sake,
England to me this Morn' the kindest Parent!
I beg thee, lend thy Help to my Distress!
To Honour let the public Good give Law,
And keep this sacred Peace inviolate.

Dauph. Be witness, Heav'n! how thy Sighs dissolve me!
But as thy Virtue, for the public Weal,

Broke

Broke through thy Sex's Forms to yield thy Beauties;
So to thy Charms add one Perfection more,
And let thy Piety surmount thy Love;
For now religious Ties demand our Sword.

Where Pow'r so sacred calls, even Kings obey!

War, now, but leads to love the nobler way!

Not to be foremost would my Flame reprove;

But crown'd with Conquest, I deserve thy Love.

[Exit Dauphin.]

Blanch. O France! O England! fatal both to me!

Would I had never left my native Soil,

To wander thus in pompous Misery!

As when the tempest-beaten Bark is fir'd

By Lightning, the despairing Passenger

Sees sure Destruction ev'ry way surround him:

So in this equally devouring War,

My sole Resource is Pray'r to Heav'n; but how,

For what, or whom can I my Vows address!

For *England*? No! connubial Bonds forbid it!

That *France* may conquer? Neither! Ties of Blood,

Of Education, Friendship, all restrain me!

Thus while to different Hopes my Vows are ty'd,

Conflicting Fears my bleeding Heart divide.

[Exit Blanch.]

An ALARM.

After which the French Forces appear retiring before the English, when a Victory has been some time sounded.

Enter King John, Falconbridge, and Soldiers.

K. John. A glorious field! and bravely was it fought!

O! my Friends! when in Triumph we return

To *England* through our proud Metropolis,

How will the loaded Walls and Windows swarm

With clamorous Souls, to give their Champions welcome?

How, like a Torrent, will their Joy o'erwhelm us,

Making our March more toilsome through the Press,

Than here we found it through the Swords of *France*?

Fal. This News will have its Uses, Sir, at home;

Give honest *Englishmen* but Blood and Battle;

They think no Subsidies too dear for Victory!

K. *John*. Now forward to our Camp! there shall our
 Loss
 And Gain be balanc'd; what dear Friends are missing,
 And who are Prisoners of the Enemy.

Fal. Our Loss counts little, when compar'd to theirs;
 For all the Barons of *Poissou*, I'm told,
 Are taken, Sir, with *Hugh le Brun* their Leader;
 And as I cross'd the Field, the Heralds then
 Had in their List two hundred captive Knights,
 And Mercenaries proportionable.

K. *John*. This Day has made us debter to thy Sword.
 Now shall we farther use thee: Of the Barons,
 Some to our *Norman* Castles shall be sent;
 Others to *England*, Cousin, shall pass o'er with thee:
 Whose Ransom shall in part repay thy Service;
 Ourself, with all convenient Speed, will follow;
 This Night shall thy Dispatches be prepar'd,
 With Pow'r at large, there to disgorge the Bags
 Of dronish Monks and pamper'd hoarding Abbots.
 Since *Rome* so fiercely calls our Right in question,
 No Mercy will we have on her Dependents!
 Use our Commission in its utmost Force.

Fal. Doubt not, my Liege, their Skins shall be as bare,
 As they have shorn their Sheep, the Laity.

Enter Hubert.

K. *John*. Now, Hubert, whence thy breathless Haste?
 What farther News?

Hub. ——— Better, I'm bold to say,
 Your happier Arms could never have propos'd!

K. *John*. Be brief——

Hub. ——— The Head and Fountain of our Wars
 Is stop't! *Arthur* your Nephew, Sir, is taken:

K. *John*. *Arthur*! May I believe thee! How? By whom?

Hub. After the general Rout, upon Advice,
 That in a Village, to these Woods adjacent,
 Some Remnant of the Foe again were forming,
 We straight march'd up, and summon'd them to yield;
 When finding thrice their numbers we exceeded,
 To our Discretion instant they surrender'd:
 Among these Pris'ners, Sir, was *Arthur* found,
 Whom, in your royal Tent, our Party has secur'd,

That

That there your farther Pleasure, Sir, might find him.

K. *John*. Remove him straight to *Roan*! there in the Castle
Close be his Guard! and, *Hubert*, for thy News
Receive this Trifle, Earnest of our Love. [*A Ring*.
No, *Hubert*, never will we see young *Arthur*!
In Princes Honour holds it mean, to call
Or Criminal or Captives to our Presence,
Unless to grant them Liberty or Pardon.

Hub. You would not then release him, Sir?

K. *John*. ———— Release him!

Not for thy Soul! keep him, as thou wouldst guard
The Pupil of thy Eye from Thorns or Briers!
Let not even the Relief of Life, unless
From thy own cautious Hand come near him.

Hub. I take you, Sir—I'll guard him to your Wishes.

K. *John*. Do that, beyond thy Wishes will I love thee.

[*An Officer whispers* Falconbridge.

Fal. My Liege, w' are told the Lady *Blanch* is fled
In terror to *Samur*———

K. *John*. ———— The Chance of War!

Her Fortune, now, is in another's Care:
For look thee, *Hubert*, France had never found
Pretence for War, unless from *Arthur's* Claim;
And therefore had the Boy now died in Battle,
Or heretofore by Sickness any way;
That drove Suspicion of his Death from us:
Not only these slight Wars had been abortive,
But future Times in pregnancy of Cares,
Pretensions, Doubts, jealousies, Commotions,
Had never reach'd the Hope of Life or Action.

Hub. Had I thought that—I could have ended him,
Which now, Sir, would infringe the Laws of War.

K. *John*. O, thou did'st well, good *Hubert*, to preserve
Consider, he's of royal Blood, and therefore — [him!

Fal. My Liege, the Governor and Magistrates
Attend to offer up the Keys of *Angiers*. [*leisure*;

K. *John*. 'Tis well, we will receive them—more at
We will convince thee, *Hubert*, of our Love;
Mean while attend thy Prisoner as instructed.

Fal. This *Hubert* seems a rising Favourite. [*Aside*.

K. *John*. If Features err not, *Hubert* is the Man:

'Tis true, he's slow, has not the Courtier's quickness,
 Or half the Hints we gave had fir'd his Brain;
 'T have done the Deed, we tremble but to name!
 Some sifter time shall mould him to our Purpose:
 Now Actions, open to the Day, demand us. [Apart.
 Now, Cousin, set we forward; march to *Angiers*,
 Thence to *England*; there, unbound and free,
 Shall full Prerogative and regal Power
 Chase from our plunder'd Realms these Wolves of *Rome*.

Fal. This Battle the fierce Cardinal fomented,
 The blund'ring Insolence of priestly Pow'r,
 That thought to cow you from your Right, with Curles
 Deluding *France*, by breach of Oaths absolv'd,
 To make a holy Cause of *Rome's* Presumption.

K. John. Now, where's the Force of his Anathemas?
 Thinks he that Words can blow us from our Throne?
 No; to her Cost, o'er-bearing *Rome* shall find,
 Whene'er her holy Bulls presume to bellow,
 There's yet an *English* Lion that can roar.

A King that mocks the lordly *Roman* Chain;
 And dares, to Death, the Right of Kings maintain.

[Exeunt.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE the French Court.

Pandulph alone.

Pan. Discourag'd! no; this Battle, like a Blow,
 Upon the burning Cheek of injur'd Honour,
 Shall turn the holy Vengeance to destroy him.
 Such daring Outrage, Heresy so flagrant, [World
 Should, as a midnight Fire, wake the whole Christian
 To quench the Flame. No, never can we bear
 The glories of our Papal Pow'r should stoop
 To the inferior Sway of temp'ral Princes.
France bears but ill this fierce Rebuke of Fortune;
 Therefore, in him to rouse the wonted Zeal,
 The fiery Spirit, needful to our Cause,
 Must be our Work of instant Policy.

He

He comes with wringing Discontent, Reproach,
Vexation on his Brow——it will be so!

Passions, like sudden floods, must run their Course,
'Till of themselves they ebb, and straight are fordable,

Enter King Philip and Dauphin.

K. Philip. Now, rash Legate, what have thy Counsels done?
Are these thy promis'd Blessings from Above?

Now see the just Reward of broken Peace,

Of Faith betray'd! Is not the Hand of Heav'n

Against us? *Arthur* taken, *Angiers* lost!

Our Arms disgrace the Talk of vulgar Tongues!

While *John*, victorious from our bleeding Fields,

With Spoils of *France* in Triumph sails to *England*.

Dauph. O mournful *Blanch*! how wilt thou now receive me!

[Exit Dauphin.]

Pand. Thus Heav'n, by Sufferings, forms the great Virtues;
Affliction bends the Soul to Piety.

The Heart of Man, made proud by Pow'r, is apt

To swell with Self-Opinion, to presume,

As Fortune and Success were held his Vassals.

Yet, think not Heav'n forsakes, but by this Stroke

Incites thee rather to pursue this Heretick;

As Chance of War has made our Cause more desp'rat

So are we bound, with double Duty to retrieve it.

K. Philip. Preach to the Seas! *France* is not now himself:
Recal the yester Sun! make me what then

I was, with Patience then——but not 'till then

With Patience can I hear thee; ha! see there!

Behold a Sorrow that exceeds our own.

Enter Constance led by her Women.

Reproach like this, what mortal Breast can bear!

Battles hard fought the bravest Sword may lose,

But by our broken Faith we chuse our Shame!

O fair Distress! well are thy Wrongs reveng'd!

Const. What is thy Loss to my Calamity?

Thy Wounds bleed only from the Pride of Pow'r

Defeated; mine a tender Mother feels:

Ambition never knew the Throes of Nature.

K. Philip. If Shame, Disgrace, and Ruin on thy Head,

That wrought thy Sorrows, can assuage them,

Ease then thy wounded Heart on my Disasters.

Const. Has then Affliction taught thee this Compassion?
Constance yet never knew a Partner in
 Her Woe: I came to triumph o'er thy Fate;
 But my Reproach, suppress'd by thy Contrition,
 Blends with my own a Sigh to thy Misfortunes.

Pand. These social Sorrows, streaming to a Point,
 But swell the Flood, and make our Purposes
 Impracticable — [*Apart.*] Lady, be advis'd;
 Let not your ill-trim'd Grief dissolve the King
 In this unprofitable Softness —

Could you urge ought to animate our Cause,
 That to his martial Spirit might recal him,
 Then better might his Sword than Sighs relieve you.

K. Philip. O never will that Day return! Advice
 Is irksome now as is a twice told Tale,
 Vexing the sick Man's Ear that fain would slumber.

Const. If Kings on Earth are Substitutes of Heav'n,
 Why would'st thou warn him from its Attributes?
 O if thy Heart be human, thou must know
 That Pity, though it swells our Grief, relieves it.

Pand. And yet 'twere kinder to redress than to augment it.

Const. I prithee let me grieve! is that deny'd me? No.
 I will not be debarr'd the Right of Lamentation:
 O that my Wailings had the Thunder's Voice,
 That I might rive the very inmost Earth,
 'Till from its hollow Womb grim Death might rise
 To give my Miseries their only Cure.

Pand. This more is Madness than the Voice of Sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belye me so;
 I am not mad, I know my Wretchedness;
 This Breast I beat, these Hairs I rend are mine;
 My Name is *Constance*, *Arthur* is my Son,
 The rightful, the imprison'd Heir of *England*.
 Think me not mad, or thou wilt make me so.

K. Philip. Disturb not, give her Grievs the way.

Const. ————— O would
 To Heav'n I were, that Madness might relieve me.
 Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
 And I will call thee charitable Father:
 For while thou seest me sensible, thou seest
 Me wretched as the Sense of Woe can make me.

Pand.

Pand. O fair Affliction! be thy Soul at Peace;
I mean not to awake but hush thy Sorrows;
Yet think that Resignation is a Duty;
For righteous ever is the Will of Heav'n.

Const. O 'tis too true, too rashly has, I fear,
My murm'ring Heart complain'd—'tis I, 'tis I,
Constance has drawn these dire Afflictions down;
The Life of *Arthur* was too young to offend;
Therefore to double Wailings am I doom'd,
That on my poor Child's Head my Sins are fallen!

Pand. Despair not, Lady, let your Patience shew,
Amidst its Wrath, your Trust is still in Heav'n.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a Son.

K. Philip. Be not more fond of Grief than of your Son.

Const. I have no Son, Grief now supplies his room,
Fills up his vacant Garments with his Form,
Lies in his Bed, walks Hand in Hand along,
Puts on his pretty Looks, repeats his Words,
Remembers me of all his gracious Parts;
Must the dear Memory of these be lost?
And what, but Grief, can print them in my Mind?

Enter Melun, who presents a Packet to King Philip.

K. Philip. To us, *Melun*, from whence?

Melun. ————— Express from *England*.
These to the Lord Cardinal are address'd;
And the same Post brought others to the *Dauphin*.

K. Philip. What hear we of the Enemy?

Melun. ————— *King John*
This Night, we are inform'd, sets out for *Calais*;
Prince *Arthur*, Madam, to some frontier Castle is
Confin'd, where *Hubert* has the Charge of him.

Const. Tho' Death in all its Terrors were his Guard,
Dauntless Despair from Fort to Fort shall seek him:
So when her Fawn the Hunters Toils have snar'd,
The bounding Doe forsakes the safer Herd;
Wild o'er the Fields to his vain Help she flies,
And, press'd by Fear, on pointed Javelins dies.

[Exit *Constance*.

Enter Dauphin with Letters.

Dauph. Now to our Cause, Sir, bring we Life reviv'd!
Howe'er proud *John* may boast his Feats in *France*,

Fortune, in *England*, will with Frowns receive him:
His murm'ring Barons, ripe for a Revolt,
Recounting here at large their Grievances,
Invite our Arms to give their Cause Assistance.

K. Philip. To the same Purport our Advices speak:
Here, from the lords of *Pembroke, Arundel,*
Warren, and *Salisbury*, with farther Pow'r
Associate, and by secret Oaths assur'd,
Receive we, by their own Hands attested,
Offers of fair Advantage to our Crown.

Pand. Here the same Nobles have our holy Pow'r
Implor'd, to aid and sanctify their Arms.
Now mark! how secret are the Ways of Heaven!
That, from this Battle lost, has only mov'd
The War to surer Ground, from *France* to *England*!
O! never let Dejection droop the Head!
While thus the Arm of Providence supports thee!
That, when thy Hopes were sinking, raises them
To Conquest, Vengeance, and extended Empire! [us?

K. Phil. To *England's* Empire, what vain Hope can raise

Pand. Not Hope, but Right, shall to thy lineal Blood
Confirm thy Claim! O! Royal *Philip*, hear me!
For now prophetic Spirit bids me speak!

Here, here before thee, stands the Heir of *England*!

Dauph. What means your Eminence? explain this
Wonder.

K. Phil. Were *John* destroy'd, yet royal *Arthur* lives;
And while he lives, what Claim steps in before him?

Pand. Think you the Date of *Arthur's* Days a Bar?
Is not his Life in *John* of *England's* Pow'r?

O! never will he count his Crown secure,
Ne'er will his Fears know Rest, or Heart have Ease,
Till Life lies cold within the Veins of *Arthur*!

K. Philip. Alas! unhappy Prince! I fear his Fate?

Pand. Grant me then *Arthur* lost, (as sure you must,
Unless, against his Nature, *John* turn Saint)
Then, in the Right of *Blanch* the Dauphiness,
(*John* standing out-law'd by his Crimes to *Rome*)

Your Blood comes lineal to the Crown of *England*!

K. Phil. Yet say that *John* intends not *Arthur's* Death?

Pand. Is he not dead already were the Question!

Dauph.

Dauph. Why in so close a Prison should he guard him?

Pand. Unless to end him were a Cruelty

Unprofitable——or say he dies not now:

Yet when the warlike Dauphin's Trumpet fills

The *English* Air, that Instant Sound destroys him!

For *John* dreams not of yours, but *Arthur's* Claim)

Thence falls the strong Impression on his Fears!——

And if he kills him, what can save himself?

How shall our holy Vengeance then pursue him!

Tempting, like Hounds, his Commons from Allegiance,

To snarl and scramble for the Bones of Majesty!

Dauph. A People so misus'd deserve a Leader.

Pand. Methinks I see this Hurly all on Foot!

Revolt and Rage in every Face!

Whose Prejudice and Zeal so fierce shall flame,

That not a common Vapour in the Air,

Or distant Thunder in the Clouds, shall roll,

But shall as Prodigies, and dire Portent, be deem'd

Of destin'd Vengeance on his impious Head! [dains it!

K. Philip. I see, I see it now! The Will of Heav'n or-
And warlike Preparations shall obey:

Melun, lose not an Hour! collect your Troops,

Recruit the broken; be their Numbers doubled!

Our Edicts o'er the Land once more shall drain

The Purse of Nobles, and the Peasantry:

And O! Lord Cardinal——

Pand. ——We know thy Wants!

Nor shall the exempted Clergy here be free:

The sov'reign Pontiff, in a Cause so righteous,

Shall suffer thee to draw from sacred Coffers,

Though, by this Aid, their Charities were stinted!

No, not a Mendicant, in all thy Realms,

But shall his Mite contribute to the Cause! [Glory!

K. Philip. Go then, our eldest Hope! be thine the

Wast thee with earliest Winds to head this War!

Drive from fair *Albion's* Isle this infidel!

Affert thy Right, and mount his forfeit Throne!

To thy sage Counsels, Father we commend him.

Pand. Not my own Life more precious in my Care.

Dauph. Nor Life more pleasing than this glorious
Charge!

K. Philip.

K. *Philip*. Farewel, my Boy! if thou speed'st well—
for ever.

Never was Breast in Parting so divided!
If thou in *England* reign'st, thy Right in *France*,
While we survive, admits not thy Return.
Thus while thy Welfare we of Heav'n implore,
Our highest Hope—is never to behold thee more.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE *changes to a Chamber in the Castle of Roan.*

Enter King John with Hubert.

K. *John*. This strict Observance of my Orders, *Hubert*,
Commends thee to a better Charge: Men of
Such Vigilance are scarce, and should be cherish'd.

Hub. The Trouble you have taken to convince your
Coming in Person to observe my Care; [Eyes,
As it has made me proud to have been prov'd;
So shews it, Sir, how near this Boy concerns you!
And therefore shall it mend my Vigilance. [hither!

K. *John*. Think not a Doubt of thee has brought me
I came, my *Hubert*, to assist thy Care!

T'inform—instruct thee—to explain my Orders!

Nay to conceal them from the World beside;

For not within my Realms know I a Soul,

Whose friendly Bosom I would sooner make

'The Casket of my secret Deeds, than *Hubert*.

Hub. I hope, Sir, you have many more as faithful!

Yet this I know! had I a Secret here,

Unfit for other Knowledge than your own;

If Force or Torture would insist to know it, this

Within my Heart should hide it from the World.

[*Shews a Dagger.*]

K. *John*. *Hubert*, thy Hand, thou art thy Master's

'There's scarce a joy or Sorrow in my Soul, [Master!

But longs to find its Fellowship in thee!

I had a Thing to say—I know thou'rt secret:

Yet 'tis of such a Nature—now I dare not!

The Sun is in the Heav'ns! and his gay Beams,

Exciting Mirth and Pleasure through the World,

Are all too wanton and too full of Gauds

To give me Audience—No, *Hubert*, the Time
 For Speech like mine—were when the midnight Bell,
 With Sound of iron Tongue, proclaim'd the dead
 And drousy Truce of worldly Cares and Labour!
 The Place—some dark Church-yard or Charnel-house,
 Where Tombs, or Bones, and Sculls, might only catch
 My Words! There could I meet thee, swoll'n with
 When that thy surly Spirt Melancholy [Wrongs,
 Had bak'd thy Blood, and made it heavy, stagnate!
 Which else runs trickling up and down the Veins,
 Making that Idiot Laughter fill Mens Eyes,
 Straining their Cheeks to idle Merriment,
 A Passion hateful to my Purposes.

Hub. Have you a Purpose, Sir, more fell than Death?
 To give, or to receive it, frights not *Hubert*;
 Why then this Pause, this Diffidence of Soul? [me;

K. John. O! *Hubert*! could'st thou without Eyes behold
 Hear without Ears, or make without a Tongue
 Reply, using Conceit alone, to sound my Wishes;
 Then, in the Face of this broad beaming Day,
 Would I into thy Bosom pour my Thoughts,
 With the same Confidence my Brain conceives them:
 But to a Man like thee, whose Sense compleat
 Might weigh against his Deeds their Consequence,
 I dare not, *Hubert*, O, I dare not hint them.

Hub. Then, Sir, to ease your Heart, I will be plain;
 I guess the Secret that distresses you:
 Fear not to trust me, Sir, I'll do the Deed.

K. John. Thou flatter'st me——

Hub. ———— I'll serve you, Sir, but yet———

K. John. What yet? hast thou a Doubt of me?

Hub. ———— I've none.

Howe'er, because 'tis possible I may
 Mistake your full Intentions, you too must
 Be plain, and trust me with each Circumstance:
 And, Sir, to shew you how secure you are,
 There's my Dagger; if, when you name the Deed,
 You find me change, or shew Confusion in
 My Looks, or start in my Reply a Doubt,
 Or Scruple, to alarm your Jealousy,
 Then, from my craven Heart, rip out your Trust!

When

When you have kill'd me, you resume the Secret.

K. *John*. Do I not know thee faithful?—Keep thy
It may be useful— [Dagger,

Hub. —————Where?

K. *John*. —————Must I then speak it?

Hub. Or how shall I be sure that I obey you? [ter—

K. *John*. And yet, methinks, in Darkness I could bet-
This Light offends—Shut forth the Sun and hear me!

[*Hubert darkens the Windows*.]

K. *John*. So,—so,—this Gloom befits our Purpose—

Hub. —————Now, Sir,

K. *John*. O! *Hubert! Hubert! Arthur*—is alive!

Hub. There lies your Grief, and you would have him—

K. *John*. —————Dead!

He is a very Serpent in my Way!

A Pain to see, and Danger to my Steps!

If thou'rt my Friend, —————remove him.

Hub. —————When?

K. *John*. This Night. —————

Hub. —————By Death. —————

K. *John*. —————A Grave. —————

Hub. —————He shall not live. [Joy,

K. *John*. Enough, my Fears are hush'd! and now with
I can embrace thee. O, think! think, my Friend!

Howe'er I've worn my Crown —————Thy Hand alone

Can make it easy on my Brow —————This Night

To *England* set we forward —————When 'tis done.

Bring thou the News —————There full Reward shall wait
thee. [Exit King John.

Hub. Now to my Office, let me think upon't,
As to the Time—the Place—the Means—why not
This very Hour? There, where he is—by this!

[Drawing his Dagger.]

Yet hold—to see the Dagger ere he feels

The Blow; his Screams may give Alarm without;

That—that we must avoid—unseen prevents it.

Perhaps he sleeps—then, without Noise, we end him.

Steal on him softly, and observe—he prays!

The fitter for his fate —————a second Thought

Determines to my Wish —————suppose, when dead,

Some Proof were left that he destroy'd himself;

The

The Means, kept secret, will be half the Merit:
 That crowns the Work; by this his Beads are counted—
 Lift—no—he's praying still—ha—what is't I hear!
 Distraction to my Sense!——he prays for me!
 For *Hubert*! who has made his Chains sit easy,
 And thanks high Heav'n he has so kind a Keeper.
 What means this damp Reluctance on my Brow?
 These trembling Nerves, this Ague in my Blood?
 Is Death more cruel from a private Dagger,
 Than, in the Field, from murd'ring Swords of thousands?
 Or does the Number slain make Slaughter glorious?
 Why then is Conscience more restrain'd in me,
 Than in a crown'd Ambition? Conscience there can sleep
 Secure by Custom and Impunity:
 Shall Custom, then, excuse the Crimes of Pow'r,
 And shall the Brave be baffled by a Shadow?
 Let sickly Conscience shake the vulgar Soul,
 That Brute-like plods the beaten Paths of Life,
 Without Reflexion on its Slavery——no,
 Be *Hubert's* Actions, like his Thinking, free.

Enter Arthur.

He's here: Young Prince I have to talk with thee.

Artb. O! *Hubert*, I'm glad thou art return'd;
 Thou told'st me thou would'st move my Uncle for
 My Liberty, and hast thou seen him? ha!
 What means that thoughtful Brow? those folded Arms?
 And why this Noon-tide Gloom? this doleful Shade?
 Art thou not well? I pr'ythee tell me, *Hubert*;
 Or has my Uncle's Answer made thee sad?
 For me bad News is better than Suspense,

Hub. Be satisfy'd——for thou must die a Prisoner.

Artb. A Prisoner! Tedious Life! O, cruel Uncle!
 Is there no Hope, dear *Hubert*? must I pine
 Away my Days within these lonesome Walls?
 For Life a Prisoner, said'st thou?——

Hub. ——Only Death
 Can end thy Miseries——

Artb. ——Then Death were welcome!

Hub. I take thee at thy Word. This Dagger shall
 Release thee. ——

Artb.

Arth. ——— Ha! Why dost thou fright me, *Hubert*?

Hub. Thy Fate is in my Hand; raise not thy Voice
On pain of lingring Wounds. Now, then observe me:
Those golden Tablets I have seen thee use,
Without Delay produce them, quick. ———

Arth. ——— Here! here!

O! *Hubert*, I have a Diamond on my Finger too,
Take that: Within I have other Gems of Value;
My little Pray'r-book is with precious Stones
Beset, and clasp'd with Gold; I'll yield thee all.
Nay, more, my wretched Mother (give me Time
To write) I know will starve her State to save me!
Let me but live, though here in Misery;
And, *Hubert*, I will find the Means to make
Thy life one live-long Age of Happiness.

Hub. Think'st thou I came to rob thee of thy Toys?

Arth. It is not Robbery: Why so harsh a Name?
It is thy Right, good *Hubert*; am I not
Thy Captive, fairly taken in the Field?
Therefore whate'er was mine, by the known Laws
Of War, is duly thine by glorious Claim,
Thy Right and Purchase of superior Valour.

Hub. I let him talk too much: I must be speedy—

[*Apart.*

Down foolish Qualm; here, write as I shall dictate.

Arth. Most willingly. O! any Thing t'appease thee.

Hub. For secret Reasons we must make thy Death
Seem to the World thy voluntary Choice——
Nay no Reluctance, do it.——

Arth. ——— Cruel *Hubert*!

Must I do more than die? O! Mercy! Mercy!

Hub. Suppress thy Voice, or thou art Days in dying.

Arth. I will; O, spare me, *Hubert*, but a Moment!
But while I call once more on Heav'n! Indeed,
I'll not be loud! alas! I need not, there
The softest supplicating Sigh is heard to Heav'n.

Hub. First, as I bid thee, write; then shalt thou pray.

Arth. What would thy Rage enjoin me?

Hub. ——— Write me thus:

“ From an injurious World and doleful Prison,

“ By my own Hand this Dagger set me free.”

Write.

Arth.

Arth. ———— O! *Hubert*, kill not my Soul, nor let
Me send, in Death, a Falshood up to Heav'n!

Hub. Write, or thou dy't before a Pray'r can'scape thee.

Arth. Should I write this, what Pray'r could wash away
The Sin? No, *Hubert*, no, if I must die,
I dare not taint my Innocence; and since
Thy Heart has none—may Heav'n have Mercy on me!

[*Drops the Tablets.*]

Hub. Wilt thou provoke my Rage?

Arth. ———— How can I help it!
If I refuse to write, I can at worst but die,
And should I write next Moment thou wilt kill me.
Was it for this I sent my Pray'rs for *Hubert*!

Hub. ———— Ha!

Arth. This very Hour I pray'd. O! if an Angel
Should have dropp'd from Heav'n t' have told me this,
So well I thought of *Hubert*, O! I could not,
Could not have believ'd him!—

[*Hubert, after some Pause of Confusion, throws down the
Dagger.*]

Hub. I cannot bear this Innocence!—

Arth. ———— O Heaven!

My Pray'r is heard, *Hubert* is what he was.
In his relenting Eyes his Virtue lives,
And, like my Guardian Angel, wakes me from
This Dream of Death.———

Hub. ———— Short-sighted Wretch
To think such Cruelty was practicable! [*To himself.*]
O! raise thee from the Earth, poor injur'd Prince!
Thy Youth, thy Innocence, thy blooming Virtue,
Have conquer'd and redeem'd my Soul from Ruin!

Arth. Now thou hast taught my Eyes to weep for thee!
O *Hubert*! wilt thou spare me? shall I live?

Hub. Not all thy Uncle's Treasure, nor his Honours
Shall tempt me to thy Harm! O Sleep secure!
Hence to some Fort in *England* will I bear thee:
There shall a short Concealment be thy Guard,
Till Fate and kinder Seasons may relieve thee.

Arth. O might I once behold the Fields of *England*,
Tho' from a Prison-Tow'r, the prospect would delight me.

Hub.

Hub. This Night shall speed us in our Voyage—Ha!
What knocking!

Arth. ————— How I tremble!

Hub. ————— Be compos'd.
Some Officer with notice from the Guard,
How now! the News?

Enter an Officer.

Off. ————— The Lady *Constance*, Sir,
Is taken—

Arth. ————— Ha! My Mother!

Hub. ————— Where? from whence?

Off. Hearing her Son was Pris'ner in this Castle,
Her Grievs have ventur'd, with a small Retinue,
To risk the Mercy of an Enemy,
In hope to have a Sight of him: she waits
Without, and begs in Tears to have an Audience.

Hub. Conduct her to the Council Room—we attend
her. *[Exit Officer.]*

Come, Prince; to dissipate thy Terrors past,
We'll venture to admit this Interview.
Short must it be—

Arth. ————— It shall, indeed, dear *Hubert*.
I'll not misuse thy Goodness. ————

Hub. ————— O my Shame!
How will thy Terrors ever be aton'd!

Arth. Despair not, *Hubert*! let thy Comfort be,
Howe'er thy Soul has wander'd into Error,
No virtue claims more Praise than Penitence;
Has not the holy Parable declar'd
That one poor Soul recover'd, from astray,
Does more triumphant Joy to Heav'n convey,
Than flows from ninety-nine, that never lost their Way. }

[Exeunt.]



~~ACT IV. SCENE I.~~

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Dauphin's Camp, near St. Edmondsbury.

Enter in Arms, Salisbury, Pembroke, Warren, Arundel
with other Lords, &c. attended.

SALISBURY.

THUS far our Measures for Redress have prosper'd :
France by her Aid of Arms approves our Cause ;
The King, too weak to face us, is retir'd ;
His People, by the Bulls of Rome, absolv'd
From their Allegiance, throng to our Support :
Never had *English* Freedom Hope more sanguine !
Let but this Crisis hold our Union firm ;
Now shall our Charter seal'd, to Ages hence
Record our ample Rights and Liberties. [Concern

Pemb. Those Rights obtain'd, my Lords, our next
Is to dismiss in Peace the Arms of *France* :
For if Intelligence deceives me not,
Pandulph, since the Report of *Arthur's* Death,
Has publicly avow'd, that as King *John*
By Excommunication stands abjur'd,
His Crown is to the *Dauphin's* Head consign'd !
That I must own my *English* Heart—disgusts !

Salis. If *Rome*, my Lord, has promis'd more to *France*,
Than *English* Subjects are content to yield,
Let, as she may, proud *Rome* acquit herself.
No! shou'd this *Dauphin* to her Crown succeed,
Our precious *Isle* becomes to *France* a Province !
That Thought—O! it embitters all we've done !
Let us, for shame, not lay ourselves the Plan
Of abject Slavery to foreign Pow'r :
Shall petty Vice-Roys lord it o'er our Nobles ?
Shall light-heel'd *Frenchmen* dance upon our Greens,
While we at distance sigh beneath our Chains,
Nor join the Carols of their apish Triumph !

Pem. No *English* Soul but spurns against the Thought ;
Yet

Yet still, my Lords, a Medium must be kept:
 This *Dauphin*, while our Friend, we must caress,
 Holding his Aid of Arms in Amity;
 Though firmly fixt, that neither *Rome* nor *Paris*
 Shall ever give to *England* Kings or Laws.

Salif. With gentle Love then, and with due Regard,
 Let us attend his Highness at his Rising;
 Receive, as Soldiers, with our Smiles his Orders;
 As Chief obey him; never as our King!

Arun. But see, my Lords, the *Dauphin* is at hand,
 And with a chearful Eye approaches us.

Enter Dauphin attended.

Salif. Good Health and happy Morning to your High-
 Pm. Your early Stirring has prevented us. [ness

Dauph. My Lords of *England*, we are bound to you.
 Our Scouts this Morning brought us early Word,
 That ere the Setting of the Yester Sun,
 King *John*, but from what Cause alarm'd, they say not,
 Struck all his Tents for sudden secret March:
 Northward he still sets on, and flies, before us;
 Yet we at last shall force him to a Stand,
 Though to the hindmost *Orcades* we hunt him.
 Have we no father News? — — —

Salif. — — — My Letters, Sir,
 Inform us, that on *Tuesday* last, from *Roan*,
Hubert, who had in charge imprison'd *Arthur*,
 Was seen to land at *Dover*, all in haste;
 Where hearing that the King was to the North
 Retir'd, 'twas thought he posted on the Spur,
 To follow him: His leaving *Roan* so soon,
 And parting in such hurry from his Post,
 Gives foul Suspicion that the secret Charge
 Of *Hubert*, in the Death of *Arthur* — — — ended.

Dauph. If this be true, it cannot long be secret;
 But, till his Death from Evidence is certain,
 We must suspend the Varying of our Measures.

Pem. If his Ambition dares out-step our Treaty,
 Those Measures must have our Consent to vary. [*Aside.*

Dauph. Prepare we then to press him by Pursuit:
 Is this the mighty *John*, who in the Field

or

Of *Mirabel* mow'd down our Troops like Grain,
 And brought his Harvest home of Spoils to *England*?
 Now like the Vermin Fox, from Earth to Earth
 He flies, nor finds a Citadel for Safety!
 But why this Wonder at his Flight? since now
 Those valiant Barons that obey'd oppose him?
 How seem the People in those Parts affected?

Salif. The graver Sort, that bear with Grief the War,
 Religiously accuse the impious King,
 Terming his Treatment of the holy Chair
 A Madness! Other Tongues, of Speech more free,
 Insist that *Rome's* more cruel than the King,
 Who, tho' his Rashness urg'd Offence too far,
 Yet has his Punishment outweigh'd the Error.
 But see! the Cardinal approaches, Sir,
 To lead the People in his holy Charge;
 He better may inform you of their Temper.

Enter Pandulph.

Pand. 'Tis well! 'tis well! ye pious Sons of War!
 This dread Array becomes our holy Cause!
 O! may the matchless glory of your Arms,
 With the dire Vengeance on this Nation pour'd.
 Go hand in hand, to future Ages down,
 At once the Praise and Terror of the World! [rious!

Dauph. Never had Christian Swords a Cause more glo-

Salif. As for the Glory, *France* and *Rome* may share it,
 Our honest Swords compound for Liberty. [Apart.

Dauph. But say, Lord Cardinal, how bears the Land
 This Driving, from our Christian Fold, their King?
 What wholsom Fruit has the Severity
 Produc'd? —————

Pand. ——— Never did sad Calamity
 (The Consequence of sacred Pow'r oppos'd)
 Make, in one Day, such havock of a People!
 No sooner was the dread *Anathema* denounc'd,
 But, like the burst of Thunder from the Heav'ns,
 It struck the shudd'ring Nation with Dismay!
 Even pale Devotion, at the Doom, stood silent,
 Nor dar'd to lift her downcast Eye for Hope;
 O! never was a State so terrible!

Now

Now all the Rights of holy Function cease!
 Infants unsprinkled want their Christian Names!
 Lovers, in vain betroth'd, resume Despair,
 Nor find a Sire to sanctify their Vows!
 In vain the dying Sinner groans for Pardon!
 Ev'n Penitence depriv'd of Absolution,
 In all the Agonies of Fear expires!
 Nor after Death has at the Grave a Pray'r,
 Or for the parted Soul one *Requiem* sung.

Dauph. O dreadful State! how can this moody King
 Thus brave the Vengeance of offended Heav'n!

Pand. Where'er I pass the Voice of Lamentation,
 From Crowds of Wretches prostrate at my Feet,
 Pierces my Ear for Pity of their Woes!
 Pity, indeed, will from my Eyes steal down;
 But further Charity's restrain'd by Heav'n!
 Then, like dumb Ghosts, with vacant Eyes they stalk,
 As if, ev'n here, for foul Offences past,
 Their Souls were in the State of their Purgation!

Salif. [*Apart.*] This mouthing Priest would swell the
 Pow'r of Rome,

And paints her Bulls more frightful than they are:
 I know he wrongs the truth! for wise Men smile:
 At all this Foam and Froth of holy Rage,
 That fights beneath the Shield of Sanctity,
 But to enlarge their Bounds of Carnal Power.

Pem. Let him proceed—it serves our present Purpose,
 Alarms the Ignorant to join our Cause,
 Whom 'tis not now our Part to undeceive. [*Apart.*]

Enter Melun.

Dauph. Welcome, *Melun*, I sent thee to observe
 The Enemy; what fell within thy Notice?

Melun. North-eastward from our Camp, we are assur'd,
 A fresh Supply is landed, Sir, from *France*;
 Which from his Castles there King *John* has drawn,
 To serve his greater Exigence at home;
 And his late Movement, from the Plains of *Lincoln*,
 Was but to guard those Forces thro' the Fens. [*Passage*;

Dauph. Our speedier March then must oppose their
 Ev'n, with the Morrow's Sun, this mighty Host

Shall

Shall see our Helmets blaze upon their Faces!

Melun. But what yet more might warm us to pursue him,
Is now his sacrilegious Tyranny!

For as I posted hither on my Way,
My Speed o'er took a Troop of hoary Prelates,
The Lords of *London, Ely, Worcester, Bath,*
And *Hereford*, o'ercast with venerable Sadness;
Whom, for their duteous daring to advise
Obedience to the holy Chair, King *John*
Had from his Presence spurn'd with Menaces
Of Death, if henceforth found within his Kingdom:
Which heavy dreadful Sentence to avoid,
Throws their Distresses at the Feet of *France*,
For charitable Shelter and Protection!

Dauph. Not only that, but on their Tyrant's Head,
With Heav'n's high Help, our Vengeance shall redress them.

Pand. Alas! his Fury stops not here, where'er
His Pow'r extends th' inferior Clergy feel it!
Proscrib'd and outed from the holy Convents,
Their Lands are seiz'd tho' sacred to their Function,
And to th' unhallow'd Use of Troops assign'd
Their Persons wheresoever found, misus'd,
Pillag'd, and scoff'd by martial Insolence!

[*An Attendant whispers Melun.*]

Melun. The Rev'rend Prelates, Sir, are now arriv'd,
And beg your Highness will vouchsafe their Audience.

Dauph. Ourselves will meet them on their Way: My Lords
Of *England*, hold we all in Readiness;
Our Army with the creeping Night shall march,
That ere the Foe can from his drowsy Limbs,
Shake off his Lothness to the Call of Action,
Our Onsets, like a Torrent, may devour him:
So from the lofty Mountains, Snows let loose
Roll to the Vale with Inundation down,
While Flocks and Herds in Seas of Pasture drown.

[*Exeunt all but Pandulph.*]

Pand. The Ardour of this *Dauphin* must be watch'd;
His headstrong Youth may grow, upon Success,
Intractable, as *England*, to the holy See;
Therefore the secret Overtures of *John*,
To which our Spies inform us he inclines,

Must

Must we with Temper cherish to submission,
 How far this fresh supply of Arms may change him,
 Stands yet in doubt—A Day at least resolves us:
 But hark! from whence this Trumpet? Now, the News.

Enter Officer.

Off. An Envoy from King *John* express arriv'd,
 Desires Admittance to your Eminence. [him.]

Pand. This—tallies with our Scheme—Now to receive
 If he brings Letters,—conduct him to our
 Secretary. ————

Off. Letters he has, my Lord, but says,
 To your own Hand he must deliver them.

Pand. So absolute! produce this Insolent! [*Ex. Off.*]
 As yet the Speech of our Displeasure must be warm!

[*Falconbridge approaching slowly, kneels to Pandulph.*
 Whence and from whom thy Business? from your King?

Fal. Most eminent, most holy Lord rever'd!
 Imploring first a Blessing on my Charge,
 This from my contrite Master makes it known.
 Let me not rise unblest'd. [*Gives a Letter.*

Pand. ———— Couldst thou divide
 The Legate from the Man, thou shouldst not kneel
 In vain—but Blessings from the Realms are banish'd.

Fal. May Piety and Penitence restore them. [*Rising.*

Pand. The humble Bearing of this Minister
 At length, I see, bespeaks an humble Master.

Fal. This Temper of his Eminence, this Form
 Of stately Charity foretels Success!
 He read from my Humility my Errand,
 And darted from his Eye a conscious Triumph!

[*Pand. having read the Letter, proceeds.*

Pand. 'Tis done! once more proud Heresy shall stoop!
 Triumphant *Rome* for ever now shall tread
 Upon rebellious Crowns, and at her Will dispose them!
 But soft! conceal we with Contempt the Joy!
 Suppress the Pleasure, and enlarge the Triumph! [*Aside.*
 Well then these Letters stile thee *Falconbridge*,
 And give thy Speech full Credit from thy Master:
 But yet, alas! the humble Penitence
 He here professes, must give ample Proof

Of his Sincerity.——

Fal.——— Can that be doubted?
When to the holy See resign'd he bends,
To wear an humble tributary Crown?

Pand. Though we are bound in Charity to hope
The best, it still behoves us to be cautious;
Lest worldly Views impose upon the Mercy
Of an indulgent Mother.——

Fal.——— How! impose!

Pand. What means that Echo, Sir?——

Fal.—— Shall I be plain?

Pand. Observe thy Distance and thy Rev'rence due;
Nor, for thy Soul, let ought escape thy Tongue,
That unbefits our holy Dignity
To hear.——

Fal.——— My Lord, I cannot cull my Phrases;
Nor came I here to purge the Conscience of
King *John*, but to solicit Peace with *Rome*.

Pand. Canst thou suppose this Treatment will prevail?

Fal. I think our mutual Int'rest should prevail.

Pand. Int'rest?

Fal.—— My Lord, my Lord, that's the plain Sense,
Howe'er with specious Terms 'tis gilded o'er:
And you, who know that Princes are but Men,
Must know, unless where Passions intervene,
That Int'rest is the Spring that moves their Glory!

Pand. Wouldst thou give carnal Views to holy Pow'r?

Fal. This is no Time, my Lord, to silence Truth!
Our Masters both have been too jealous of
Their Rights, and to Extremities have urg'd them!
To urge them farther, might to both be fatal!
For say, your holy Vengeance should prevail,
That *France* by Conquest seize the Crown of *England*;
Would such united Empire give no Fears
To *Rome* of worse Encroachments on her Pow'r?
Take heed, my Lord, Ambition is a ravenous Beast!
Feed not this *Dauphin's* Hope too high! whose Strength
May like the Lion's home-bred Whelp, grown up,
Devour the very Hand that foster'd him.

Pand. Give me a Moment's Pause—to aid our Mercy.
This Bluntness, tho' offensive, is convincing:

And yet the sacred Honour of the Chair
Must have its Pomp of Reverence—Within an Hour [*Aside.*
Attend me at the neighbouring Convent! There
Our Measures more digested shall dispatch thee.

[*Exit Pand.*

Fal. With what reluctant Gravity and Pride,
This Priest receives the Wishes of his Soul!
Why do I blame him? did not I the same?
When humbly kneeling at his rev'rend Feet,
I cover'd with Humility my Scorn!
Yet Int'rest over-looks the mutual Cheat!
It must be so! were Men t'appear themselves,
Set free from Customs that restrain our Nature,
Nor Wolves nor Tigers would dispute more fiercely!
Yet all we boast above the Brute is——what?
That in our Times of need we dare dissemble!
How vile is the Preeminence we're vain of!
Yet cold Sincerity could ne'er have heal'd
Our Breach with Rome: There Art was useful!
O! could it equally at home succeed!
Tempting our Barons back to their Allegiance!
Let us but win their Forces from the War,
Should that blest Hour intestine Feuds o'ercome,
Our Village-Curs should bark these Frenchmen home.

King John in his Tent alone.

K. John. It must be so—the Contest is in vain!
Why should I risk a Kingdom for a People
That are themselves unwilling to be free?
Whose Zeal, enslay'd, not only courts the Chains
Of Rome, but thinks in Conscience Kings should wear them.
The moody Barons too, that head those Bigots,
Take this Advantage of the holy Ferment,
To lop the Branches of Prerogative,
Then the reproachful Death of *Arthur*! There's
My jealous Fears have plung'd my Arm too far!
A rash and fruitless Policy! In Death
He is become more terrible than living!
Thence have I rais'd in France a stronger Claim;
The Guilt of *Hubert* too, now dreads t'approach me!
Or may, to save himself, make me most odious.

These

These Evils join'd must in their Ends be fatal
Rome! *Rome* then, that has ruin'd, must redeem me!
 The Terms—'tis true are harsh and terrible
 To Honour! to the Vulgar meritorious!
 They think the Bulls of *Rome* the Voice of Heav'n
 And tremble for their King that dares contest them!
 The Pride of *Becket* too subdu'd my Father;
 And yet his warlike Reign lives fam'd in Story!
 Princes should think no Price too dear for Pow'r;
 And what are Kings without a People, *Hubert*?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. At length, my Liege, I come to bring you News—

K. John. For which thy trait'rous Soul shall howl in
 Horrors!

Slave, thou hast undone me! were not the Flames,
 That *Rome* had rais'd, sufficient to consume;
 But thou must add thy Brand of Provocation,
 Thy damn'd officious Murder, to the Ruin,
 To give its Cause Pretence; and fortify Rebellion?

Hub. Sir, you mistake the Service I have done you;
 'Tis not the Claim of *Arthur* to your Crown,
 But his reported Death provokes your People!

K. John. Villain! dar'st thou insult me on the Crime,
 Thy Longing to commit seduc'd me to endure!

Hub. Whate'er my Inclination was—you now—

K. John. O! 'tis the Curse of Princes to be serv'd
 By Slaves that take their Wishes for a Warrant;
 That on the bare Inquietude of Looks,
 Presume t'expound our Passions into Law,
 And on the Sanction of a Frown commit
 Such Deeds as damns the Conscience that conceives them!

Hub. Yet, Sir, be patient when you hear my Story—

K. John. Think not involving me t'excuse thyself
 I had some Cause to wish him dead; but thou
 Hadst none, saving what thy Nature prompted;
 How oft have evil Deeds, for want of Means—
 To give them Practice, dy'd in the Conception!
 But thou being present to the curs'd Occasion,
 Ere scarce the Thought could ripen into Purpose,
 Thy stony Heart made offer of the Deed,

And mock'd my Fears with impious Resolution!

Hub. My gracious Liege! I beg you be compos'd!

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy Head, or made a
When I obscurely murmur'd my Disquiet; [Pause,
Hadst thou but shewn one Sign of inward Grace,
With one reluctant Shrug declin'd the Motion,
Pale Conscience then, retreating from the Guilt,
Had smother'd in my Breast the dreadful Deed,
Never to rise in my Reflexion more!
But thou, like the curst Fiend in Paradise,
Laidst lurking in my Paths of Ruminaton,
To watch the secret Wishes of my Soul,
And tempt its Frailty to eternal Ruin!

Hub. Now, Sir, yourself be judge! had I obey'd
Your dread Commands, how wretched had I made you?
For know, to give your Soul its former Peace,
Young *Arthur* lives! my coward Heart has sav'd him!
I am but half the Villain you have spoke me. [Angel!

K. John. Prove me this true, and thy whole Soul is

Hub. O! when I came to practise on his Life,
I found the Execution was as far
Remov'd from what my first Conceit had form'd,
As Danger from Delight! as Hell from Heav'n!
His blooming Form, his Youth, his Piety,
His Resignation, Innocence, and Tears,
Rush'd as from Ambush on my lifted Arm,
And seiz'd me Captive to his Sufferings!
With melting Eyes I dropt the Poniard down,
And, at the hazard of your Rage, preserv'd him!

K. John. O! *Hubert! Hubert!* thou hast sav'd thy Master!
Redeem'd him from the deepest, hideous Plunge,
That ever stain'd the Glories of Ambition!
The Rage thou feardest now blushes into Joy,
And crowns thy Disobedience with Applause!
This Deed undone shall double thy Reward,
And pay thy Mercy with unbounded Favour!
But soft——our Cousin is return'd: At fitter Time
My Heart shall open more——mean while,
Be careful of my Fame, and form thy Fortune!

Enter

Enter Falconbridge.

Now, Cousin, is yet this Legate flexible?
Hast thou, though on his own high Terms, succeeded?

Fal. If, Sir, to have prevail'd on haughty *Rome*,
To tread in Triumph on the Crown of *England*,
Be deem'd Success; such Peace has *Rome* accepted.
The Time, the Terms, and solemn Ceremonies
Here more at large, the Legate has appointed.

[Presents a Writing.]

K. John. Seasons must be obey'd! what from the Barons?

Fal. What makes our Peace with *Rome* more needful now;
The strong Report of *Arthur's* Death has worse
Effect on them than on the common Sort!
The Vulgar only shake their cautious Heads,
Or whisper in the Ear, wisely suspicious,
Gripping the Hearer's Wrist—who starts—and stops
With wrinkled Brows—and shrugs—and rolling Eyes!
As if his Life depended on his Secrecy!
I saw a Smith stand with his Hammer thus!
Who, while his Iron on the Anvil cool'd,
With open Mouth swallow'd a Taylor's News!
Of Thousands more of *Frenchmen* pouring on
Our Coasts, in dreadful March of Fire and Sword!
Another lean, unwash'd Artificer
Cuts off his Tale, and talks of *Arthur's* Death!

K. John. Were this the worst, the freezing Vulgar yet
Might, by our holy Peace with *Rome*, be thaw'd
To their Allegiance: But the Barons! There!
How such a needful Peace may weigh with them—

Fal. There stand we yet in Fear! for *Arthur's* Death
Has so inflam'd the Spleen of their Complaints,
That never shall their Swords in Peace be sheath'd,
Or to Allegiance civil Arms return,
Till the full Manner of his Death be question'd,
And *Hubert*, whom their strong Suspicions charge,
Be duly render'd to the publick Justice.

K. John. Now say that *Arthur* lives, who then shall right
A Monarch's Fame, and punish his Revilers?

Hub. Will they believe their Eyes, if I produce him?

Fal. Ha! is it possible! produce him! *Arthur!*
Does he then live to shame this Calumny?

Hub. Hearing the Malecontents had thrown such vile
Asperſion on the Head of Maſteſty,
Unbidden have I dar'd to bring from *Roan*.
The living *Arthur* to confound the Falſhood. [grounded.

K. John. Now judge, how all their other Grievs are

Fal. Lies and Rebellion have been ancient Friends!

Hub. Here in the Caſtle, to this Camp adjacent,
He now is plac'd, and when the King commands—

Fal. O Sir! I beg that *Hubert* and myſelf
May to the Barons inſtantly produce him;
On ſuch Conviction, with my Life I'll answer,
Their Temper tho' miſguided ſhall return
And fall from *France* before her Force can face us!

K. John. Fly then this Moment, haſte to undeceive them,
That due Allegiance may defend her Paſtures!
No more let Jealouſies, immers'd in Rage,
Hazard thoſe Liberties, which civil Swords
Falſly maintaining might to Foes betray!
Tell them their ancient Rights ſhall be confirm'd
In great and ample Characters ſam'd to Ages:

Thus ſhall Obedience fortify our Throne,
And mutual Love all Errors paſt atone. [Exit.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Arthur on the Walls of a Caſtle.

ARTHUR.

O *Hubert!* *Hubert!* are my Hopes at laſt
Confin'd within theſe lonely, ragged Walls!
Was it for this thy fruitleſs Mercy ſpar'd me?
Ah! what is Life depriv'd of Liberty?
It ſhall be ſo, theſe Walls no more ſhall hide me:
The Mote beneath I've fathom'd with a Line,
And find its Depth proportion'd to my Stature;
At worſt, the Danger's leſs attempting to eſcape,
Than pining here in hourly Fear of Death:

Take

Take Courage Heart! whatever Chance befall thee
 Cannot be sorer than my Suff'ring here;
 Eternal Providence, to thee I bow,
 Extend thy gracious Arm to save my Fall!

But if thy sacred Pleasure has decreed,
 Thy sinful Creature must untimely bleed;
 For a repentant Soul, ye Saints, make room,
 Who seeks his Happiness in Worlds to come.

*[He leaps from the Walls, and is cover'd by a Parapet
 between his Body and the Audience.]*

Enter Falconbridge, Hubert, Salisbury, Pembroke and
 Arundel.

Salis. Prove him but living, and the Terms are welcome:
 Nor think our Bodies have been eas'd in Steel,
 To wrong the native Course of royal Pow'r:
 But to assert our Liberties and Rights,

As in the Laws of *Edward* they are cited.
 Which if the King by Charter shall confirm,
 And give Enfranchisement to Royal *Arthur*,
 Nor mew him up to choke his Days
 With barb'rous Ignorance, or deny his Youth
 The princely Helps of graceful Exercise,
 Then shall appear'd Resistance sheath her Sword,
 Or henceforth turn it on the Foes of *England*!

Fal. Spoke with the Spirit of an *English* Noble!
 Nought then remains, but that your Eyes have Proof
 Of *Arthur's* Health and princely Liberty.

Hubert, conduct us——

*[As they are passing to the Castle, Salisbury sees the Body
 of Arthur in the Ditch.]*

Salis. ——Ha! what Body's this,
 That in the Water, 'mid't the Weeds, and Rushes,
 Mischance or Malice has depriv'd of Life!

[They bring the Body forward.]
 Ha! 'tis he! tis *Arthur*! royal *Arthur* breathless!
 Pale, cold, and lost beyond Recovery!

Hub. O fatal Chance——

Fal. ——*Hubert*! if thou hast done
 This Deed, or but in Thought consented to it,
 Thou art more deeply damn'd than *Lucifer*!

Hub. By Heav'n! within' this Hour I left him living!

Salif. This sure is the most savage Act of Power,
The deadliest Wound that ever wall-ey'd Rage
Or Malice gave the Heart of Innocence!

Fal. Villain! I do suspect thee grievously!

Hub. Then, on my Soul, most grievously you wrong me!

Salif. Wrong thee, Traitor! what Proof so palpable!

Hub. If I in Act, Direction or Consent,
Have done, conspir'd or compass'd ought
That has bereft this hapless Youth of Life,
Let Hell want Pains to punish me!

Salif. Since Murder thus defies the Pains of Hell,
Down then to Hell's wide Horrors that attend thee.

[Stabs him.]

Fal. What has your Rashness done, my Lord!

Salif. ————— A Deed

That dries the Tears of Pity with Revenge!

Fal. Hubert, look up, and ere thy Breath forsakes thee,
Now, as thou hop'st to find eternal Mercy!
Inform us truly how this Youth was murder'd.

Hub. Then by those last dear Hopes, I'm ignorant!
But 'tis the Fate of those who once are guilty,
Never to be believ'd when innocent.
Thus having once consented to destroy him,
The bare Intention was a Crime too great,
To pass unheeded by eternal Justice;
Yet, let me say ————— so may my Soul reach Heav'n,
As of this Prince's Death I'm innocent. [Dies.]

Fal. You hear, My Lords, a dying Man's Report.

Salif. We hear enough to charge his Death on Tyranny,
Whether by that vile Hand, or by Mischance,
It matters not, his Prison has destroy'd him!
Now back, Sir, to the King; tell him how ill
His Proofs of *Arthur* living have succeeded!
But how he dy'd our Swords shall have in Question;
Our Battles are at hand, if he thinks fit
To answer us in Arms, our Arms shall make
Reply—This tell him, Sir,—Our Parley's ended.

Fal. But this, and I have done. I know the King
Is still inclin'd to give your Grievs Redress:
Consider, therefore, if you prosecute

This

This War, how far more dangerous is the Cure
Your Swords apply, than what his Scepter offers.

Salif. The Danger be on us——

Fal.———Farewel, my Lords. *[Exit Fal.]*

Salif. Now bear we to our Camp this injur'd object,
Which, like the Wounds of *Cæsar*, when expos'd,
Shall raise the common Pity to Revenge,
And warm the neutral Coward to our Cause:

But to his mournful Mother, O! what Heart,
What Tongue the dismal Tidings shall impart!

[Exeunt with the Body of Arthur.]

SCENE, a Room of State.

*Enter in Procession (to solemn Musick) Pandulph, preceded
by Clergy, &c. of several Orders. Then the Nobles and
Officers of State before King John, (supported by two
Abbots) wearing his Crown and Robes. Pandulph
being seated, the King with the Abbots kneel to him.*

Abbot. Thus bending to the Throne of *Innocent*,
Our holy Sov'reign Sire, whose Heav'n-born Pow'r
All Christian Crowns implicitly obey;
Thus come we humble Supplicants in Sighs
And Sorrow for a sinful Son; whose rash
Ambition in his Pride of Pow'r has dar'd——
O! spare us to repeat the dreadful Crime,
Too black and terrible for Christian Ears!
But if the Pangs of Penitence may plead——

K. John. Behold him prostrate, contrite, 'whelm'd with
Off'ring this sacrifice of temp'ral Glory. *[Shamet]*
His Crown surrender'd to the holy See,
To mitigate the Wrath of Heav'nly Vengeance.

[Lays his Crown at the Feet of Pandulph.]

Pand. Thy Penitence, thy contrite Heart, O Son,
Gives Joy and Transport to our holy Mother:
Not human Nature is more prone t'offend,
Than on sincere Repentance she to pardon!
Yet think not Crowns or Scepters could alone
Prevail, or tempt her, in the Pride of Nature,
T'accept these Off'rings of thy mortal Pow'r,
Which, as the human World esteems them——Thus

Beneath

Beneath her Foot she spurns their carnal Glory.

[*He treads upon the Crown.*]

But, as in social Life, Mankind requires
Controlling Kings to rule their Headstrong Passions,
To curb Injustice by coercive Laws;
Thus from the sacred Apostolick Grace,
As tributary Lord, dependent ever
On our holy Father, supreme on Earth,
Receive this Circle of imperial Sway
Once more, to keep these temp'ral Realms in Awe,
And fight the sacred Battles of the Chair.

[*Returns the Crown.*]

K. *John.* With lowly Reverence and humble Heart,
Vowing Obedience to our sov'reign Pontiff,
Unworthy I receive this temp'ral Crown;
But now must kneel for an afflicted People,
Pierc'd with the Pains of Errors not their own!
O! never must these guilty Eyes look up!
Till holy Mercy shall restore their Peace,
By Revocation of her dreadful Censures!

Pand. Arise, repentant Son, thy sweet Conversion
Shall chase these Clouds of Vengeance from thy Land,
Of Souls unheal'd will we resume the Cure:
Nor foreign or domestic Foe shall now
Presume to give thy fertile Fields Annoyance:
Now shalt thou find the holy Breath, that blew
This Tempest up, shall make the Storm subside.

This Dauphin's Thunder at our Word shall cease,
And hush'd Ambition leave thy Realms in Peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene a Field.

Enter Dauphin, Melun, Salisbury, Pembroke, and
Barons, &c.

Dauph. Why not to-night, my Lords? Are not his late
Supplies from France in the deep Marshes lost?
Arms, Horses, Ammunition, Treasure, all
Immers'd and bury'd in the Floods of Welland?
And shall we now stand pausing o'er our Prey?
And by our cold Debates retard our Conquest?

Salis. Consider, Sir, our Shadows lengthen with

Our

KING JOHN.

371

Our March! the Sun scarce lending Light to lead us!
Let us at least take Day enough for Slaughter;
Nor let their Fears, behind the Shield of Night,
Skulk from the Sword of blinded Victory.

Pemb. And for the Succours they have lost, 'tis not
A Day or Moon's Duration can recruit them.

Salif. That Load will lie as heavy on their Hopes
To-morrow——

Pemb. —— Should we now engage them, Sir,
While the long March that hangs upon our Troops,
Brings down the Spirit to a drooping Eye,
How might the Enemy, tho' less in Numbers,
Hail with Repose, and confident in Vigour,
With more than equal Strength sustain the Battle?

Salif. Let us then take th' Advantage of the Night
For Rest, and of the Morn for stronger Action.

Dauph. O! if your Spirits were inflam'd like mine,
To rest this Night would be a harder Toil,
Than all the Labours of immediate Battle!
See, *Pandulph* too, the holy Legate comes,
With eager Pace and Triumph in his Eye,
As if a Band of Angels on our part
Stood rank'd in Arms to stimulate our Action.

Enter Pandulph and Falconbridge.

Pand. Joy, Peace, and bloodless Conquest crowns our Arms,
Our Wars are done: The Triumphs of this Day
Shall, in the Annals of revolving Empire,
Stand eminently high on Hills of Fame,
While Praise and Wonder, to a Transport rais'd,
Shall read this Record of religious Glory.

Dauph. What means your Eminence? Our Wars are done!

Pand. Furl up thy Colours, and unbrace thy Drums,
King *John* is now no more an Enemy.
His Crown this Hour surrender'd at our Feet,
Which now in tributary Vassalage
He holds of *Rome*, has cancell'd all his Crimes.
His contrite Penitence has revok'd our Censures,
Paternal Pardon has confirm'd his Throne,
And now, e'en *France*, shall honour and embrace him.

Dauph. Eternal Vengeance! *France!* shall *France* embrace
him? His

His Crown surrender'd! Ha! what Crown has *John*,
That is not claim'd by *France*? Or how comes *Rome*,
In wrong to us, t'accept that Resignation?
Are thus your Champions of the Chair rewarded?
Is this the Kingdom which her Bulls decreed me?
Has *John's* Repentance thrown his Crimes on us,
That *France* must like a Vassal wave her Right,
Because the holy Pride of *Rome's* appeas'd?

Pand. Is't possible? —————

Dauph. ————— Was it not you that first
Inflam'd this War? and to my Father's Doubts
Clear'd up my Title to fair *England's* Crown?
Is not the Bar of *Arthur's* Right, as thou
Foretold'st, remov'd? Is he not dead? Nay murder'd?
(Is that too pardon'd by your juggling Mercy?)

Is there a Life before me now, that stays
My Right, or makes it, at your Will, precarious?

Pand. Beware, rash Youth, nor tempt our holy Vengeance,
Unknowing as thou art! I tell thee, Prince,
This *England* is *St. Peter's* Fee, and Kings
Hereafter in that holy Right shall rule it.

Dauph. Cardinal, 'tis false, I do deny th'Assertion.
England was never yet, nor ever shall,
While Arms or Life can urge my Claim, become
The Papal Patrimony. No, nor shall
This Subterfuge, this Farce of *John* distress'd,
Laugh me to Peace, or save him from my Vengeance.

Pand. O mortal Sin! abandon'd Imputation!

Dau. Think'st thou, fond Man, I brought my Arms so far,
Only to slake *Rome's* holy Thirst of Sway?
If you want Kingdoms, buy them with the Danger;
Endure the Toils, and fight yourselves your Battles;
Nor hope to make my youthful Sword and Honour,
The Tool and Property of Priestly Pow'r.

Pand. Hear me and tremble! while I tell thee, Boy,
As well thou might'st provoke the Serpent's Sting,
Or seize upon the feeding Lion's Paw,
As safely might'st oppose thy naked Eye,
Against the Level of a bearded Arrow,
As tempt the Vengeance of our holy Pow'r:
This Instant quit thy hostile Purpose, and depart

This

This Land—or Woe on thy rebellious Head. [Exit.

Dauph. Now by the Royal Rage that swells my Heart,
Here will I leave these lifeless Bones,
To Kites and Ravens an inglorious Prey,
Than e'er hold Friendship with this recreant *John*,
Or yield an *English* Pasture to the Pride of *Rome*,

Fal. And by that Royal Blood thou hast defam'd,
I plaud thy Treatment of this Priestly Tyrant;
Yet think not, that in fear of thee our King
Has bow'd to this insatiate Pontiff. No,
But to conciliate to his Love his People,
Whose Blaze of Zeal had blinded their Obedience:
For know, the warlike Monarch is at hand,
Not trusting to this deep-mouth'd Legate's Thunder,
But to his Pow'rs prepar'd; whose Rods of War
Shall whip this dwarfish Rout, these Pigmy-arms
From out the Circle of his Territories. [thee.

Dau. Take to thy Saf'ty; hence, our Drums shall answer

Fal. O that the Sun could hold his drooping Head
One Hour above the Earth to grace this Battle.

Dauph. Reserve thy Vauntings for the dawning Morrow,
Nor at the Night repine, whose shades may save thee.

[Exit Dauphin with his Train.

Fal. Now, noble Lords, what think you of your Cause?
The holy Sword of *Rome*, you see, forsakes you;
Her Politicks, like other mortal Motives,
Begin their wiser Charities at home;
Let but her pious Views be gorg'd with Pow'r,
Her full Contentment slumbers in her Chair,
And leaves Devotion for the vulgar Comfort!
For Shame resume your Sense! see for yourselves!
And be no more the Ladders of Ambition!

Salis. Well hast thou warn'd us to oppose Ambition,
A Passion oft so ignorant of Glory,
By its own Nature so corruptible,
That it shall stoop to be a Tyrant's Slave,
To play the greater Tyrant o'er its People.
This———in the Shame of his surrender'd Crown,
Our servile King has prov'd a Truth notorious.

Fal. To you, to you, rash Lords, we owe that Stain,
Had your weak Cause alone supported you,

His

His Crown unblemish'd had maintain'd his Right!
 Obedience to Prerogative had bow'd,
 And in the Monarch's Grandeur both been glorious!
 Can you then think the Perfidy is worse,
 That stoops below itself to save a Kingdom,
 Than is the mad Resistance that would sell it:
 For such must be the Consequence, if *France*
 Prevail; *France* then becomes your Purchaser.
Rome might, indeed, plead Custom for her Claim,
 But *France* had none, save what your Fears have found,
 Or to your foreign Masters may have granted.
 Would you, then, change the Lion for the Fox?
 Be rather Slaves to grinding Vice-Roys here,
 Than bear the Errors of your native King?

Salis. Perdition on the abject Soul that thinks it!
 No, *Falconbridge*, whate'er has drawn our Swords,
 However under Grievances we grogne,
 Think not but *English* Spirits would as soon
 Admit the Devil, as a Vice-Roy here.
 No, not to lord it o'er a Village in
 The Fens of England:—

Fal.—Then I ask no more!
 Howe'er our civil Discord may divide us
 Let not our Enemy enjoy the Breach.

Salis. Against Invasion let us, close united, [*Embracing.*
 If Vows or sacred Oaths can hold our Faith,
 Already have we sworn, that no Success
 Shall lead Obedience to the Claims of *France*.

Fal. This News has hush'd my Fears. This to the King
 Will I recount, in hopes we yet may save,
 By Peace, those Streams of Blood that boil for Battle;
 If not,—tho' now to different Sides we part,
 Let each Opposer shew an *English* Heart.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

King John from his Tent, supported by two Attendants.

K. John. O feeble Frame! is this a Time to fail me!
 When my collected Spirits should inflame
 The Eye to lead and animate the War?
 Why has the Monarch so much Use for Life?
 Yet in his Health is levell'd with the Peasant!

O painful Majesty ! unequal State !
 Not all the gorgeous Pomp, thy Flags of Pow'r,
 Thy Dignities, Dominions, Ceremonies,
 The Crown, the Scepter, and the Royal Ball,
 The purple Robe, nor Princely Crowds, whose Press
 Of Duty intercepts the wholsom Air ;
 Not all these Glories, for one precious Hour,
 Can buy the Beggar's Health or Appetite.

Enter Falconbridge.

Fal. To Arms, my Liege, th'embattl'd Foe comes onward ;
 Their Armour, gilded by the blazing Sun,
 Reflects another Day. Defend me, Heav'n !
 How fares your Majesty ? —

K. John. ——— Disorder'd still !
 This Autumn Fever hangs upon my Limbs ;
 But in the Field we'll sweat it from the Blood !
 Prepare my lighter Helmet and my Litter :
 Cousin, on thee the Conduct and the Care
 Of this Day's Action may devolve, — be watchful.

Fal. With my best Blood will I account for it !
 But go not, Sir, I beg you, to the Field.

K. John. If Life is done, let me with Honour end it.
 Lead forth my Horse, and let the Trumpet sound
 The warning Blast to Victory or Death.

Fal. Would you repose, it might relieve you. —

K. John. ——— No !
 This Tumult of the Spirits shall have Action.
 My fierce, though mortal, Flames within shall glow,
 Refulgent on my Brow — and burn against the Foe.

[Exeunt leading off the King.]

*The SCENE opening discovers the funeral Ceremony of
 Arthur moving towards Swinstead-Abbey to a Dead-
 March ; Lady Constance with the Abbot and Mourners
 attending.*

Const. Down, down, thou rolling Sun, to Darknefs down,
 Lose in eternal Shades thy hateful Beams,
 Never to give these Eyes more painful Day !
 See there an Object stains thy conscious Lustre !
 Not all thy Promises of blooming Springs,

Or

Or Autumn Fruit, can this dead Flow'r supply!
 Thus mercilessly cropp'd by fell Ambition!
 O since the Birth of *Cain*, the first Male-Child,
 To him that did but Yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious Creature born.

Abbot. Repine not at the Will of Heav'n, and this
 Thy Comfort be, that in the World to come
 The dearest Friends shall meet and know each other.

Const. O did'st thou see his chang'd and ghastly Semblance,
 Thy frightened Sense would not remember him;
 That Canker Death has so devour'd his Beauties,
 So blanch'd the damask Bloom upon his Cheek;
 All the soft Smiles that wanton'd in his Eye,
 The sweet and graceful Spirit of his Features
 So sunk, so faded from their native Hue,
 That, e'en in Heav'n, my Soul must pause to know him.

Abbot. O yet retire! part from this Feast of Death,
 Where solemn Rites and Forms on Forms succeeding,
 Feed but the fatal Appetite of Grief!

Hark, the last Bell now calls us to the Grave. *[Bell tolls.]*

Const. O piercing Sound! O agonizing Knell!
 Stay your officious Haste! one Moment's Pause!

[To the Bearers.]

And the same Service shall be sung for both
 Our parted Souls! Inexorable Death!
 I ask thee not for Mercy! No, be cruel still!
 Behold in me the Wretch that dares thy Rage!
 A grieving Mother, whose Distress defies thee!
 That thus arrests thy Triumph o'er her Child,
 And will not let it pass. The Grave shall not devour him;
 O! we must never part, one Earth shall hold us.
 Now seize me, strike me, and compleat the Tyrant!

Abbot. Be watchful o'er her Health, gently support her
 Till Grief subsiding may admit Repose:

[To her Attendants, who lead her off.]

But hark, the Terrors of the Field are ended!
 The hostile Wounds of *France* and *England* now
 Are, by the Trumpet's loud Retreat, proclaim'd.
 Behold the harass'd Barons from the Toil retiring.

[Exit after Constance.]

Enter

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, &c. at a distance.

Pem. We were deceiv'd, the King was stronger than we thought him.

Salif. I fear'd his late Submission to the Pope,
Would draw the Commons thronging to his Side:
Had not the timely Night stept in between
Our Swords, I tremble to conceive what Fate
Had follow'd us. ———

Pemb. ——— But see the Corps of *Arthur*!

Salif. Alas! poor injur'd Youth, but for thy Death
Our private Grievs had spar'd this fruitless Battle,
And due Redress had hush'd us into Peace.

Enter Melun wounded, led by Soldiers.

Melun. O lead me, lead to the revolted Barons!

Salif. When we were happy we had other Names.

Melun. I come, my Lords, to warn you of your Danger;
When you have serv'd the *Dauphin's* Ends, you die.

Salif. Die for our Services? explain this Riddle.

Melun. Know then, this *Dauphin* hearing you had bound
Your Swords, by private Oaths, never to yield
Your Crown, or e'en a Province of your *England*, to
The Claims of *France*. This so inflam'd his Rage,
That on the Altar at *St. Edmond's-Bury*,
Where, to your firm Alliance, first he swore
Determin'd Faith and lasting Amity;
There did he secretly make After-oath,
That when his Arms should have subdu'd King *John*
Your Heads should be the Victims of his Right
Refus'd. ———

Pemb. ——— Perfidious *France*! ———

Salif. ——— Can this be true? [you?

Melun. What in this World should make menow deceive
Have I not hideous Death within my View?
See you not Life like a meer Form of Wax
Dissolving to the Fire? When Life is done,
Useless were all Deceit; but needful is Remorse,
When Oaths so ill devis'd require Atonement;
Repentance, then, has mov'd me to reveal
This Oath, which in my Rashness I had taken,

If you can pardon it——Your Charity
Will hence appoint me to some safe Repose,
Where I may breathe my latest Hour in Peace,
And pass my dire Account with Heav'n's Inquiry.

Salif. Gently conduct him to Relief and Rest.

Dauphin, we thank thee for this Treachery,
That now so timely warns us to repay it.
What a strange Mixture had this *Frenchman's Heart*
Tainted with Falshood, yet inclin'd to Honour?

Pemb. That Mystery, my Lord, explains itself;
His grandfire was, you know, of *English Blood*;
Perhaps from him he had his Honesty.

Salif. Let us then make our Profit of his Virtue,
Protect ourselves, and while Occasion serves,
March to the King, accept his offer'd Peace,
With old Allegiance heal our civil Wounds,
And on this *Dauphin's Head* revenge his Falshood.

[*As they go off, Constance re-enters to the Funeral,
with the Abbot, &c.*]

Const. Thy holy Counsels, Father, have reliev'd me;
Misfortunes now, familiar to my Sense,
Abate their Terror. Now my peaceful Heart,
With tearless Eyes, shall wait him to the Grave.

Enter Falconbridge.

Fal. O Reverend Father, haste, the dying King
Implores thy holy Aid. ——

Abbot. —— Said'st thou the King?

Fal. Dying he seems, or cannot long survive:
Whether by Heat of Action in the Field,
His latent Fever is inflam'd to Danger,
Or, as Suspicion strongly has avouch'd,
The gloomy Monk, who serv'd him with the Cup,
Might impiously infuse some Babe of Life,
We know not; but his Interval of Sense
In Groans calls earnest for his Confessor.

Const. In his accounted Sins be this * remember'd.

[* *Pointing to the Corps of Arthur.*]

Fal. If Grief or Prejudice could bear to hear me,
I could a Truth unfold would calm thy Sorrows.

Const. Lies not my Child there murder'd?

Fal.

KING JOHN.

379

Fal. ———— Hear my Story.

[*He seems to talk apart with Constance.*]

Enter Salisbury with Arundel, &c.

Salis. How fortunate the Hour! that he had Sense
To ratify our Rights and seal the Charter.

Abbot. What News, my Lords? How fares the King?

Salis. I fear me, poison'd! his whole Mass of Blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his frail Brain,
Which some suppose the Mansion of the Soul,
By the disjointed Comments that it makes,
Foreshews its mortal Office is expiring.

Fal. And *Hubert* dying disavow'd the Deed.

[*Apart to Constance.*]

Const. Admitting this, that mere Mischance destroy'd him,
What but his Wrongs expos'd him to Mischance?
Nor therefore are my Sorrows more reliev'd,
But as Oppression may be less than Murder.

Enter Pembroke.

The King seems more at Ease, and holds Belief,
That were he brought into the open Air,
It might assuage the Ferment that consumes him.

Salis. Behold the sad Remains of Royalty!

Fal. Let those who lov'd him not endure the Sight,
When he is gone, my Hopes in Life are friendless.

[*Exit.*]

King John is brought in.

Abbot. How fares your Majesty? ————

K. John. — The Air's too hot.

It steams, it scalds, I cannot bear this Furnace!
Stand off,—and let the Northern Wind have way!
Blow, blow, ye freezing Blasts from *Iceland* Skies!
O blissful Region, that I there were King!
To range and roll me in eternal Snow,
Where Crowns of Icicles might cool my Brain,
And comfort me with Cold. ————

Abbot. ———— O gracious Heav'n! ————
Relieve his Senses from these mortal Pangs,
That his reflecting Soul may yet look back

On

On his Offences past with Penitence!

K. John. Why am I tortur'd thus? I kill'd him not;
Was it so criminal to wish him dead!

If Wishes were effectual, O, my Crown,
My Crown should from the Grave with Joy redeem him!

Abbot. If Penitence, not Frenzy, prompts thy Tongue,
Behold this Object of Calamity,

Whom thy Severities have sunk with Sorrow.

O carry not, beyond the Grave, your Enmity.

K. John. *Constance*, the mournful Relict of my Brother,
How do thy Wrongs sit heavy on my Soul;

But who was ever just in his Ambition!

Thou seest me now an Object of thy Triumph,

The vital Cordage of my Heart burnt up!

All to a single Thread on which it hangs

Consum'd; now may the fearless Lamb approach,

Now close the Lion Eye of Enmity.

Hence but a Moment all this Royalty,

This Pride of Pow'r will crumble into Ashes.

Abbot. In his Extremities Heav'n help the King.

Const. And may his contrite Soul receive its Mercy.

K. John. The Lamp of Life is dry—Thy Pray'rs, O Father!
At *Worcester* let these mortal Bones have Rest.

My Eyes refuse the Light—the Stroke is giv'n.

O, I am call'd—I wander—Mercy, Heav'n! [*Dies.*]

Const. He's gone.

The turbulent Oppressor is no more.

The Hour of heav'nly Justice has at last

Demanded his Account of *England's* Empire;

But since he seem'd to pass in Penitence,

Let all his Crimes be bury'd in his Grave.

Thou Pow'r ador'd, what Thanks shall I repay thee,

That my Afflictions have subdu'd my Soul,

T'extend its Charity ev'n to my Enemies?

Now, Life, I have no farther Use for thee;

Defer a while the Obsequies of *Arthur*,

Pass but some Hours and I shall soon o'ertake him,

Then lay us in one peaceful Grave together.

[*Exit, led off.*]

Enter

KING JOHN. 381

Enter Falconbridge, who, seeing the King, starts back.

Fal. My Fears are true, good News comes now too late;
Deaf is the Ear which best might give it hearing.

Salis. O *Falconbridge*! if thou hast ought that may
Dispel our gen'ral Consternation, speak it.

Fal. Something I bring to cheer this sudden Sadness;
From *France* the Lady *Blanch*, arriv'd, has wrought
Her Consort *Dauphin* to such peaceful Temper,
That hearing you the Barons had disclaim'd him,
He now accepts the Legate's Mediation,
And, on such Terms as Honour may accord,
He and his Forces leave our Land in Peace.

Salis. Lose not a Moment then to close this Treaty;
Build we a Bridge of Gold for his Retreat!
And may the recent Dangers we have pass'd,
Never by civil Discord be recall'd.

Fal. There only lives the Error can mislead us.
Let not Self-wounds our native Strength impair,
What rash Invader can have Hope to shake us?
Come the three Corners of the World in Arms,
England no foreign Force shall e'er subdue,
While Prince and Subject to themselves are true.

[*Exeunt.*]



EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. CLIVE.

OF all the Helps for Wit so much in Vogue,
This Play has scarce one Hint for Epilogue?
Now, after Tragedy, you know, the Way
Is to come forward, with an Air so gay;
Not to support, — no, no, — to ridicule the Play.
With flirting Fan, and pointed Wit, so jolly,
Crack Jokes on Virtue, as an unbred Folly.
How often has the Grecian Dame, distress'd,
Been dismal Company——till made a Jest?
And when her prudish Pride warm Love has slighted,
How lusciously her Epilogue delighted!
O! what Enjoyment to a modern Sinner,
To have it prov'd at last — she'd nothing in her!
Then is the Proof of Wit's commanding Pow'r,
When double Entendres make an Aud'ence roar!
When chuckling Rakes, and Wittings void of Grace,
Stare all the blushing Boxes in the Face!
And when the Luscious Stroke has kept them under,
Crack! goes the joyous Laugh, in Claps of Thunder!

Since Arts, like these, have charm'd a merry Nation,
Why could not Colley play the Wag in fashion?
Shall he pretend to give the Stage new Modes?
Would he have Plays as chaste as annual Odes?
Shall he suppose there can be any Sin in
Th' warmest Meaning—wrap'd in decent Linen?
Something—he ought to have for ev'ry Taste;
John Trott's an honest, though a vulgar Ghost:
His strong Digest'on thinks fat Food the best.
And when his full Meal's made, cries — "After all
" That Epilogue was dew'lish comical!

" Better,

EPILOGUE.

" Better, by half, than all their bum-drum Sorrow!
" I'cod I'll come and bear't again to-morrow!"
What could, in Nature, our Fool's Reason be,
To strike away this Prop from Tragedy?
Odsso! I've found it now — 'twas — Modesty!
Yes! modest as the Jay — when he presumes,
To deck his dowdy Muse — with Peacock Plumes!
Yet hold! — that Fleece too hard a Censure flings;
He's but the Wren, that mounts on Shakespear's Wings;
Where, while the Eagle soars — he safely sings;
Let then the modern Scenes on Shakespear live,
And what you cannot praise, like Friends, forgive.

F I N I S.



